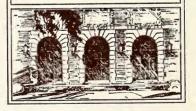




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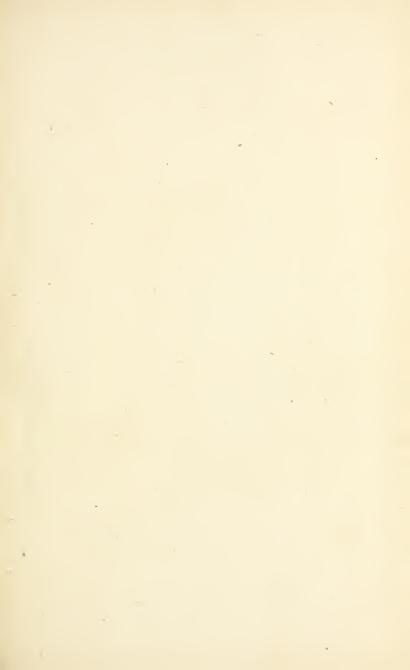


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1845



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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING:

A

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR,

AND

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

FOR

MDCCCXLV.

SEP 1 7 1934

UNIVERSITY OF HUMBIS

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In preparing the matter and the illustrations of Friendship's Offering, for the year 1845, the publishers have spared no pains or expense in rendering it still more worthy of patronage than in former years. Editorial qualifications of a high order have been engaged in its compilation, and in the mezzotint engravings, a justly celebrated artist has excelled himself.

The contents, whether literary or graphic, collated or original, will bear testimony to the justice of this praise; and although it becomes the proprietors to be modest in speaking of the execution, in those departments which fall more immediately under their own jurisdiction, they may safely refer to the appearance of the paper, presswork, and binding, as evidences that the Offering need fear no competition with any of its predecessors in the American market, of similar character and price.

We therefore tender the compliments of the season to our worthy patrons, yielding, perhaps, to a little of the vanity naturally accompanying the conviction that we enter society, on this occasion, with those advantages of dress and manner which render a novice decidedly presentable.

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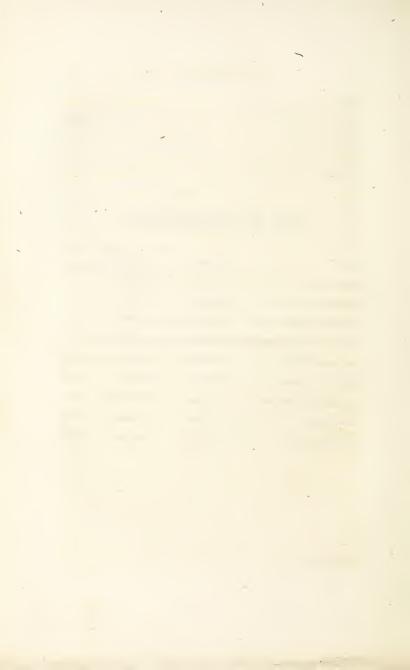
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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

HOPE.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF A RECLUSE.

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

HOPE! beautiful Hope! thou Phœnix of the soul! In vain the banded powers of darkness conspire for thy destruction. In vain the passions that beset life's morning path—the Furies of Remorse that hover round its close—would immolate thee on thy own altar in the human heart. They heap the funeral pyre while Superstition and Despair apply the ready torch in vain.

The crackling flames surround thee—thy lovely image moulders into dust—dense volumes of impenetrable smoke shut out both earth and heaven, and the soul droops in gloom above the fading embers—the last spark flashes its last struggling ray and dies. But hark! the air is filled with the heart's unbreathing

Fame's far temple and the myrtle blooming on its lofty towers, sacred to victor hands untinged with blood. As gentle Maia the high-souled lover sees thee; leaning upon the arm of ancient Eros, with the dew-moistened rose of young affection in her hand, and modest eyes that seem half smile, half tear, she leads him slowly toward a lonely dell. As, with her wand, she waves the mists aside, he sees reclining on a mossy bank, the embodied image of his early dreams. Silently the maiden listens to the laughing rivulet, leaping from its pebbly bed to kiss those slender feet half hid in pearly whiteness among the many-coloured wild flowers. idle boy-god of a vulgar love has dropped his bow and shaft, and slunk abashed within the coppice-shade, while gay Euphrosyne-a chattering bob-o-link-pours forth ten thousand nothings from the alder-bush.

They tell me thou art false, fair being! That all thy promises are empty air.—Well! what would these silly cavillers? Know they not, with Hope's fruition, Hope herself must die? Though thy wreath be but shade—thy image in our heart a changeful dream—still will I hail thee as life's brightest star. What tempers the midday sun to the fainting wanderer of the desert?—A shadow! What veils the light of Truth that man, undazzled, may direct his steps by that divine effulgence which in its unmasked glory, none may look

upon and live?—Shadows; deep, mystic shadows! The high heaven itself, towards which thy hand is raised, though gemmed with rolling worlds, is all a shadow—"the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Beautiful Hope! Thy veriest falsehoods are the types of truth, and when most shadowy, then I prize thee most. Come to my soul upon the beams of morning; breathe on me with the zephyr breath of spring—pour in my ear the first song of the yet unmated bird—speak from the waterfall—the dying leaf—the eternal dash of billows,—or whisper sadder music in the rushing winds when they sweep the lone bosom of the far-off sea or "roar in the tops of the trees of the wilderness." Dear are thy liveliest and saddest notes;—wildly the harp-strings of my heart re-echo every tone!

* * * * * * * *

A maniac lay within a grated cell—Quiet, at length, he lay; for gaunt disease had levelled all the light-ning-riven furrows and passion-worn gulleys that deformed a mind which once had been the favourite retreat of Genius and Taste. Calm—but how sad the picture! The sunken cheek—the elevated brow—the lid half closed above the vacant eye—the mocking smile that played upon the lip, aimless and feelingless, like the warm tints of evening on a wintry cloud, when the day dies in coldness!

With his long fingers curling barren straws, plucked from a cheerless couch, he waited all unconsciously the coming moment when the relaxing spring of mere corporeal existence should cease to move the shattered wheels and widely erring index .- The soul which should have given purpose to their motion seemed already flown .-But suddenly a sunbeam shot through the iron-bound casement,-bright, clear, and full of life. In light and shade, the very stains upon the weather-beaten wall took form and meaning. Like shapes among the glowing embers, when the fire declines upon the evening hearth, -which old men, waiting for the hour of rest with shoeless feet and dangling garters, love to stir and fashion into beauty-the broken, moss-grown plaster of that dark retreat gave forth a picture! A thatchedroofed cottage by a little pond-an oak and an old cow with horns cut short resting beneath its shade-a rude worm-fence and broken wagon-wheel-a barn-yard cock perched on a well-pole by the cottage door-hard by, upon the green, an aged man seated upon a bank with folded arms-a time-worn mastiff crouching at his feet.—Such were the objects that imagination pencilled in the bright foreground of that unreal scene; while far away, a dim blue range of hills appeared to close the view, and from the fleecy clouds that floated high above their summits, a few dark columns of descending rain, obliquely yielding to the breeze, chequered the clearness of the sky beyond.

What spirit rode upon that magic ray and gave to ruin, order—beauty—life? Hope! 'twas thyself that, viewless, stood beside the desolate couch, waving thy wand between that darkened soul and heaven. The fire of intellect once more shot forth from eyes long veiled to reason. A full, deep, happiness—too deep for smiles—shone brightly now upon that faded face. The maniac gazed one moment on the mimic scene—raised his thin hands aloft—and murmuring, "It is my home! Now they will take me home," he died.—Hast thou deceived him, Hope?

* * * * * * *

In an antique arm-chair running upon wheels, placed on the broad flags before the door of a most comfortable dwelling, sat an aged farmer. Around him were the evidences of agricultural wealth, spread out on every side; but many a summer had swept over him unnoted since at the allotted term of man's existence, he had looked back with satisfaction upon seventy well-spent years. Palsy had seized his limbs, and the mind slumbered in the inactive brain. Twelve vernal suns had seen him daily borne from his weary couch into the open air, to breathe the perfume of the flowers or newmown hay, that added vigour to a frame, powerless now,

and motionless-incognizant alike of pain or pleasure. Ever by his side, anticipating wants that could not be expressed and watching anxiously each change of feature that spoke variety of darkness in that once noble soul, sat the sad partner of his hearth and heart, with still untiring love that had outlasted half a century. Before him was a field of waving grain, and over it the sportive Zephyrs skimmed and played and swam around the billows raised by their own rustling wings. Beyond—a bright green belt of forest stood out in bold relief against the western sky; and from beneath its shade, at intervals when the breeze quickened, was heard the rush of falling waters and the whirring sound of wheels at the old mill hid in the wooded glen. He heard not this—sight was his only sense; and even that, awoke no fibre of the mystic web of consciousness; yet the unwinking eye, fixed steadily upon the scene, seemed to drink in the varied light, as the parched soil drinks in the dew of heaven and asks not why it softens

A cloud obscured the sun for a few moments, which when it passed away, shone forth the brighter for the short eclipse, causing the drops of a bright summer shower that still continued falling, to shine like diamonds in the air, while every leaf and blade of grass was studded with a multitude of iridescent gems. Then

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once again those more than sleeping lineaments were roused to something like expression, and a feeble sound of laughter stole through the parted lips. As it died away, a holy, heavenly calmness settled on the features, so exquisitely sweet—so mild—so innocent—so like the earliest beam of morning twilight,—that the very death-mists thickening around the old man's head seemed tinged by the approaching dawn of an eternal day.

Thine was the ministry, fond Hope, that woke within that breathing tomb of thought, the memory of long-forgotten hours! And what the dream?—

He saw the tall beech-tree that grew down by the brook where, on a morn like this, he waited for a form of beauty sixty years ago. Time was annihilated, and he sat once more beneath its shade. He knew not that the tree lay prone and leafless now—that all its goodly branches were decayed, and the huge trunk—a home for insects and a soil for mosses—fast mouldered into dust. He knew not that the blooming forest girl whose buoyant step and eye—full, dark, and gentle as the wild deer's own—first taught his heart to love, now stood beside his chair,—pale, tottering, and careworn for his sake—with wrinkled brow and shrivelled limbs, gray locks and glance all lustreless. The log-built cottage of his earlier days arose upon the hill. The Ellen of his youth came

tripping lightly down the narrow path—barefoot, and glorying in her woollen bonnet, trim neckerchief and homemade petticoat. Now she was winding through the girdled trees—grim, spectral, barkless monsters, that sentinelled the half-cleared meadow — and now she leaped the brook. He laughed!—Had he not cause for joy? The crumbling halls of his soul's time-worn mansion thrilled to thy stirring song—"One month, and she is thine!"—And dare they call thee false?—One month, and the young harvest moon looked calmly down upon a new-made grave—two weary travellers slept in peace below!

* * * * * * *

Such are thy falsehoods, Hope!—ah, who would wish them truths! Thy fictions are reality of bliss. Star of my life! But for thy aid, I had been born in vain. The glittering baubles that excite the youth of men, of nations, and mankind—Fame, Glory, Wealth, and Power—these toys have lured me as they lure all children, still flitting past, the pageant of a dream. I followed madly, as all follow them; and some were won and lost—now all are gone; or if a few remaining fragments linger in my grasp, they are falling fast, like leaves from the plucked rosebud when some fair girl's hand scatters them one by one—unconscious—in deep thought on lovelier things. Not so, the memory of thy smiles, that

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decked with gold and gems my morning path—dewgems—bright crystals of imponderable light, exhaling in their very birth, but dear to memory still!

Manhood came, and with it nobler aims. Selfish ambition gave place to the strong desire to bless mankind and elevate the race. Ever before me danced thy beacon-torch as I toiled painfully through paths beset with thorns, ravines, and torrents; and loud upon the winds was borne my ardent cry: "Follow! for this way Hope leads on to Truth!" From the deep caverns where the Lethean pools of dull humanity stagnate in darkness, the loathsome bats-vile progeny of Envy, -and the vampire bands of fell Detraction rushed to destroy the rude disturber of their leaden sleep .- I sought the peaceful vale of life-the home of virtue and domestic worth-but the call, reverberating from the rocks of Prejudice, a thousand voices answered, and the bewildered listeners went each his several way. I climbed the mountain top, to move the few whose souls aspire to greatness; but the blast of cold indifference chilled my panting bosom, and my feeble voice died all unheard on the thin upper air. At length, in the dim distance, loomed the gulf of Death; -invisible but for thy beaconlight still shining far beyond !- I turned and wept!

I turned and wept; but once again thy spirit stood beside me. As in a glass, I saw a long procession of

young beings whose features were my own. The nearest shone all brightness, but the brooding wing of giant Time hung over them, and, far away, the line was lost in shadow. A gentle voice spoke to my heart in mellow, melting tones, like flute-notes on the water: "Behold thy life of lives! These shall repeat thy cry when the dark gulf enshrouds thee.—Then what is Death?—Cycles of cycles shall renew the heavens ere thy voice dies on earth!"—And I was calm.

* * * * * * *

The planets that revolved around my sun in the domestic heaven, where are they now?—Where the lost pleiad?—Tell, oh tell me where!

* * * * * * *

Hope!—sister of my soul!—We are alone together. Let us look out upon the night. That which is in me deathless, swells and swells, till yon bright canopy of rolling worlds seems but the centre of one universe of shadow. I feel, but see not the great rock that casts it!

The gray hairs gather round my temples; the furrows deepen on my brow; the stars look not so bright; the sunshine pales; and even the moon—lovely, and loveliest of the lights of love—dims, as the veil that shrouds my wearied eye were thrown athwart her silvery shield instead. Life's evening comes apace, and even thy form seems ill defined and darker.—Art

thou weary too!—Fain would I sleep.—Farewell till morning, then; but with the dawn we mount. Beautiful Hope!—Eternal Promise!—We will mount together, and ever side by side, throughout unending years of never-waning day, draw near and nearer to the throne of Truth,—thy Father and my own,—whose shadow nature is,—himself the Rock.

A CHARACTER.

ALL beautiful and kind,
But far too wise and chaste
To ever suit the taste
Of any common mind,
Unknowing and unknown,
Alone upon the earth
She dwells, a being worth
A monarch and a throne!

THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Scotland had not yet felt the blessings of her union with her wealthier sister. The two lions growled in their mutual chain, and sometimes stopped to rend each other as they walked unwillingly side by side. At those territorial lines, more especially where the mountains meet the plains, the conflict of opinions, and not unfrequently of steel, raged furiously; and the harassed Lowlander, when instead of peace he found only tenfold war, turned an eye of still direr animosity upon his brother of the hills, and cursed him by his gods.

A chieftain of one of the subdivisions of the sept of Cameron was powerful in the "countries" at that period, a circumstance, however, which was owing more to the situation than extent of his domain, for his patrimonial rocks looked frowningly over the highway, which connected two important districts of the lowlands.

Cameron had thus become of necessity the protector of commerce, and the tutelary deity—a kind of Mercury in his way—of pedlars, travellers, and thieves. His aid might always be reckoned upon in case of need for a consideration. It was in vain, however, to invoke it empty-handed; and, as it somehow or other happened, that no transit, either of goods or persons, was ever known to be made in safety without his blessing, its purchase came to be looked upon as a necessary preliminary, and the black mail of Cameron was paid as regularly as a modern premium of assurance, which any one may omit if he has a mind—at his peril.

Many a struggle, however, had taken place during the establishment of this feudal toll, and before custom had given it a kind of legality, it had been the cause, and continued long to be the fuel, of one of those private wars which have distracted every European state during a certain period in the progress of civilization. Cameron's principal enemy was Sir Robert Lindsay, a lowland gentleman of great wealth and influence. His castle was the most conspicuous object in the view from the cliffs on which was stuck the fortress of the mountaineer; and from the castle windows there could not be seen a more striking picture, even in that romantic district, than the one afforded by the eyrie of the black eagle (the common sobriquet of Cameron) crowning

the distant heights of Benard. Sir Robert was at length fairly tired out, and being a man of this sensible world, suffered himself to be convinced with a good grace that nothing could be more reasonable than a demand of remuneration on the part of the highland chief for the protection he afforded to travelling and commerce. After the happy termination of their misunderstanding, the acquaintanceship of the two gentlemen, which had hitherto been carried on at the distance of a gun-shot, speedily approached to intimacy, and, in process of time, it was arranged that the interests of the two families should be inseparably bound together by what is commonly called the "knot of Hymen."

It had been the policy of Sir Robert Lindsay to extend, far and near, the roots of his roof-tree, and by that time they had spread so widely, and struck so deeply, that nothing less than an earthquake could have shaken the trunk. Yet for such a man to unite his only unmarried daughter to the heir of a barren mountain was not altogether an act of disinterested friendship; for the alliance, he knew, would give him a weight and influence in the country-side distinct from those of wealth or nobility; and he knew, besides, that the estate of his friend possessed capabilities which its rude inheritors had never dreamed of. To secure all the advantages, however, which he contemplated, it was

necessary that the young chief should be something more than a mere robber, however honourable that character might be in itself, and he had sufficient influence with the elder Cameron to prevail upon him to send his son to finish, or rather commence, his education at Edinburgh.

Jane Lindsay-or, as she was commonly called in the good old Scotch diminutive (without minding the bull) of endearment or familiarity, Jeanie Lindsaywas, at the date of this exportation, a girl of thirteen, and her betrothed a youth of sixteen years of age. Were we writing a romance, it would of course be necessary here to give these personages a character adapted to their future situations; but in matters of fact, this is of less consequence. Ronald Cameron was, in brief, a fine, high-mettled lad, with the pride of the mountaineer flashing in his dark gray eye, and a touch of savage generosity gleaming on his ruddy lip. Jeanie was nothing more than a douce, timid, bonnie low-country lassie. She looked with both pride and fear upon her young admirer when he came bounding up the glen upon his barb. She shuddered and grew pale when he talked of plunging into some wild adventure; but, if brought back bleeding and senseless, according to his deserts, she sunk quietly upon her knees by his side, and bound up his wound with all the apparent serenity of a member of the faculty. If you add a little of the prudent caution, which is accounted one of the lowland virtues, with a tinge of the sad-coloured religion preached by John Knox, you may form, upon the whole, a pretty correct idea of one whom nature surely never intended for a heroine.

The term of five years was to elapse before the youth's return. Jeanie would be by that time a young woman of eighteen, and Ronald a man of one-andtwenty. Sir Robert's plans for extorting profit from the stony bosom of the highland estate would be matured; and the senior eagle would be fast wending towards that period of life when the beak and talons of the younger, in the morning of their strength and beauty, would be requisite to defend him from other birds of prey. In five years Ronald would become at once a scholar, a courtier, and a soldier: for it was determined that he should not only learn to read and write, but that he should visit the court of his sovereign at home, and wander abroad to flesh his maiden sword in the wars of the continent. Five years were to return him to the arms of his father and his mistress-

"The young, the beautiful, the brave"-

ripe in knowledge, covered with laurels, yet glowing in all the ardour of unwithered youth. And Jeanie—how

many songs would she not learn to sing in five years! how many acres of tapestry would she not work with her own hand! When the long-looked-for hour arrived—for the term of Ronald's return had been fixed even to an hour—with what a proud step, yet what a fainting heart, would she repair to the spot where they had parted, the bashful, blushing graces of girlhood struggling with the awful majesty of eighteen!

It was on one of the most beautiful spots on the Lindsay domain that they had parted. Sir Robert and his daughter had walked a short way with the mounted cavalcade of Highlanders; and, before parting, Ronald and his young mistress climbed a hill from which a last view might be obtained by the adventurer of his native rocks. The hill was surmounted by the ruins of an ancient building known by the name of the Chapel of Our Lady of Pity, which formed in themselves a highly picturesque object; but it was on the cliffs in the distance that the eye of the mountaineer was fixed, where the rude fortress of his ancestors was sketched faintly against the sky.

As he stood there, tall and still, among the ruins, gazing with quivering lip and glistening eye, upon his wild, rugged, and solitary home, Jeanie looked with a kind of awe at her young companion. But when he put

his arm fondly round her waist, and stooped his head that he might wipe unseen the rebellious drops in her hair, she returned the embrace as fondly, and wept on his bosom the most sorrowful tears she had ever shed. Their hearts seemed to grow old at that moment: a touch of sensibility was thrown round the parting which might have seemed almost unnatural at their years; and Jeanie felt, although the thought did not arise in her mind, that she loved Ronald with something still dearer than the love of a sister.

"Let it be here, Jeanie, that we meet," whispered he, "and not in that stately, formal, crowded hall. You will then be a woman, you know; and we shall have so much to say!—At this hour, and on this day, five years, will you keep the tryst?"

"I will," replied Jeanie.

"You are already growing so tall," said the boy, gazing at her with unconscious admiration, "and your blue eyes are so proud-looking, and your fair hair (parting it on her forehead) is getting here and there so bright a tinge of the red gold—I wonder if you will remember me as well as I shall remember you!"

"I would swear it," said Jeanie sobbing—"I would even swear it, if to swear were not a sin."

"It needs not-I will trust you; I will trust my sweet

wee wife without an oath!" And, pressing her once more in his arms, and kissing her answering lips, he darted down the hill.

Jeanie sunk upon the mouldering stones of the ruin, and dooked after the graceful boy through her tears, till the cavalcade was out of sight.

Five years are come and gone: as for their history, is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Kingdom of Scotland? What strange yet common events fill the page! there are wars and rumours of wars, rebellions, murders, and massacres. Small families have waxed great, and great families crumbled to the dust. The eyrie of the black eagle has been sacked and burnt, and the Camerons driven, like wolves, into the recesses of the mountains. But the roof-tree of Sir Robert Lindsay is still entire; its branches green and strong as ever, and its shadow extended over half a province.

In the midst of all the troubles of the times, Sir Robert, partly from principle, but more from policy, remained steady. His party, both in church and state, triumphed; and it was he who hunted the chieftain of Benard like a wolf on his own mountains, and who, to the moment at which we have now arrived, kept the highland borders in wholesome terror. This hostility,

however, to one whom he had intended to call brother, must not be taken and reasoned upon as an insulated fact. We must not forget (as if we were only an historian!) the thousand trivial and unnoticed circumstances that combine to shape the actions of men. Sir Robert had been goaded by the taunts of his neighbour till duty was identified with revenge. Old quarrels were renewed between them! old rights assumed or denied; and, by steps almost imperceptible then, and at this distance of time impossible to trace, the two friends became the bitterest enemies.

While the contest was still doubtful, Ronald had been purposely kept in ignorance of its extent; and, when it had ended in the defeat and almost total destruction of his race, he was absent in the Low Countries, where his fate was wholly unknown. His name was the only sound connected with the existence of the clan Cameron which gave Sir Robert any perplexity. The knight started when it was pronounced, as at some word of evil augury; his thoughts reverted to the betrothment of his daughter, which had been celebrated like some festive triumph; he felt that there still remained a kind of connexion both hurtful and degrading between him and his fallen foe. Time rolled on, however, and no tidings were heard of the wandering Ishmael of his race. A war-beacon was still seen sometimes blazing upon

the heights of Benard, but it was kindled by a humbler hand, and soon expired in its ashes. Those of the Camerons at length who made any show of resistance at all, dwindled to a handful of outlawed men; and the battle they waged sunk to that narrower scale which is stigmatized as robbery. Ronald was forgotten. He had perished, no doubt, in the wars of the stranger; and Sir Robert Lindsay looked round among the nobles of the land for one on whom he might worthily bestow his daughter and her dowry, without dreading that some tartaned beggar should rise like an apparition in the midst of the pageant to cry—" Hold! hold!"

His daughter Jeanie was now approaching her eighteenth year, and the dreams of the girl began to vanish from her eyes, intercepted by the duties of the woman. Her mind had been strongly impressed by the parting scene with her betrothed. His image was frequently before her eyes, and his ideas mingled in all the plans and airy speculations that at such years, even in a quiet, prudent mind like hers, form so large a portion of the history of life. It may be supposed, therefore, how cruelly troubled the current of her thoughts had been by the events that followed: and yet her feelings, being divided, were less keen than might have otherwise been expected. On one hand there were the fortunes of a lover; on the other those of a father. On one hand

an early predilection—nay, a solemn engagement; and on the other, all the precepts of her education, and all the prejudices of her rank, family, society, and religious denomination. When the probability of Ronald's death had fairly suggested itself to her mind, the natural gravity of her countenance was deepened, for a longer period than the mourning of a widow, by a shade of genuine sadness; yet at length she listened to the projects of Sir Robert regarding the disposal of her hand without either terror or aversion, and assured him that if the man he selected inspired her with an esteem sufficient to admit of her going to the altar without a lie upon her lips, the will of her father should be her law.

One stipulation, however, she made:—she would not listen even to the addresses of a suitor till she had completed her eighteenth year. There seemed to be nothing strange or unreasonable in the restriction, for her father did not calculate dates very nicely; but the reader perhaps remembers that with this term ended the once important cycle comprehended by her engagement with Ronald Cameron. Jeanie would keep the word of promise even to the ear. She would hold the tryst to which she had pledged herself at the appointed place and time; and returning, control her spirit to the cheerful performance of its duties.

As the day drew near, a sort of restlessness appeared

in Jeanie's manner very different from her usual grave placidity. She looked forward with a feeling of solemnity, sometimes even mingled with terror, to the duty she had to perform. That he with whom she was about to keep that tryst, to which she had sworn in her heart, was long since cold and stark beneath the bloody sod, she scarcely doubted; and it will not be wondered, if in that superstitious age, a thousand wild and terrible fancies suggested themselves to her mind. Her rest was broken by hideous dreams; and when she awoke, she looked round, almost expecting to see in bodily presence the tall warlike figure that had scared her sleep, pointing fiercely with one hand to the ruins of Benard, and with the other grasping a dirk intended for her father's breast. Beneath the plumes of the phantom there was always a death's head; in which, notwithstanding, she recognised a hideous resemblance to the features of Ronald Cameron.

The morning at last came; and Jeanie, some time before the hour of tryst, took her way alone to the chapel hill. It was a lovely day, but, as she could not help thinking, almost preternaturally still. Nevertheless, by the time she began to ascend the eminence, her agitation had wholly subsided; and when looking round from the summit, her eyes filled with those gentle and scarcely sorrowful tears which flow to the memory of

the long-buried dead. The air, which was perfectly calm below, was here stirred by a soft breeze wandering sighingly through the ruins of Our Lady's chapel. At times the lowing of the distant cattle was borne musically to the ear; but, with the exception of the whistle of the hill-birds, every thing else was silent. The scenery around consisted of hills, woods, and pasture-lands, for Lindsay Castle was concealed in a hollow; but at the bottom of the picture it was framed in by the rugged heights of Benard, on which the ruins of the fortress were already nothing more than a feature of the picturesque.

As the young lady turned round a corner of the ruins to seek the stone on which she had rested at the parting, she was startled for the moment to find it already occupied. An old woman, in a tattered Highland plaid, was lying on the ground, and in an attitude resembling that of Eastern devotion, leaning her brow, buried in her clasped hands, on its edge. As Jeanie approached, the devotee turned a scowling glance upon her from beneath a pair of eyebrows so large and bushy as to give her face a character of masculine fierceness, but did not move her body. Presently, however, she rose upon her knees, and with a singular variety of crosses, bendings of the head, and gesticulations, concluded her silent worship. Jeanie, recognising her as one of the half-

pagan "hill-folk" who were accustomed to seek the desecrated fane of Our Lady as a *station* for prayer, was about to turn away with a movement of sectarian abhorrence, when the old woman sprang upon her feet with an agility that did not seem to belong to her years.

"It's no the time!" said she passionately: "have ye come but for a mockery that ye turn again sae soon? Look here. Ye are no to stir till the shadow of that cross falls upon the Martyr's Stane—it is the dial-sign that will tell ye the hour of tryst!"

"What hour?" asked Jeanie, in alarm.

"Twal, my bonnie laddie—and that is a token by which ye may ken me as one having authority to be here. Since you are come, however, it is time for me to go—and mair especially since by your coming, ye show that, in spite of appearances, ye are faithful to the man and to the cause."

"What man?" demanded the young lady, almost hoping that the strange wild speaker was insane.

"Ronald Cameron, your betrothed husband, and my foster-son."

"Then he is alive—you know that he is not dead?"

"Dead!—and the race of the Black Eagle at an end!—and the cry of blood unheard! Woman, he could not die yet if all the spears of the Lindsays were in his breast!"

"Have you heard that he has returned?" said Jeanie, falteringly—"have you seen him?"

"Heard and seen? what for should I? The hour must first come, and it will bring with it the man. But there is nae thrift in twa messengers doing the wark of one, and I will be sair wanted up by before long. There, leddie Jeanie, there is a love-token which ye maun gie to your betrothed;" and with a sort of smile that made her shudder, she put into her hand an eagle's quill, the feathers encrusted with blood, and the stump shrivelled with fire. "He kens the language," continued the hag, "and there is nae need of an interpreter; but just whisper in his ear 'Midnight' and 'the Auld Keep,' and your message will be sped." And with a hasty obeisance to the Martyr's Stone, she gathered her tattered cloak round her, and descending the hill, was soon lost in the involutions of the valley.

Jeanie was bewildered for a moment; but her naturally sober faculties were seldom long mystified by ideas of romance or superstition, and she speedily perceived that the aspect of affairs was precisely the same as before her meeting with the Highland sibyl. This woman had either dreamed of the return of her fosterson in life, till it became a fact as indisputable as any of the ordinary phenomena of her existence; or she belonged to that class of fancied seers, who taking,

perhaps unconsciously, for their data a few known circumstances, deduce from them, sometimes with singular though not preternatural correctness, an unknown event. As for the message and token, these belonged to the manners of the day and province, and, in the case of the crushed and outlawed Camerons, pointed doubtless to one of their obscure raids, which ended in the capture of a cow or the burning of a shepherd's hut. The Old Keep might have been fixed upon as the rendezvous, in honour of the just possible return of the heir of its ruins.

And yet the interview, by the new ideas it suggested, troubled the calm current of her thoughts; and as she sat upon the Martyr's Stone, she watched with gathering interest the progress of the shadow. More than once she was about to rise, and look round the corner of the ruins, from which there was a view of the road; but with habitual self-control, she checked a feeling which she endeavoured to believe was absurd in itself, and almost insulting to the dead. As the shadow neared the stone, however, her agitation increased; her eyes filled with tears; she felt a sense of suffocation in her throat; her limbs trembled; and her head sunk upon her breast. The broad shade at length fell distinctly upon the surface of the monument; and at the instant, as she heard a deep respiration as of one in pain, she with difficulty repressed a scream.

On raising her head, she saw Ronald Cameron leaning motionless upon the ruins beside her. His countenance was deadly pale, and his eyes were fixed upon the distant heights of Benard, with an expression which recalled to his betrothed the feeling of awe with which she had gazed upon him on this spot five years before. Jeanie's heart quailed as the idea occurred to her for a moment that it was no living form which she beheld. The human passions, however, were too visibly depicted in his eyes, and the stamp of human woe too deep upon his sculptured brow, to allow her long to imagine him a being escaped from the trammels of clay. His dress, too, which was of the coarsest woollen, told either of poverty or concealment; and although a pair of richly mounted pistols were stuck in his belt, and an eagle's feather, the badge of Highland gentility, adorned his bonnet, his outward appearance corresponded but too well with his fallen fortunes. Another convulsive movement of his chest betrayed the inward struggles with which, after an absence of five years, he gazed upon the ruins of his ancestral home; but awakening from his dream with a start, and passing his hand before his eyes, as if to free them from a thrall resembling that of fascination, he approached his betrothed.

"You have kept the tryst, madam," said he, removing his bonnet with a grave and graceful obeisance. "It is

enough—and more than I expected from a daughter of Sir Robert Lindsay. Honour shall in this instance, if in no other on earth, be its own reward. Instead of turning an early engagement to account, as I intended, in these fatal feuds, which have returned me to my home an heir without an inheritance and a chief without a people,—I cancel it. There is the contract, signed, sealed, and witnessed; and thus I give its fragments to the winds!"

"You are generous," said the young lady, "in thus abandoning an advantage which you possessed over your foe—I thank you." Ronald Cameron gazed at her in silence for some moments.

"And is this all?" said he, at length, in a tone half of feeling, half of curiosity. "Do we part so? You are older-looking than I expected, and perhaps somewhat more beautiful; but in other respects you are the same. Your image grew in my mind with the growth of my years; and had it not been for that dreadful object," pointing to the mountains, "coming in between me and the feelings of my heart, I should have met you as a lover meets his mistress. Have you thought of me? Speak, cold but lovely statue, and let me begone."

"I thought of you as of the dead," replied the grave maiden.

"That was right," said the youth, quickly: "even so

continue to think of me still!" He gazed upon her with a look in which scorn of his own feelings divided the mastery with the feelings themselves; and she returned the gaze with the calm, sedate, and almost solemn expression peculiar to her countenance.

"It might some wonder in a stranger move,

How these together could have talked of love!"

"What is this?" asked Cameron, fiercely taking up the eagle's feather, which lay beside her on the stone. "What is the place—the hour?"

"Midnight—the Old Keep," said Jeanie, replying unconsciously to the sudden interrogatory.

"And you the messenger! Do you know the meaning of this token?"

"I do not: but let me implore you, for the sake of your own life---"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the youth, wildly.

"Your return is yet unknown; my father can be generous as well as you-"

"Enough, enough! I have this day made one sacrifice of my policy, and suffered one disappointment of my heart. I am now unshackled, except by my duty as the heir of Cameron of Benard. Farewell, daughter of my enemy! I wish you no bitterer fortune than to receive life, and safety, and estate from the hands of your once

betrothed, or to behold his head stuck upon a spear at your father's porch!" And so saying, he placed the bloody feather in his bosom, and sprang, with the speed of a roe, down the hill.

* * * * * * *

It was Jeanie's custom to "make up her mind," as the phrase is, before entering her father's presence; and the task at present was perhaps more difficult than usual, for it was almost evening before she reached the castle. We do not say that our demure heroine was insensible either to the manly beauty of Ronald's person, or to the romantic generosity of his character. On the contrary, he had no sooner vanished from her sight, and afforded her leisure to think, than she felt a thousand old associations awakening within her. He was the same who had haunted her girlish dreams for years, and on whom she had suffered her thoughts to dwell, without sin and without shame, even as on a husband. He was himself in the prime and glory of youth; and he had found her beautiful. Amidst all the vicissitudes of his adventurous life, her image had never been effaced from his mind. He loved her!

But he was a beggar—a broken, outlawed man; and worse than all, the foe of her father's house. Was there here room for hope, even in the reveries of eighteen? Perhaps there was. Strength of mind is not the absence

of weakness, but the power of sustaining in spite of it. Jeanie suffered her thoughts to scan steadily for a while the future of her fortunes, and then, turning with a sigh to the present, inquired what she was to do. Having "made up her mind," she proceeded with hasty steps to the castle.

"Where is my father?" said she to a servant; "I must speak with him instantly."

"He is gone to the Old Keep."

"The Old Keep!"

"Yes. On the news coming of the younger Cameron's return, Sir Robert, in violent perturbation, set out with a strong retinue to arrest both father and son in their den, where our information says they will be found to-night."

"Saddle me a horse, for I will follow them!"

"It is impossible, madam. Sir Robert, who is ignorant of the intentions of Ronald Cameron, and of the force he is in, commanded that your ladyship should not be permitted to leave the castle on any pretext whatever."

Jeanie retired to her room in silence.

It was the custom at Lindsay Castle, in those troubled times, for the drawbridge to be raised for the night at a particular hour of the evening; and it sometimes happened, as it usually does in such cases, that there was considerable bustle at the last moment, caused by the

procrastination of those who wished to enter or go out. On this occasion the drawbridge was raised according to custom while some of the country people were actually running along the planks, and leaping down amidst the laughter of the wardens. When all were fairly out, they separated into groups, and took the way to their various villages; but one peasant girl, wrapt in her coarse plaid, kept aloof from the rest, and bent her course alone towards the mountains.

The shades of evening were falling quickly and heavily down, and the black masses of rock in the distance, before the solitary traveller, were already hardly distinguishable in their features of height and hollow. But on the edge of the visible horizon, the landmarks were still clearly enough defined against the dull sky, and the Old Keep of Benard, with its roofless towers and broken parapets, formed an object well suited to the character of the hour.

The young woman appeared to be little acquainted with the road she had chosen, and little able to bear the fatigue of travelling in so rugged a path. Frequently she turned, as if in doubt or terror, and, on reaching the base of the mountain, leant despairingly for some moments on the rock.

"There is life and death in it!" she exclaimed aloud, as at length she started up to renew her exertions. "My

father shall know the generous foe whom, I fear me, he would gladly murder; and if, after knowing, he will still strike, it shall be through his daughter's heart!"

The situation in which the calm, prudent, soberminded maiden now found herself, wandering alone among the darkling mountains in the disguise of a peasant, presented one of those startling contrarieties which are supposed to belong to romance, even when found among the realities of life. There was nothing romantic, however, in Jeanie's thoughts; and her present circumstances seemed as naturally and inevitably to be born of those which preceded them as darkness follows light. Strengthening herself with the idea that her errand was a holy one, she began to ascend the rocks. But she had not proceeded far, when what she had herself suspected to be the premature darkness of the evening, began to exhibit its true character; deep mutterings were heard among the distant mountains, with faint flashes of fire between, and the rising gusts of night moaned wildly among the cliffs around her.

By and by the thunder waxed louder and the lightning more vivid; a sharp, sleety rain mingled with the wind; and, in a space of time that would have seemed singularly short to one not accustomed to the phenomena of the weather in such places, an alpine tempest rushed roaring along the mountains. At this moment, when searching for a temporary shelter among the rocks, Jeanie saw distinctly, in the quick glare of the lightning, a human figure in the attitude of looking down upon her from the heights, and in sudden alarm she ran forward. Soon, however, as she reflected that it was in reality of little consequence to her purposed mediation whether she fell in first with the adherents of Ronald Cameron or with those of her father, she slackened her pace. But the observer had not perceived her, and she went on for some distance alone. Again she was startled by catching a glimpse of the same figure not many paces before her; and she debated within herself whether she should not demand assistance from her fellow-wanderer of the night. But the stranger disappeared as before, and she walked on.

The path was now crossed by a deep ravine, at the bottom of which she could hear the roar of a torrent; and Jeanie stopped in terror to gaze at the wonders of the spot, exaggerated by the gloom through which they were seen. The chasm was so narrow, that a stone could easily have been thrown across; but its wall of rocks on either side, in massiveness, irregularity, and terrific abruptness, presented a strange mixture of the grotesque and sublime. Her heart sank at the sight; for the ruined towers to which she journeyed were seen immediately beyond. It was necessary, however, to

inquire whether there was no possibility of crossing; for, even setting aside the object of her mission, it would have been equally impossible to remain all night where she was without protection from the weather, and to find her way home in the dark.

While pausing in indecision upon the brink of the precipice, where every step might be fatal, she saw at a little distance the unknown figure, with its hand extended as if in beckoning. Jeanie sprung forward in haste and yet in awe, as she thought of the wild and lonely place where she was to intrust herself to so mysterious a conductor. When she reached the place where she imagined her guide must have stood, the figure was gone; but, following a tract resembling a sheep-walk, she summoned courage to descend the side of the steep. In another moment a broad glare of lightning, that seemed to wrap the whole mountain in fire, revealed to her terrified eyes the localities of the spot.

The cliffs above her head on either side of the ravine extended laterally till they were lost in distance; and below, at a vast depth, the boiling waters of the torrent rushed headlong as white as snow. Two trees lashed together formed a bridge over this terrible abyss, and Jeanie shuddered as she saw the figure of her guide standing on the middle, looking backwards as if desiring her to follow.

"For the love of God, give me your hand!" she cried, somewhat reassured by finding that the stranger was a woman; and scarcely had the request passed her lips when she saw her gliding towards her like a spirit through the gloom. In another moment she felt the rough, coarse, naked arm of a Highland woman round her waist, and, till she stood in safety on the opposite side, she was scarcely conscious of any thing else, except the rocking and groaning of the dangerous bridge.

"To the keep!" said Jeanie, faintly, "and I will reward you abundantly;" but the only reply was a guttural sound resembling—"Hoogh!—hoogh!" which seemed to prove that her conductress did not understand English. But they at length found themselves almost within the shadow of the ruin, and the wearied girl began to collect her thoughts for the interview.

To her surprise and perplexity, however, the guide, instead of entering, turned short round the walls, and seizing her firmly by the arm, dragged rather than led her into a miserable hut at a little distance. Here she pointed to a heap of straw on the floor, as if desiring our heroine to rest; while she seated herself behind the door in the fashion of a jailer, and soon sunk into an audible sleep. Jeanie, knowing that remonstrance was

hopeless, lay for some minutes as still as death amongenthe straw; but while just meditating on the practicability of opening the door without disturbing her guard, it suddenly opened without her agency, and an old woman entered, the same she had seen at Our Lady's chapel, with a knife in one hand and a light in the other, and followed by a Highlander armed with pistols.

Thus much she discovered at a single terrified glance; but instantly closing her eyes, and turning away her head, she pretended sleep, and began to pray inwardly.

"She's weel enough here," muttered the hag, applying the candle close to her eyes—"she'll sleep sound, I'll warrant ye, after her journey."

"But how, mother," said the man, "will ye answer to the young master for keeping his leddie frae him?"

"Whisht, ye fule! I ken how to answer to my fosterson for doing my duty. The bloody business of this night must be over before he sets eyes on her Saxon face! and if I thocht that one skirl wad come from her lips to tell him where she is before the time, this knife should drink her blood where she lies! And now—are the props cut awa frae the bridge?"

[&]quot;All is ready."

[&]quot;And the Lindsays are in full tramp to cross?"

[&]quot;Ay, ay-they are a doomed race!"

- "And what for do ye stand glowring here at a sleeping lassie instead of ganging to tell the chiefs that the hour is come and the men?"
 - "I'm awa, mother-but-I wish it was the morn!"
- "The morn, ye fause loon!—and the foe of our race yet alive!"—and the old woman, striking her son with the handle of the knife, drove him out, and followed him herself.

They were scarcely gone, when Jeanie rose from her bed, and divesting herself of her plaid, and gathering her dishevelled hair behind her ears, stepped quickly but lightly out of the hut. She rushed with the speed of lightning towards the ravine, and threading with surprising precision the mazes of the rocks, reached the brink, where the bridge was still free and apparently entire. To cross was to sacrifice her own life. Was it possible to make her voice heard on the other side amidst the roaring of the storm? Had her father and his men reached the opposite precipice? The last question was answered by a flash of lightning, which showed that there was not a human being within sight.

She waited for some moments in breathless attention, till she almost began to hope that the Camerons would arrive first, and that before the catastrophe of the tragedy she might be able to throw herself at the feet of Ronald. This idea was delusive, for a small dim light

now appeared at the opposite end of the bridge. The Lindsays had arrived, and were preparing to cross.

"Father!" she shrieked, at the extent of her voice, "beware—beware!" but the sound was borne away by the gust. She screamed wildly, and a shot was fired from the rocks beside her that struck a tree near which she stood. She screamed louder and more shrilly, till her voice rose to such a pitch that it scarcely resembled any thing earthly. It seemed to be heard on the opposite side, and to convince the Lindsays that secrecy now was of little avail, for a number of lights appeared to be born on the instant in the darkness, and were held to the first step, which was of difficult footing. She now saw distinctly Sir Robert Lindsay, the foremost of the band, in the act of setting his foot upon the tree, and the devoted daughter, without word or scream, rushed upon the treacherous bridge.

The bridge cracked—groaned—rent—gave way. Jeanie was on the middle. The Lindsays, with a cry of horror, held up their lights to view the apparition, and in another moment a hundred pine torches on the side of the Camerons threw their red glare upon the scene.

"Father!" cried Jeanie; "friends!" looking from one side to the other: "I am a peace-offering between you!"

The bridge was sinking fast into the abyss, splitting

and groaning as it sunk; but its fate, inevitable before, was now accelerated, for at this moment a Cameron sprung from the cliff upon the rending timber. One of the trees snapped through the middle, and the greater part of the fabric fell into the gulf.

The end of the broken tree, which was firmly embedded in the rock, being relieved by the separation of so great a weight, remained secure; and to this the mountaineer was seen clinging with his mistress locked in his arms. Slowly, glidingly, almost imperceptibly, he edged himself onward with his precious burthen, till at length he landed upon the rock, and delivered Jeanie, who had fainted, into the arms of her father.

What explanations were made—what generosity granted—what love and pity obtained in a moment when the evil passions seemed to be driven out of men's hearts as by a tempest, we may not now tell. Suffice it to say, that peace was that night concluded, and that the Lindsays and Camerons count kindred to this day.

CLEOPATRA AT ACTIUM.

EXTRACTED FROM T. K. HERVEY.

- The banners of the world are met upon that wild blue wave,—
- The sun has risen, that shall set upon an empire's grave;
- From tongues of many a land burst forth the war-shout to the breeze,
- And half the crowns of all the earth are played for on you seas!
- The ocean has a tinge of blood—a sound of woe the air—
- Death swims his pale steed through the flood—oh! what doth woman there!
- The shout of nations, in their strife, rings far along the lee,
- And what doth Egypt's dark-eyed queen upon that battle-sea!

THE LIBERT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



THE ISLAND LYRE.





THE ISLAND LYRE;

OR, A RUDE RHYME OF A RUDER TIME.

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

Though Malachy wore the collar of gold,*

'Twas Turgesius held the power;

* Malachy I., King of Ireland, was at one time reduced to the most miserable dependence upon Turgesius, a prince of the royal family of Norway, who landed in Ireland, at the head of a very formidable expedition, and was immediately joined by all the Danes remaining in the country as relics of former piratical incursions. These Danes were in possession of the city of Dublin, which they had formerly taken by storm and fortified with a castle. Turgesius rapidly extended his conquests, and erected many forts in the interior. Rapine and every species of outrage followed in his track—the records of the land, and every thing connected with literature and civilization being sedulously destroyed by the savage and his followers; but the scourge of his presence fell most heavily upon the sub-kingdom of Leinster and the province of Meath. On the death of Niall, in 846, Malachy I. was elected Monarch of Ireland; but, on the support of the Danish inhabitants, Turgesius founded a title to the same dignity. The piratical title of Vi-king, or Sea-king, has been given to Turgesius, and that of And little the Sea-king recked when told
That hundreds of princely shields rang bold,*
And loud were the echoes of Tara† old,
At the Land-king's crowning hour.

"Ha! what care I for the Celtic rite,
Or cowardly Christian laws?
My title was won by the sword, in fight,
And well will I guard, by day and by night,
In peace or in war, with an arm of might,
The strength of the Danish cause!"

The Sea-king built him a castle strong, By the Land-king's palace wall:

Land-king, to Malachy, in these stanzas, which in other respects, follow so closely the truth of history, that little farther explanation is necessary.

The "collar" or necklace of gold was a badge of Celtic royalty.

The occurrences described in the stanzas took place in 859, nearly a century before the reign of Brian Boiroimhe, Brian the Braye, or the Conqueror—Ireland's noblest hero—who effected the permanent expulsion of the pirates, who were only temporarily ejected by Malachy I.

- * On occasions of great excitement, the Celts were accustomed to beat the bosses of their shields with formidable din.
- † The Irish kings were elected by the monarchs of the sub-kingdoms into which the island was divided, (a kind of pentarchy resembling the English heptarchy,) assisted by the principal functionaries of the several realms. The elections were held in the Hall of Tara.

His pirate followers, all day long,
Woke the wild valleys with ribald song,
While murder and rapine and ceaseless wrong
Were the fate of the Irish thrall.

The Land-king cherished a daughter fair,

A daughter of sweet fifteen:

The Sea-king saw her one morning, where

She struck the harp, while the ocean air

Waved wide the long locks of her golden hair,

And toyed with her bosom's screen.

- "Now, Malachy, give me that daughter bright,"
 Said the Sea-king, old and gray;
 "For never was maiden more fair to sight,
 And I swear by my sweeping falchion's light,
 In my own high chamber, on Freia's night,*
 That maiden so fair shall stay!"
- "Thy will is law in my subject state,"
 Said Malachy, sad and tame;
 "But grant at least that the hour be late,
 And secret the pass of thy postern gate;

^{*} Scandinavian mythology gives us no other Deity than the ancient and dignified Freia, to supply the place of the silly Paphian of the Greeks.

For I would not the vulgar herd should prate Of my daughter's clouded fame.

"With fifteen virgins of beauty rare,
And each of a noble line,
On Freia's eve, with the vesper prayer,
She shall approach, and if none more fair
In the bright circle may tempt thee to spare,
Monarch—the maid is thine!"

* * * * * * *

Loud rise the shouts o'er the castle wall,
As the daylight sinks in shade;
For fifteen lords, at the Sea-king's call,
Are gathered to feast in his wassail hall,
And proudly he pledges to one and all
The charms of an Irish maid!

With solemn march, through the postern gate,
Winds slowly the female band,
Deep veiled, and with folded arms, they wait,
In the banquet hall, for the hour of fate
That dooms them for ever to scorn and hate
At a tyrant's vile command.

[&]quot;Now, hark to the bugle," the Sea-king cried;
"The feast, with the red wine, waits;

A beautiful girl, by each chieftain's side,
Shall blush like a blooming, new-made bride;
A guerdon meet for a conqueror's pride—
Throw open the festal gates!"

They rush to the hall where in lengthened row,
The powerless victims stand,
Their trembling leader is bending low,
With salt tears bedewing her bosom's snow;
But proud, as their veils aside they throw,
Is the port of the sister band.

- "Now, Monarch!—I swear by a lover's sigh," Cried Dublin's haughty earl,
- "These Irish maidens are naught too shy,
 With passion-flushed cheek and kindling eye!
 Warm spirits are they, with their bearing high
 And the stern lip's arching curl!"

Then out spoke a maiden of rarest charms,
And glance like a summer sky;
"Say, why should we tremble with vain alarms?
"Tis courage that wins the fair, and warms
The flame of young love!—From a hero's arms
Then why should a maiden fly!"

"You argue well," said Turgesius gay,
"So, this royal dove be mine!

A kiss on the cheek of each maid, to-day,
Be the seal of our faith, while last it may;—
Then, each with his chosen one take his way
To the feast and the flowing wine!"

Then lip met lip, through the lighted hall,
And a warm embrace went round.
Ha! whence comes that whistle's shrilly call—
That deep-heaved groan and that sounding fall?
And why stands the Sea-king in terror's thrall
And in trancelike stillness bound?

Dashed down on the castle's stony floor,

His warriors were stretched supine,

And aloft each maid in her right hand bore

A dagger all dripping with human gore,

While torrents of life-blood flowed freely o'er,

In place of the brimming wine.

Then loudly, in scorn, sang a damsel bold, "Oh! nothing but death can part
An Irish love when its tale is told;
And Irish maidens were famed of old,

For finding, through corselet and baldric's fold, The way to a hero's heart."

"Foul brood of Fenris!"* the Sea-king cried,
"More horrid your fate shall be
Than this bloody act of your treacherous pride;
The rack shall your tender limbs divide—"
"Vile dog of a Dane,"† the voice replied,
"No women weak are we!

"Then, comrades,—off with this vile disguise:
Go seize him, and bind with speed!
Now, tyrant! turn thy licentious eyes
On Ireland's avengers,—and bid them rise—
These war-gods of beardless boys the prize!
Thou never hadst greater need!"

Brief was the strife e'er the monarch proud
Lay bound on the blood-stained floor;
And wild rose a bugle-note, long and loud:
'Twas answered without, as the thunder-cloud

^{*} Fenris, was a rude Scandinavian Cerberus.

[†] Though Turgesius was a Norwegian, it is not unnatural that the Irish should address him as a Dane; for the Danes were the most formidable of their invaders, and the mixed army of Turgesius included many of that nation.

Re-echoes the storm from its misty shroud, "Turgesius! thy reign is o'er!

"Hark to the shouts in the castle yard!
Why reddens the casement high?

'Tis Malachy, mowing thy drunken guard
Like the young green swarth on the summer sward,
'Tis the beal-fire that flashes heavenward,
And lights up the lurid sky.

"The moon is rising on Leinster's sea,
Full-orbed from the eastern wave:
When it sets with the sun o'er Connaught free,
Like its last, wan, expiring ray shall be
The pride and the power of the Danes and thee,
Their tribute—an Irish grave!

"But thou—rude ravisher!—we prepare
No tomb for thy last repose.
On Malachy's gate shall thy hoary hair
Bleach on the spear-point that nails it there,
While thy bones shall garnish the wild-dog's lair,
A terror to pirate foes!"

Far in the west, the new moon laves Her disc in the swelling sea; O'er thousands of crowding Danish graves,
Already the tall grass of Leinster waves;
But where is the chief of these bandit knaves?
The Sea-king—where is he?

Eyeless and fleshless—a royal head

Hangs high o'er the palace gate,

The crow and the eagle their feast have sped,
And o'er the pealed bones of the royal dead

Careless, the sated wild-dogs tread:

Such the just doom of fate!

And now, through the land, is heard once more
The shout of the brave and free,
While safely the Irish maid may pour
From the deep-toned harp, by the ocean shore,
Love's south-wind sigh, mid the fitful roar
Of the wild and chainless sea.

THE SWISS PEASANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

Why is the mind of man so apt to be swayed by contraries? why does the imagination for ever paint the impossible in glittering tints, and the hearts of wayward mortals cling, with the greatest tenacity, to what, eel-like, is bent on escaping from their grasp? Why—to bring the matter home—is solitude abhorrent to me, now that I enjoy it in perfection? I have apostrophized the coy nymph in ball-rooms, when the bright lamps of heaven were shamed by brighter earth-stars, and lamented her absence at a pic-nic party, where the nightingale was silenced by the fiddle, and the flowery turf was strewed with the impertinent finery of ugly old women, and the greenwood shade made redolent with the fumes of roasted fowls.

And now, O solitude! I abjure thee, in thy fitting temple—in Switzerland—among cloud-piercing moun-

tains, by the resounding waves of the isle-surrounding lake. I am beside the waters of Uri—where Tell lived—in Brunen, where the Swiss patriots swore to die for freedom. It rains—magic word to destroy the spell to which these words give rise—the clouds envelope the hills—the white mists veil the ravines—there is a roar and a splash in my ears—and now and then, the vapours break and scatter themselves, and I see something dark between, which is the hoar side of a dark precipice, but which might as well be the turf stack or old wall that bounded Cumberland's view as he wrote the "Wheel of Fortune."

The sole book that I possess is the Prisoner of Chillon. I have read it through three times within an hour.—Its noble author composed it to beguile weary hours like these when he remained rain-bound for three days in a little inn on the shores of the Lake of Geneva; and cannot I, following with unequal steps, so cheat the minutes in this dim spot? I never, by the by, could invent the commonest incident. As a man of honour, of course I never lie; but, as a nursery child and schoolboy, I never did; simply, as I remember, because I never could concoct one—but a true tale was lately narrated to me by its very heroine, the incidents of which haunt my memory, adorned as they were, by her animated looks and soft

silvery accent. Let me try to record them,—stripped though they must be of their greatest charm.

I was travelling, but a week ago, with my friend Ashburn in a coupée, in the district of Soubiaco, in the ecclesiastical territory. We were jolted along a rough ravine, through which the river Anio sped; and beetling mountains and shady trees, a distant convent and a picturesque cell on a hill, formed a view which so awoke the pictorial propensities of my friend that he stopped the coupée (though we were assured that we should never reach our inn by nightfall, and that the road was dangerous in the dark), took out his portfolio, and began to sketch. As he drew, I continued to speak in support of an argument we had entered upon before. I had been complaining of the commonplace and ennui of life. Ashburn insisted that our existence was only too full of variety and change-tragic variety and wondrous incredible change.—" Even," said the painter, "as sky, and earth, and water seem for ever the same to the vulgar eye, and yet to the gifted one assume a thousand various guises and hues-now robed in purple-now shrouded in black-now resplendent with living goldand anon sinking into sober and unobtrusive gray, so do our mortal lives change and vary. No living being among us but could tell a tale of soul-subduing joys and

heart-consuming woes, worthy, had they their poet, of the imagination of Shakspeare or Goëthe. The veriest weather-worn cabin is a study for colouring, and the meanest peasant will offer all the acts of a drama in the apparently dull routine of his humble life."

- "This is pure romance," I replied; "put it to the test. Let us take, for example, yonder woman descending the mountain-path."
- "What a figure!" cried Ashburn; "oh that she would stay thus but one quarter of an hour!—she has come down to bathe her child—her upturned face—her dark hair—her picturesque costume—the little plump fellow bestriding her—the rude scenery around—"
 - "And the romantic tale she has to tell."
- "I would wager a louis that hers has been no common fate. She steps a goddess—her attitude—her looks, are all filled with majesty."

I laughed at his enthusiasm, and accepted his bet. We hurried to join our fair peasantess, and thus formed acquaintance with Fanny Chaumont. A sudden storm, as we were engaged conversing with her, came, driven down from the tempest-bearing hills, and she gave us a cordial invitation to her cottage.

It was situated on a sunny slope, yet sheltered from the winds. There was a look of cheerfulness and aisance about it, beyond what is usually met in that part of Switzerland, reminding me of the cottages of the inhabitants of the free states. There, also, we found her husband. I always feel curious to know on whom a woman, who bears the stamp of superior intellect—who is beautiful and refined—for peasant as she was, Fanny was both—has been induced to bestow herself.

Louis Chaumont was considerably older than his wife; he was handsome, with brown lively eyes, curly chestnut hair, a visage embrowned by the sun, bearing every mark of having led an active, even an adventurous life; there was, besides, an expression which, if it were not ferocity, resembled it nearly, in his vivacious glances, and in the sternness of his deeply-lined forehead; while she, in spite of her finely-formed brow, her majestic person and her large expressive eyes, looked softness and patience itself. There was something incongruous in the pair, and more strangely matched they seemed when we heard their story. It lost me my louis, but proved Fanny at once to be a fitting heroine for romance, and was a lesson, moreover, to teach the strange pranks love can play with us, mingling fire and water, blending in one harmonious concord the harsh base and melodious tenor of two differently stringed instruments. Though their child was five years old, Fanny and her husband were attached to each other with the tenderness and passion of early love; they were happy-his faults

were tempered by her angel disposition, and her too melancholy and feeling-fraught spirit was enlivened and made plastic to the purposes of this world by his energy and activity.

Fanny was a Bernese by birth: she was the child of humble cottagers,—one among a large family. They lived on the brow of one summit and at the foot of another. The snowy mountains were piled about them; thaw-fed torrents brawled around; during the night a sound like thunder, a crash among the tempest-beaten pines would tell of an avalanche; or the snow-drift, whirring past the lattice, threatened to bury the little fabric. Winter was the season of peace in the deep vales, not so in the higher district. The peasant was often kept waking by the soft-falling snow, which threatened insidiously to encroach on, and to overwhelm his habitation; or a straying cow would lead him far into the depths of the stormy hills, and his fearful family would count in agony the hours of his absence. Perpetual hardship and danger, however, rather brutify than exalt the soul of man; and those of the Swiss who are most deeply planted among the rocky wilds are often stultified and sullen.

Fanny opened her youthful eyes and observation on this scene. She was one of those lovely children only to be seen in Switzerland, whose beauty is heartfelt but indescribable: hers was the smooth candid brow, the large hazel eyes—half soft, half wild—the round dimpled cheek, the full sensitive mouth, the pointed chin, and (as framework to the picture) the luxuriant curly chestnut hair, and voice which is sweetest music. The exceeding beauty of little Fanny gained her the observation of the wife of the governor of the chateau which overlooked and commanded the district, and at ten years of age she became a frequent visiter there. Fanny's little soul was love, so she soon twined herself round the kind lady's heart, became a pet with the governor, and the favourite playmate of their only son.

One fête day Fanny had dined at the chateau. It had been fine warm spring weather, but wind and storm came on with the setting sun; the snow began to fall thickly, and it was decided that Fanny must pass the night in the chateau. She had been unusually eager to return home; and when the tempest came on, she crept near her protectress, and begged to be sent to her mother. "C'est impossible"—Fanny pressed no further, but she clambered to a window, and looked out wistfully to where, hidden by the hills, her parents' cottage stood. It was a fatal night for her: the thunders of frequent avalanches, the roaring of torrents, the crash of trees, spoke of devastation, and her home was its chief prey. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, not one survived.

Where, the day before, cottage and outhouse and floweradorned garden had stood, the little lawn where she played, and the grove that sheltered her, there was now a monumental pile of snow, and the rocky path of a torrent; no trace remained,—not one survivor to tell the tale. From that night Fanny became a constant inmate of the chateau.

It was Madame de Marville's project to give her a bourgeois education, which would raise her from the hardships of a peasant's life, and yet not elevate her above her natural position in society. She was brought up kindly but humbly; it was the virtues of her disposition which raised her in the eyes of all around her, not any ill-judged favour of her benefactress. The night of the destruction of her family never passed away from her memory; it set a seal of untimely seriousness on her childish brow, awoke deep thoughts in her infant heart, and a strong resolve that while she lived, her beloved friends should find her, as far as her humble powers admitted, a source of good alone—a reason to rejoice that they had saved her from the destruction that had overwhelmed her family.

Thus Fanny grew up in beauty and in virtue. Her smiles were as the rainbows of her native torrents: her voice, her caresses, her light step, her unalterable sweetness and ceaseless devotion to the wishes of others, made her the idol of the family. Henry, the only child of her protectors, was of her own age, or but a few months her senior. Every time Henry returned from school to visit his parents, he found Fanny more beautiful, more kind, more attractive than before; and the first passion his youthful heart knew was for the lovely peasant girl, whose virtues sanctified his home. A look, a gesture, betrayed his secret to his mother; she turned a hasty glance on Fanny, and saw on her countenance innocence and confidence alone. Half reassured, yet still fearful, Madame de Marville began to reflect on some cure for the threatened evil. She could not bear to send away Fanny; she was solicitous that her son should for the present reside in his home. The lovely girl was perfectly unconscious of the sentiments of the young seigneur; but would she always continue so? and was the burning heart that warmed her gentle bosom to be for ever insensible to the despotic and absorbing emotions of love?

It was with wonder, and a curious mixture of disappointed maternal pride and real gladness, that the lady at length discovered a passion dawning in fair Fanny's heart for Louis Chaumont, a peasant some ten years older than herself. It was natural that one with such high-wrought feelings as our heroine should love one to whom she could look up, and on whom to depend, rather

than her childhood's playmate—the gay, thoughtless Henry. Louis's family had been the victim of a moral ruin, as hers of a physical one. They had been oppressed, reduced to poverty, driven from their homes by some feudal tyrant, and had come poor and forlorn from a distant district. His mother, accustomed to a bourgeois' life, died broken-hearted: his father, a man of violent passions, nourished in his own and in his son's heart, sentiments of hatred and revenge against the "proud oppressors of the land." They were obliged to labour hard, yet in the intervals of work, father and son would read or discourse concerning the ills attendant on humanity, and they traced all to the social system, which made the few the tyrants of the many.

Louis was handsome, bold, and active; he excelled his compeers in every hardy exercise; his resolution, his eloquence, his daring, made him, in spite of his poverty, a kind of leader among them. He had many faults: he was too full of passion, of the spirit of resistance and revenge; but his heart was kind; his understanding, when not thwarted, strong; and the very depth of his feelings made him keenly susceptible to love. Fanny, in her simple but majestic beauty, in her soft kindness of manner, mingled with the profoundest sensibility, made a deep impression on the young man's heart.

His converse, so different and so superior to those of his fellows, won her attention.

Hitherto Fanny had never given utterance to the secrets of her soul. Habitual respect held her silent with Madame; and Henry, as spirited and as heedless as a chamois, could ill understand her; but Louis became the depositary of the many feelings which, piled up in secresy and silence, were half awful to herself; he brought reason, or what he deemed such, to direct her heart-born conclusions. To have heard them talk of life and death, and all its shows, you would have wondered by what freak philosophy had dressed herself in youth and a peasant's garb, and wandered from the schools into these untaught wilds.

Madame de Marville saw and encouraged this attachment. Louis was not exactly the person she would have selected for Fanny; but he was the only being for whom she had ever evinced a predilection; and, besides, the danger of a misalliance which threatened her own son, rendered her eager to build an insurmountable wall between him and the object of his affections. Thus Fanny enjoyed the heart-gladdening pride of hearing her choice applauded and praised by the person she most respected and loved in the world. As yet, however, love had been covert; the soul but not the apparent body of their in-

tercourse. Louis was kept in awe by this high-minded girl, and Fanny had not yet learned her own secret. It was Henry who made the discovery for them;—Henry, who, with all the impetuosity of his vivacious character, contrived a thousand ways to come between them; who, stung by jealousy to injustice, reviled Louis for his ruin, his poverty, his opinions, and brought the spirit of dissension to disquiet a mind entirely bent, as she imagined, on holy and pure thoughts.

Under this clash of passion, the action of the drama rapidly developed itself, and, for nearly a year, a variety of scenes were acted among these secluded mountains, of no interest save to the parties themselves, but to them fateful and engrossing. Louis and Fanny exchanged vows; but that sufficed not. Fanny insisted on the right of treating with uniform kindness the son of her best friend, in spite of his injustice and insolence. The young men were often brought into angry collision, during the rural festivals. Fanny was the peacemaker: but a woman is the worst possible mediator between her rival lovers. Henry was sometimes irritated to complain to his father of Louis's presumption. The spirit of the French revolution, then awakening, rendered a peasant's assumptions peculiarly grating; and it required Madame de Marville's impartial gentleness to

prevent Fanny's betrothed, as now he was almost considered, from being farther oppressed.

At length it was decided that Henry should absent himself for a time, and visit Paris. He was enraged in the extreme by what he called his banishment. Noble and generous as he naturally was, love was the tyrant of his soul, and drove him almost to crime. He entered into a fierce quarrel with his rival on the very eve of his departure: it ended in a scene of violence and bloodshed. No great real harm was done; but Monsieur de Marville, hitherto scarcely kept back from such a measure by his wife, suddenly obtained an order for Louis (his father had died a year before) to quit the territory within twelve hours. Fanny was commanded, as she valued the favour of her friends, to give him up. The young men were both gone before any intercession could avail; and that kind of peace which resembles desolation took possession of the chateau.

Aware of the part she had taken in encouraging Fanny's attachment to her peasant-lover, Madame de Marville did not make herself a party to the tyranny of her husband; she requested only of her protegée to defer any decisive step, and not to quit her guardianship until the return of her son, which was to take place the following year. Fanny consented to such a delay, al-

though in doing so, she had to resist the angry representations of her lover, who exacted that she should quit the roof of his oppressors. It was galling to his proud spirit that she should continue to receive benefits from them, and injurious to his love that she should remain where his rival's name was the constant theme of discourse and the object of interest. Fanny in vain represented her debt of gratitude, the absence of Henry, the impossibility that she could feel any undue sentiment towards the young seigneur; not to hate him was a crime in Louis's eyes; yet how, in spite of his ill conduct, could Fanny hate her childhood's playmate-her brother? His violent passions excited to their utmost height-jealousy and the sense of impotent indignation raging in his heart-Louis swore to revenge himself on the Marvilles-to forget and to abhor his mistress !his last words were a malediction on them, and a violent denunciation of scorn upon her.

"It will all be well yet," thought Fanny, as she strove to calm the tumultuous and painful emotions to which his intemperate passion gave rise. "Not only are storms the birth of the wild elements, but of the heart of man, and we can oppose patience and fortitude alone to their destructive violence. A year will pass—I shall quit the chateau; Louis will acknowledge my truth, and retract his frightful words."

She continued, therefore, to fulfil her duties cheerfully, not permitting her thoughts to dwell on the idea, that, in spite of her struggles, too painfully occupied her—the probability that Louis would in the end renounce or forget her; but committing her cause to the spirit of good, she trusted that its influence would in the end prevail.

She had, however, much to endure; for months passed, and no tidings reached her of Louis. Often she felt sick at heart; often she became the prey of the darkest despair; above all, her tender heart missed the fond attentions of love, the bliss of knowing that she bestowed happiness, and the unrestrained intercourse to which mutual affection had given rise. She cherished hope as a duty, and faith in love, rather than in her unjust and cruelly neglectful lover. It was a hard task, for she had nowhere to turn for consolation or encouragement. Madame de Marville marked with gladness the total separation between them. Now that the danger that threatened her son was averted, she repented having been influential in producing an attachment between Fanny and one whom she deemed unworthy of her. She redoubled her kindness, and, in the true continental fashion, tried to get up a match between her and some one among her many and more prosperous admirers. She failed, but did not despair, till she saw the poor

girl's cheek grow pale and her vivacity desert her, as month after month passed away, and the very name of Louis appeared to be forgotten by all except herself.

The stirring and terrible events that took place at this time in France added to Fanny's distress of mind. She had been familiarized to the discussion of the theories. now attempted to be put in practice, by the conversations of Chaumont. As each fresh account brought information of the guilty and sanguinary acts of men whose opinions were the same as those of her lover, her fears on his account increased. In a few words I shall hurry over this part of her story. Switzerland became agitated by the same commotions as tore the near kingdom. The peasantry rose in tumult; acts of violence and blood were committed; at first at a distance from her retired valley, but gradually approaching its precincts, until at last the tree of liberty was set up in the neighbouring village. Monsieur de Marville was an aristocrat of the most bigoted species. In vain was the danger represented to him, and the unwarlike state of his retinue. He armed them-he hurried down-he came unawares on the crowd, who were proclaiming the triumph of liberty rather by feasting than force. On the first attack, they were dispersed, and one or two among them were wounded; the pole they had gathered round was uprooted, the emblematic cap trampled to the earth. The governor returned victorious to his chateau.

This act of violence on his part seemed the match to fire a train of organized resistance to his authority, of which none had dreamt before. Strangers from other cantons thronged into the valley; rustic labours were cast aside; popular assemblies were held, and the peasants exercised in the use of arms. One was coming to place himself at their head, it was said, who had been a party in the tumults at Geneva. Louis Chaumont was coming—the champion of liberty, the sworn enemy of M. de Marville. The influence of his presence soon became manifest. The inhabitants of the chateau were, as it were, besieged. If one ventured beyond a certain limit he was assailed by stones and knives. It was the resolve of Louis that all within its walls should surrender themselves to his mercy. What that might be, the proud curl of his lip and the fire that glanced from his dark eyes rendered scarcely problematic. Fanny would not believe the worst of her lover, but Monsieur and Madame de Marville, no longer restrained by any delicacy, spoke of the leveller in unmeasured terms of abhorrence, comparing him to the monsters who then reigned in France, while the danger they incurred through him added a bitter sting to their words. The peril grew each day; famine began to make its appearance in the chateau; while the intelligence which some of the more friendly peasants brought was indicative of preparations for a regular attack of the most formidable nature. A summons at last came from the insurgents. They were resolved to destroy the emblem of their slavery—the feudal halls of their tyrants. They declared their intention of firing the chateau the next day, and called on all within to deliver themselves up, if they would not be buried in its ruins. They offered their lives and free leave to depart to all, save the governor himself, who must place himself unconditionally at the mercy of their leader—"The wretch," exclaimed his lady, "who thirsts for your blood! Fly! if there is yet time for flight; we, you see, are safe. Fly! nor suffer these cruel dastards to boast of having murdered you."

M. de Marville yielded to these entreaties and representations. He had sent for a military force to aid him—it had been denied; he saw that he himself, as the detested person, was the cause of danger to his family. It was therefore agreed that he should seek a chalêt situated on a mountain ten leagues distant, where he might lie concealed till his family joined him. Accordingly, in a base disguise, he quitted at midnight the walls he was unable to defend: a miserable night for the unfortunate beings left behind. The coming day was to witness the destruction of their home; and they,

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beggars in the world, were to wander through the inhospitable mountains, till, with caution and terror, they could unobserved reach the remote and miserable chalêt, and learn the fate of the unhappy fugitive. It was a sleepless night for all. To add to Madame's agony, she knew that her son's life was in danger in Paris-that he had been denounced-and though yet untaken, his escape was still uncertain. From the turret of the castle, that, situated high on a rock, commanded the valley below, she sat the livelong night watching for every sound-fearful of some shout, some report of fire-arms, which would announce the capture of her husband. It was September; the nights were chill; pale and trembling, she saw day break over the hills. Fanny had busied herself during these anxious hours by preparing for their departure; the terrified domestics had already fled; she, the lady, and the old lame gardener were all that remained. At dawn she brought forth the mule, and harnessed him to the rude vehicle which was to convey them to their place of refuge. Whatever was most valuable in the chateau had already been sent away long before, or was secreted; a few necessaries alone she provided. And now she ascended the turret stairs, and stood before her protectress, announcing that all was ready, and that they must depart. At this last moment, Madame de Marville

appeared deprived of strength; she strove to rise-she sank to the ground in a fit. Forgetful of her deserted state, Fanny called aloud for help, and then her heart beat wildly, as a quick, youthful step was heard on the stairs. Who could he be? would he come to insult their wretchedness—he, the author of their wo? The first glance changed the object of her terror. Henry flew to his mother's side, and, with broken exclamations and agitated questions, demanded an explanation of what he saw. He had fled for safety to the habitation of his parents-he found it deserted; the first voice he heard was that of Fanny crying for help-the first sight that presented itself was his mother, to all appearance dead, lying on the floor of the turret. Her recovery was followed by brief explanations, and a consultation of how his safety was to be provided for. The name of Chaumont excited his bitterest execrations. With a soldier's haughty resolve, he was darting from the castle, to meet and to wreak vengeance on his rival. His mother threw herself at his feet, clasping his knees, calling wildly on him not to desert her. Fanny's gentle, sweet voice was of more avail to calm his passion. "Chevalier," she said, "it is not thus that you must display your courage or protect the helpless. To encounter yonder infuriated mob would be to run on certain death; you must preserve yourself for your family-you must have pity on

your mother, who cannot survive you. Be guided by me, I beseech you."

Henry yielded to her voice, and a more reasonable arrangement took place. The departure of Madame de Marville and Fanny was expected at the village, and a pledge had been given that they should proceed unmolested. But deeply had the insurgents sworn, that if the governor or his son (whose arrival in the chateau had been suspected) attempted to escape with them, they should be immediately sacrificed to justice. No disguise would suffice—the active observation of their enemies was known. Every inhabitant of the castle had been numbered—the fate of each ascertained, save that of the two most detested-the governor, whose flight had not been discovered, and his son, whose arrival was so unexpected and ill-timed. As still they consulted, a beat to arms was heard in the valley below: it was the signal that the attack on the empty castle walls would soon begin. There was no time for delay or hesitation; Henry placed himself at the bottom of the charrette; straw and a variety of articles were heaped upon him; the two women ascended in trepidation; and the old gardener sat in front and held the reins.

In consequence of the disturbed state of the districts through which they were to pass,—where the appearance of one of the upper classes excited the fiercest enmity, and frightful insult, if not death, was their sure welcome,—Madame and her friend assumed a peasant's garb. And thus they wound their way down the steep; the unhappy lady weeping bitterly—Fanny, with tearless eyes, but with pale cheek and compressed lips, gazing for the last time on the abode which had been her refuge when, in helpless infancy, she was left an orphan—where kindness and benevolence had waited on her, and where her days had passed in innocence and peace. "And he drives us away!—him, whom I loved—whom I love!—O misery!"

They reached the foot of the eminence on which the chateau was placed, and proceeded along the road which led directly through the village. With the approach of danger, vain regrets were exchanged for a lively sense of fear in the bosom of the hapless mother, and for the exertion of her courage and forethought in Fanny's more energetic mind. They passed a peasant or two, who uttered a malediction or imprecation on them as they went; then groups of two or three, who were even more violent in gesture and menace; when suddenly the sound of many steps came on their ears, and, at a turn of the road, they met Chaumont with a band of about twenty disciplined men.

"Fear not," he said to Madame de Marville; "I

will protect you from danger till you are beyond the village."

With a shriek, the lady, in answer, threw herself in Fanny's arms, crying, "He is here!—save me!—he will murder us."

"Fear not, Madame—he dares not injure you. Begone, Louis! insult us not by your presence. Begone! I say."

Fanny spoke angrily. She had not adopted this tone, but that the lady's terror, and the knowledge that even then the young soldier crouched at their feet, burnt to spring up and confront his enemy, made her use an authority which a woman always imagines that a lover dare not resist.

"I do not insult you," repeated Chaumont—"I save you. I have no quarrel with the lady; tyrants alone need fear me. You are not safe without my escort. Do not you, false girl, irritate me. I have ensured her escape; but yours—you are in my power."

A violent movement at the bottom of the charrette called forth all Fanny's terrors.

"Take me!" she cried; "do with me what you please; but you dare not, you cannot raise a finger against the innocent. Begone, I say! let me never see you more!"

"You are obeyed. On you fall the consequences."

Thus, after many months of separation, did Fanny and her lover meet. She had purposed when she should see him to make an appeal to his better nature—his reason; she had meant to use her all-persuasive voice to recall him from the dangerous path he was treading. Several times, indeed, since his arrival in the valley, she had endeavoured to obtain an interview with him, but he dreaded her influence: he had resolved on revenge, and he feared to be turned back. But now the unexpected presence of his rival robbed her of her self-possession, and forced her to change her plans. She saw frightful danger in their meeting, and all her endeavours were directed to the getting rid of her lover.

Louis and his companions proceeded towards the chateau, while the charrette of the fugitives moved on in the opposite direction. They met many a ferocious group, who were rushing forward to aid in the destruction of their home; and glad they were in that awful hour, that any object had power to divert the minds of their enemies from attention to themselves. The road they pursued wound through the valley; the precipitous mountain on one side, a brawling stream on the other. Now they ascended higher and now again descended in their route, while the road, broken by the fall of rocks, intersected by torrents, which tore their way athwart it,

made their progress slow. To get beyond the village was the aim of their desires; when, lo! just as they came upon it, and were in the very midst of its population, which was pouring towards the castle, suddenly the charrette sank in a deep rut; it half upset, and every spoke in the wheel giving way rendered the vehicle wholly useless.

"Mais, descendez donc, mesdames," said a peasant; "il faut bien marcher."

Fanny had indeed already sprung to the ground to examine what hope remained: there was none. "Grand Dieu! nous sommes perdues!" were the first words that escaped her, while her friend stood aghast, trembling, almost insensible, knowing that the hope of her life, the existence of her son, depended on these miserable moments.

A peasant who owed Fanny some kindness now advanced, and in a kind of cavalier way, as if to blemish as much as he could the matter of his offer by its manner, told them, that, for the pleasure of getting rid of the aristocrats, he would lend his car—there it was, let them quickly bestow their lading in it and pursue their way. As he spoke, he caught up a box, and began the transfer from one car to the other.

"No, no!" cried Madame de Marville, as with a scream, she sprang forward and grasped the arm of the

man as he was in the very act of discovering her son's hiding-place. "We will accept nothing from our base enemies!—Begone with your offers! we will die here, rather than accept any thing from such canaille."

The word was electric. The fierce passions of the mob, excited by the mischief they were about to perpetrate, now burst like a stream into this new channel. With violent execrations they rushed upon the unfortunate woman: they would have torn her from the car, but already her son had sprung from his hiding-place, and striking a violent blow at the foremost assailant, checked for a moment their brutal outrages. Then again, with a yell, such as the savage Indians alone could emulate, they rushed on their prey. Mother and son were torn asunder, and cries of "A bas les aristocrats!"—"A la lanterne!" declared too truly their sanguinary designs.

At this moment, Louis appeared—Louis, whose fears for Fanny had overcome his indignation, and who returned to guard her; while she, perceiving him, with a burst of joy, called on him to rescue her friends. His cry of "Arretez-vous!" was loud and distinct amidst the uproar. It was obeyed; and then first he beheld his rival, his oppressor, his enemy in his power. At first, rage inflamed every feature, to be replaced by an expression of triumph and implacable hatred. Fanny

caught the fierce glance of his eye, and grew pale. She trembled as, trying to be calm, she said, "Yes, you behold he is here. And you must save him—and your own soul. Rescue him from death, and be blest that your evil career enables you at least to perform this one good action."

For a moment Louis seemed seeking for a word, as a man, meaning to stab, may fumble for his dagger's hilt, unable in his agitation to grasp his weapon.

"My friends," at length he said, "let the women depart—we have promised it. Ye may deal with the young aristocrat according to his merits."

"A la lanterne!" burst in response from a hundred voices.

"Let his mother first depart!"

Could it be Louis that spoke these words, and had she loved this man? To appeal to him was to rouse a tiger from his lair. Another thought darted into Fanny's mind; she scarcely knew what she said or did: but already knives were drawn; already, with a thrill of horror, she thought she saw the blood of her childhood's playmate spilt like water on the earth. She rushed forward—she caught the upraised arm of one—"He is no aristocrat!" she cried; "he is my husband!—Will you murder one who, forgetting his birth, his duty, his honour, has married a peasant girl—one of yourselves?"

Even this appeal had little effect upon the mob; but it strangely affected her cruel lover. Grasping her arm with iron fingers, he cried, "Is this tale true? Art thou married to that man—his wife?"

"Even so!"—the words died on her lips as she strove to form them, terrified by their purport, and the effect they might produce. An inexplicable expression passed over Chaumont's face; the fierceness that jealousy had engendered for a moment was exalted almost to madness, and then faded wholly away. The stony heart within him softened at once. A tide of warm, human, and overpowering emotion flowed into his soul: he looked on her he had loved even to guilt and crime, on her whom he had lost for ever; and tears rushed into his eyes, as he saw her gasping, trembling before him—at his mercy.

"Fear not," at last he said; "fear neither for him nor yourself.—Poor girl! so young, you shall not lose all—so young, you shall not become a widow.—He shall be saved!"

Yet it was no easy task, even for him, to stem the awakened passions of the bloodthirsty mob. He had spent many an hour in exciting them against their seigneurs, and now at once to control the violence to which he had given rise seemed impossible. Yet his energy, his strong will, overcame all opposition. They should pierce the chevalier's heart, he swore, through his

alone. He prevailed—the fugitives were again seated in their car. He took the rein of their mule, and saying to his comrades, "Attendez moi," he led them out of the village. All were silent; Fanny knew not what to say, and surprise held the others mute. Louis went with them until a turn in the road hid them from the view of the village. What his thoughts were, none could guess: he looked calm, as resigning the rein into the chevalier's hands, he gently wished them "Bon voyage," touching his hat in reply to their salutations. They moved on, and Fanny looked back to catch a last view of her lover: he was standing where they left him, when suddenly, instead of returning on his steps into the village, she saw him with rapid strides ascend the mountain's side, taking a well-known path that conducted him away from the scene of his late exploits. His pace was that of a man flying from pursuers—soon he was lost to sight.

Astonishment still kept the fugitives silent, as they pursued their way; and when at last joy broke forth, and Madame de Marville, rejoicing in their escape, embraced again and again her son, he with the softest tenderness thanked Fanny for his life: she answered not, but withdrawing to the furthest part of the charrette, wept bitterly.

Late that night they reached the destined chalêt, and found Monsieur de Marville arrived. It was a half-

ruined, miserable habitation, perched among the snows, cold and bare; food was ill to be obtained, and danger breathed around them. Fanny attended on them with assiduous care, but she never spoke of the scene in the village; and though she strove to look the same, Henry never addressed her but her cheeks grew white, and her voice trembled. She could not divine her distant lover's thoughts, but she knew that he believed her married to another; and that other, earnestly though she strove to rule her feelings became an object of abhorrence to her.

Three weeks they passed in this wretched abode; three weeks replete with alarm, for the district around was in arms, and the life of Monsieur de Marville loudly threatened. They never slept but they dreaded the approach of the murderers; food they had little, and the inclement season visited them roughly. Fanny seemed to feel no inconvenience; her voice was cheerful: to console, encourage, and assist her friends, appeared to occupy her whole heart. At length one night they were roused by a violent knocking at the door of their hut: Monsieur de Marville and Henry were on their feet in a moment, seizing their weapons as they rose. It was a domestic of their own, come to communicate the intelligence that the troubles were over, that the legal government had reasserted its authority, and invited the governor to return to Berne.

They descended from their mountain refuge, and the name of Louis hovered on Fanny's lips, but she spoke it not. He seemed everywhere forgotten. It was not until some time afterwards that she ascertained the fact, that he had never been seen or heard of, since he had parted from her on the morning of their escape. The villagers had waited for him in vain; they suspended their designs, for they all depended upon him; but he came not.

Monsieur and Madame de Marville returned to their chateau with their son, but Fanny remained behind. She would not inhabit the same roof as Henry; she recoiled even from receiving further benefits from his parents. What could she do? Louis would doubtless discover the falsehood of her marriage, but he dared not return; and even if he communicated with her, even though yet she loved him, could she unite herself with one accused too truly of the most frightful crimes. At first these doubts agitated her, but by degrees they faded as oblivion closed over Chaumont's name-and he came not and she heard not of him, and he was as dead to her. Then the memory of the past revived in her heart; her love awoke with her despair; his mysterious flight became the sole occupation of her thoughts. Time rolled on and brought its changes. Madame de Marville died-Henry was united to another-Fanny remained, to her own thoughts, alone in the world. A relation, who lived

at Soubiaco, sent for her, and there she went to take up her abode. In vain she strove to wean herself from the memory of Louis—her love for him haunted her soul.

There was war in Europe, and every man was converted into a soldier; the country was thinned of its inhabitants, and each victory or defeat brought a new conscription. At length peace came again, and its return was celebrated with rejoicing. Many a soldier returned to his home-and one came back who had no home. A man, evidently suffering from recent wounds, wayworn and sick, asked for hospitality at Fanny's cottage; it was readily afforded, and he sat at her cottage fire, and removed his cap from his brows. His person was bent-his cheeks fallen in-vet those eyes of fire, that quick, animated look, which almost brought the bright expression of youth back into his face, could never be forgotten. Fanny gazed almost in alarm, and then in joy, and at last, in her own sweet voice, she said, "Et toi, Louis-tu aussi es de retour."

Louis had endured many a sorrow and many a hardship, and, most of all, he had been called on to wage battle with his own fierce spirit. The rage and hate which he had sedulously nourished, suddenly became his tormentors and his tyrants—at the moment that love, before too closely allied to them, emancipated itself from their control. Love, which is the source of all that is most generous and noble in our nature, of self-devotion and of high intent, separated from the alloy he had blended with it, asserted its undivided power over him—strange that it should be so, at the moment that he believed that he had lost her he loved for ever!

All his plans had been built for revenge. He would destroy the family that oppressed him-unbuild, stone by stone, the proud abode of their inheritance—he would be the sole refuge and support of his mistress in exile and in poverty. He had entered upon his criminal career with this design alone, and with the anticipation of ending all by heaping benefits and the gifts of fortune upon Fanny. The very steps he had taken, he now believed to be those that occasioned his defeat. He had lost her -the lovely and the good-he had lost her by proving unworthy-yet not so unworthy was he as to make her the victim of his crimes. The family he had vowed to ruin was now hers, and every injury that befell them visited her; to save her he must unweave his pernicious webs-to keep her scatheless, his dearest designs must fall to the ground.

A veil seemed rent before his eyes—he had fled, for he would not assist in the destruction of her fortunes he had not returned, for it was torture to him to know that she lived, the wife of another. He entered the French army—but in every change his altered feelings pursued him, and to prove himself worthy of her he had lost, was the constant aim of his ambition. His excellent conduct led to his promotion, and yet mishap still waited on him. He was wounded, even dangerously, and became so incapable of service as to be forced to solicit his dismission. This had occurred at the end of a hard campaign in Germany, and his intention was to pass into Italy, where a friend, with whom he had formed an intimacy in the army, promised to procure him some employment under government. He passed through Soubiaco in his way, and, ignorant of its occupiers, had asked for hospitality in his mistress's cottage.

If guilt can be expiated by repentance and reform, as is the best lesson of religion, Louis had expiated his. If constancy in love deserve reward, these lovers deserved that, which they reaped, in the happiness consequent on their union. Her image, side by side with all that is good in our nature, had dwelt in his heart; which thus became a shrine at which he sacrificed every evil passion. It was a greater bliss than he had ever dared to anticipate, to find, that in so doing, he had at the same time been conducing to the welfare of her he loved, and that the lost and idolized being whom he worshipped founded the happiness of her life upon his return to virtue, and the constancy of his affection.

WISDOM.

"Where shall Wisdom be found, and what is the place of understanding? The Depth saith, 'It is not in me;' and the Sea saith, 'It is not with me.'"

Where shall Wisdom's light be found?
Circled by yon starry bound?
Hidden by the rolling main?
Buried 'neath the pathless plain?
Tenanting the grove's recess?
Or the desert wilderness?—
Heaven hath heard—but answers not—
Earth reveals no chosen spot;
Voiceless stands the crested hill;
Rock, and forest roof are still;
Silent smile the cloudless skies—
And the unfathomed deep replies,
"Child of wavering doubt and fear,
Seek not thou its presence here."

Dwells it in the senseless crowd? With the honoured, or the proud?

Where the clustering wreaths conceal Glory's red and wasting steel?
By the monarch's gem-bright throne?
Or the dwelling, dark and lone,
Whence the sage's torch appears,
O'er the page of buried years?—
Grief, alas! is linked with power,—
Honour but a summer flower,—
Fame a meteor,—doubly cursed
He whom dreams of wealth have nursed,—
And, on Learning's treasures bent,
Who hath hoped or found content?

Thou, whose uninstructed breast,
Baffled in its lengthened quest,
Deems its labour lost and vain,
Yet renew thy search again.
Where the eye of Pity weeps,
And the sway of Passion sleeps,
And the lamp of Faith is burning,
And the ray of Hope returning,
And the "still small voice" within,
Whispers not of wrath or sin,—
Resting with the righteous dead,
Beaming o'er the drooping head,
Comforting the lowly mind,—
Shines the treasure:—seek and find.

THE THIEF DETECTED.

BY F. M. REYNOLDS.

As lovely Nature once explored

Her cave of treasures, rich and rare,
She miss'd of female charms a hoard,
Enough to form a thousand fair.

To Love the goddess quickly flew,
And plainly told him her belief,
Indeed, conviction that he knew
The person who had been the thief.

Scarce ended was her tale of woe,
Ere roguish Love the goddess left,
And speeding straight to one I know,
Abruptly charged her with the theft.

The trembling maid denied, with grief;
But Cupid has a judgment sound:
"'Tis plain," he cried, "that you're the thief,
For on you all the goods are found."

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE ABBEY NEAR MUSSOOREE.





THE ABBEY, NEAR MUSSOOREE.

FROM LIEUT. G. F. WHITE'S VIEWS, CHIEFLY IN THE HIMALAYA.

Travellers of taste and feeling have continually to quarrel with the names given by European settlers, to places in foreign countries, since they are frequently extremely barbarous, and nearly always ill-chosen. India, from numerous causes, has suffered less from this kind of desecration, than other scenes of European adventure, Barrackpore and Fort Hastings, being the only places throughout the British Presidency which bear anglicised names. Not wishing, however, to be hypercritical, we pass over many circumstances which might be alleged against the appellation of the Abbey,* and proceed to say, that it stands apart from all other habitations, occupying a very commanding site on the extreme summit of a rugged mountain.

During the fine weather, the prospects attainable from this elevated situation much more than compensate for

^{*} This title is given, in the present case, to a gentleman's country-seat, and has no reference to the monastic character.—ED.

any disadvantage, but there is a season of rains in which it is completely enveloped in mist, and in which the clouds penetrate through every aperture. The entrance of fog into a house is sufficiently disagreeable, but in these altitudes the clouds take the same liberty, and suddenly, if sitting in an apartment with the door or window open, the inhabitants may find themselves wrapped in a very poetical, but a very inconvenient garment. The storms, also, which are experienced in these exposed situations, are exceedingly terrific. Occasionally they rage below the residence chosen upon some sublime peak, but at other times they pour their fiercest fury on the devoted mansion, thunder and lightning occurring in the midst of a snow-storm, while a tremendous hurricane at the same time threatens destruction to every thing it meets in its sweeping progress. The noise of the thunder, as it peals and reverberates through the hills, affords a very forcible idea of the crack of doom, seeming, indeed, as if the globe itself must be shattered and falling to pieces; while the lightning, if possible more terrific, flashes out in broad sheets or flies like winged arrows through the sky, assuming that beautiful but appalling shape which, in its zigzag course, brings deadly havoc wherever it alights.

The extent of mischief occasioned by these frightful contentions of the elements is often very great; and it is

with fear and trembling that, after the storm has passed away, the owners of live-stock go out to survey the ravages it has made;—trees torn up by the roots, rocks precipitated from their foundations,—the soil and the vegetation having been borne along with them in their descent—to some dark abyss, and sheep and poultry lying dead upon the ground—are among the usual casualties; while sometimes there is added the still more heartrending destruction of human life.

During the months of July and August, the rain falls almost incessantly, and the inhabitants of Mussooree, being only able to take short walks and rides between the showers, must find amusement for themselves within their houses. At this period the view from the Abbey is extremely circumscribed, but good fires will impart a glow of genial warmth and comfort to the weather-bound, and whenever the sky clears up, the most beautiful effects are visible in the scenery either wholly or partially unveiled by the sunbeams breaking through the clouds.

A lover of nature, domiciliated in one of these altitudes, will always find something to interest and engage the attention, in the numerous changes which take place in different states of the atmosphere, giving endless variety to scenery always sublime. Sunrise is accompanied by the highest degree of splendour in these alpine

regions, lighting up the mountain-brows with gold, and flinging over the snowy range those gorgeous hues which the hand of nature alone can create. Then, as the mists curl upwards and disappear, how beautifully do the distant towns and villages come out, showing scenes of loveliness which seem like fairy-land!

Mussooree assumes a very interesting appearance at night, with the lights from its numerous houses, and the fires which the native servants always kindle on the ground wherever they can find space, marking the site of each homestead. Many of the builders of these mansions have been influenced in the choice of a site almost wholly by the prospects it commands, but there are other considerations which the prudential have kept in view. Among these is the accessibility of water, for though it may be heard and even seen meandering through the bottom of the ravine which the house overlooks, yet it is not always easily attainable, and becomes very costly on account of the expense of the carriage. The neighbourhood of the bazaar is also advantageous, but a spring of water is always a desideratum. The materials for building, as we have before remarked, are close at hand, and speculative workmen from the plains, better versed in the art of constructing houses for European residents, than the mountaineers, may be procured at a moderate rate. Estates are purchased or

rented upon lease from the rajah of the district, who is very willing to let land to strangers, which has hitherto contributed little or nothing to the revenue. Spots thus taken are indicated by a board bearing the proprietor's name, who thus frequently possesses himself of a large and beautiful estate, consisting perhaps of a whole hill covered with forest trees, and stocked with abundance of game, of which he is sole master, subject only to some regulations which have been lately found necessary to prevent the wanton demolition of timber. In the dearth of amusement, the cutting down trees, either for fuel or merely for the purpose of watching their fall, formed the employment of vacant minds, whose organs of destructiveness were strongly developed; but such pastimes have been restricted, and those who would have disregarded the suggestions of the more tasteful, are obliged to abide by the orders of government.

In consequence of the frequent mutations of Anglo-Indian society, the Abbey has more than once changed its master, and has always been considered a desirable property, notwithstanding its exposure to all the winds of heaven. It is scarcely possible to have a finer or more extensive view than that which is commanded from the windows. The gigantic Choor is visible to the right, capped with snow, which remains unmelted during the greater part of the year, while it looks down upon

hills and valleys in endless succession, flourishing villages surrounded with wide cultivation, scattered hamlets, and thick forests; a partial glance of the Dhoon, and the plains beyond, closing in the prospect to the left, while in the distance the river Jumna may be seen threading the mazes of the champaign country, and marking its course in silver.

SONNET.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I FEEL it in my soul—the uplifting sense
Of power and beauty yet unborn,—though bound
And compassed in by the too strong defence
Of doubt and fear that do my thought confound.
Look on me, oh my God! that I may dwell
Within the moulding influence of thy light:
No fruit can ripen in the unsunned dell,
Nor can I be, without thy glory, bright.
Without thy vital heat I am as nought;
If thou from thy young vine dost shade thine eye,
My fruits must wither ere to ripeness brought,
And my soul's star be darkened utterly.
Aid thou, oh God! my pure inborn desire,
And with thy breath inflame my smouldering fire!

RECOLLECTIONS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

READER! in these bustling times of locomotion and enterprise, the chances are undoubtedly more than four to one, that you have visited the town of Coblentz, and have become well acquainted with its localities and surrounding scenery. There is scarcely, I conceive, one moderate rambler to be found between the termini of Grosvenor Gate and Mile End, who has not performed this home-circuit tour, or who remains ignorant of the banks of the Rhine, facing the far-famed heights and fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

It will afford pleasant food for meditation, while standing on the bridge of boats at Coblentz, under the auspices of a clear and sunny day, to contemplate at your ease the beauties of the azure and undisturbed vault of heaven, reflected in the bright river beneath, and to contrast the peaceful works of a beneficent Providence with the

result of the labours of that turbulent creature, man, breathing war, defiance, and destruction.

Ramparts, bastions, curtains, and embrasures, towering one upon the other, here display the various and easy modes by which the perfection of modern science has attained the art of converting real gold into stone, thereby reversing the old order of things, when philosophers toiled to transmute the latter material into the glittering metal. We are wiser in our generation-but, by the by, after all, will the very liberal expenditure of Nassau granite, engineering skill, and Prussian dollars, which the vast fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein have occasioned, answer its intended purpose—the construction of an impregnable fortress? True it is, that on the waterside, this stupendous pile would appear to challenge the combined efforts of all the armies of Europe; but on one or two points, in the line of its landward direction, is there not some demonstration of a vulnerable and assailable quarter?

Such was the train of reflection and doubt, in which I was indulging, as, sipping my Hockheim wine and Seltzer water after an early dinner, I gazed upon the Rhine and the frowning battlements from the windows of the hotel der Drey Schweitzen. It would have been well, if I had contented myself with gazing, meditating, dubitating, and sipping, and with the enjoyment of my

tranquil and enviable position. But I was anxious to inspect the interior of this paragon of military architecture, having omitted so to do in a former excursion to the Rhenish provinces; and crossing the river, I accordingly sauntered up the steep ascent to the outer gate of the walls of the fortress. Addressing myself in but indifferent German to the sentry on duty, I made known my wishes; to which he (in the usual laconic manner of all sentries on duty throughout the known world) replied, that he could not admit me. Assuming all the consequence with which a migratory John Bull invests himself when out of his own country, whether he be in the right or in the wrong, I endeavoured to impress upon him, that I was an Englishman, and that I ought to be allowed to enter, as I had a passport, signed by the Prussian minister at London. The soldier seemed to yield to my reasoning, for he suffered me to pass on, directing me to knock at the wicket door in the gate on the drawbridge. Upon being admitted into one of the court-yards of the castle, I was ushered into a guard-room, and interrogated by the sergeant of the guard as to my business. Not trusting much to my facility of explanation in the German language, I briefly answered, that I wished to see the interior of the fortress, and opening my pocket-book, I exhibited my passport; and moreover, very thoughtlessly offered him, in the

presence of his comrades, a half dollar to guide me round the buildings. The sergeant was violently irritated; and hurrying me most unceremoniously out of the guard-room, gave utterance to his anger in no very piano tones. I did not understand half he said, but I comprehended sufficiently, that he accused me of having attempted to bribe him, and of having deceived the sentinel on the other side of the drawbridge; remarking, it was well known in the neighbourhood, that no one could be admitted to inspect the interior without an order from the commandant. The vehemence of his remonstrances excited the attention of two or three officers, and also of a lady, of attractive form and person, who stood at a little distance, within hearing. I was not a little nettled, at being thus made an object of ridicule to the party, who appeared not only to approve of the sergeant's proceedings, but to be much amused by them; and I could easily distinguish the playful smile that enlivened the countenance of the fair spectatress when I was fairly turned out of the castle-yard.

It seldom happens, that when one has been in error; one has the good sense immediately to acknowledge it, even mentally; so I hurried down the hill, in peevish temper, muttering a few kind compliments to all Prussian soldiers and fortresses. Careless, as to the way I strolled, I walked along the river-side, towards a large

garden, in which, a smooth, well-watered turf, and shady avenues of lofty trees, invited me to enter. The whole appearance of this garden denoted its being a place of occasional public entertainment or resort; although, at the time, there was not any other visiter within its precincts, besides myself.

I took advantage of a rustic seat, under the spreading branches of a full-grown walnut-tree, to dissipate my illhumour by a gentle slumber, which the refreshing shade and agreeable solitude quickly induced.

How long I slept, I know not, but I was roused by the sound of a light footstep upon the gravel walk that led to the walnut-tree. I was surprised to behold, in the intruder upon my repose, a young and elegant lady, who, unattended, was walking slowly backwards and forwards in front of the seat I occupied, but still never proceeding to any great distance. At almost the first glance, I recognised her to be the same female, whose risible faculties had been so agreeably moved by my awkward expulsion from the gates of Ehrenbreitstein. She was remarkably handsome in face and figure, and she had that air of grace and good-breeding which is so easily perceptible by any observer.

The recognition did not appear to be mutual; however, I could not help being struck by the evident embarrassment she betrayed, and the earnestness and frequency of the looks she directed towards me.

By degrees, the promenade, in which this interesting stranger indulged, became more limited in its extent, while at the same time she approached nearer and nearer to my comfortable seat. Her eyes at last appeared to be fixed upon me, with so singular an expression of anxiety, as if watching the slightest movement on my part, and the colour suffused her transparent cheeks so decidedly, that I felt somewhat abashed, when I hesitatingly addressed some words in German to her.

That little feeling of vanity, which, in spite of all outward and visible signs of its folly, and of all inward and silent consciousness of its deceit, will nevertheless cling to the heart of every descendant of Adam, did not fail to exercise its influence over me. I was childish enough to imagine, that there must have been something peculiarly captivating and ingratiating in my exterior, although most certainly, I had never been celebrated either for my good looks or my good fortune.

But to do strict justice to the fair lady, her manner, though it might be termed equivocal, displayed nothing of offensive levity or coquetry; still she persevered in pacing, with short and quick steps, in front of the tree, turning her eyes repeatedly in the same direction.

This extraordinary conduct continued upwards of half an hour, until suddenly, with considerable agitation and impatience, she advanced rapidly towards me, and without uttering a single word, when she reached the bench on which I was seated, she passed one of her soft and white arms round the back of my neck.

I was thunderstruck at this unexpected and singular salutation, and remained doubtful of what was to follow; but just as I had mustered up sufficient resolution, and had commenced a most tender speech, she withdrew her arm, and, at the same time, a sealed letter from a crevice in the walnut-tree, behind the bench.

The act was so unlooked-for and instantaneous, as only to allow me the opportunity of remarking the extreme eagerness, with which she, in vain, attempted to conceal the paper in her small and lovely hand, and of observing, that on one of her fingers, she wore a sparkling emerald ring. She made me a slight curtsey, accompanying it with one of those taunting smiles, by which I had before been favoured in the courtyard of Ehrenbreitstein, and then, flying like an antelope across the grass, she was soon out of sight.

I must confess, that I was not a little mortified at the termination of my rencontre; no man, with the slightest pretensions to good taste and feeling, likes to cut a ridiculous figure in the eyes of any young and beautiful

woman; twice in the same day this had been my fate, and on the second occasion, I had caricatured myself, as it were, by the absurd attempts at German gallantry, which I had made, in utter defiance of all grammar and euphony.

But the twilight was fast approaching, and I reflected that it would be absurd to annoy myself any more about a female who assuredly was engaged in no very creditable pursuit; therefore, philosophically lamenting the frailty of the sex (though I could not help thinking of the agreeable sensations I had at first experienced under the walnut-tree), I bade adieu to all my spleen, peevishness, and mortification, and to all farther adventures, and turned my steps homewards.

A large company had assembled at supper at the table d'hote; I took my place at the lower end of the room, where two officers in uniform, apparently belonging to the garrison, were seated, with some of their acquaintance, who had recently arrived at the hotel. My fellow-guests were disposed to be communicative; a joyous spirit of good fellowship prevailed; the wine passed briskly, while an unreserved conversation in the French language was maintained between us. It appeared that the officers, the elder of whom was a colonel commanding the artillery at Ehrenbreitstein, had supped at the hotel, to meet their friends travelling through Coblentz.

Emboldened by the assistance of some excellent Rudesheim wine, and by my comparative fluency in French conversation, I talked away, perhaps with greater animation, and more at random, than any discreet stranger would have done at a public table. Curiosity led me to seek, if possible, for some particulars of the handsome incognita, whom I had so strangely encountered in the former part of the evening.

Without any ceremony, I inquired of the colonel, if acquainted as he must be with the inmates of Ehrenbreitstein, and the families in Coblentz, he could particularly remember any young lady of most superior personal attractions, and who was in the habit of wearing a rose-coloured hat and shawl.

"Your inquiry is rather general and indefinite, in a district where so many pretty women abound. Can you not give me any more accurate directions?" the colonel good-humouredly replied.

"Oh!" I immediately exclaimed, "she has long flaxen ringlets, blue eyes, with a slight scar on her right cheek, rather tall in stature—but she is altogether strikingly handsome; and I have reason to believe she must be well known within the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein."

"Long flaxen ringlets, a slight scar on the right cheek, and well known within the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein," the colonel slowly repeated. "Yes; I am certain I am correct in my description," I said; "I should know the lady again, any where; such winning smiles! such a transparent complexion!" while, warmed with the juice of the Rhenish grape, I loudly added, "such a white and lovely arm, and such a soft and delicate hand!"

"Soft and delicate hand!" the officer exclaimed, in some surprise.

"We are not all born to equal good fortune," I jocularly answered. "I have had the happiness of acknowledging the delightful influence of many fair hands, but never before, in my life, did I feel the pressure of one half so soft and delicate. It required not the ornament of the bright emerald which sparkled on her taper finger."

"An emerald ring in the bargain!" the officer gravely remarked; "pray allow me to ask, do you remember the dress she wore?"

"Perfectly—a rose-coloured hat and shawl, as I before mentioned," was my reply.

"But on what grounds do you conjecture that the lady in question must be well known within the walls of Ehrenbreitstein?" the other military gentleman asked.

"Simply, my good friend, because I myself saw her there this afternoon."

"Ah!" cried the colonel, rather impatiently; "but,

sir, you no doubt will condescend to favour me with the recital of the interesting adventure, in which you appear to have played so prominent a part with this fascinating lady, as to be enabled to speak most pointedly on the subject of her particular attractions."

"Pardon me, colonel," I answered; "the sacred laws of gallantry, in every quarter of the globe, require—"

"An end to all ceremony—to all secrets! no monopoly of the pressure of a soft and lovely arm amongst boon companions!" was the merry exclamation of the little party at our end of the table, who had been listening to and laughing at the conversation. This interruption did not appear to please the officer, who looked much discomposed. The wine, I believe, had unloosed my tongue; and, not having really a very high opinion of the character of my fair acquaintance, I was silly enough to carry on the conversation in the same bantering style.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I crave your indulgence:—women have the same virtues and the same failings all over the globe. I will not be tempted to betray a secret;—all I can disclose is, that this evening, in a solitary garden on the other side of the river, under the sheltering foliage of a walnut-tree—But, colonel, what is the matter?" I added; "you surely are acquainted with my beautiful incognita."

"Sir," replied the colonel, very deliberately, distinctly,

and, as I thought, sternly, "I am, I believe; the lady is Madame Von Lensdorff—my wife."

The colonel's precise and unexpected answer and information completely sobered my lively spirits; indeed, no one of the party exhibited any desire to say one word more on the subject. There was not amongst them the slightest inclination to laugh; and the characteristic gravity of the Germans again took possession of their countenances. I felt not a little vexed and ashamed, and, I must own, I was also rather restless and uneasy, when I observed our little party preparing to quit their places at the supper-table, and that the colonel and his military friend were apart from the rest, whispering together. I bowed to all, and was leaving the apartment, when the junior officer came up to me, and in a low tone of voice, said, "After what has passed thus publicly, you will expect to hear further from my friend to-morrow morning."

I reached my bedroom in a most disagreeable frame of mind. Owing to my own foolish conduct, I was on the eve of being involved in a quarrel with a total stranger, respecting another person, of whom I equally knew nothing; and although, in fact, there was no point seriously to fasten a quarrel upon, yet I had, by my indiscreet babbling and jesting at a public table, committed myself decidedly. And how was I to extricate myself

from this embarrassment? An apology to the wounded feelings of the officer was all mighty well. Not pretending to be any volunteering fire-eater or swash-buckler, I had no particular fancy for a bullet-hole in my thorax or a sabre-cut through my cranium. But would an apology alone be sufficient to satisfy the irritated colonel?—Surely not, I thought; he would naturally demand a true and explicit explanation of every circumstance connected with the garden-scene and my boasted adventures; and, though I knew nothing of or cared not a farthing for Madame Von Lensdorff, and had every reason, from what I had seen, to entertain an unfavourable impression of her character, could I, (with any common regard to gentlemanly conduct,) resolve to betray what I had witnessed, and to disclose the fact of her resorting to the garden for the purpose of carrying on a secret correspondence, her abstraction of the letter, &c.? But the worst part of my situation was, that I had no time to lose; I was on my way to Baden, and had arranged to take my departure by the Mayence steamboat, which was to pass by Coblentz at an early hour on the following day. In short, I was upon the point of entering upon one of the most serious and critical undertakings in life-I was going to be married; and my intended, with her mother, had been residing some weeks at Baden, for the benefit of the

health of the latter, and had been anxious to return to England, only waiting for my arrival to escort them.

Circumstances had already detained me a week behind my time, and I had not been able to make up for this delay, by hurrying on from Rotterdam immediately upon my landing there. Before I retired to bed, I opened my pocket-book to take out my passport, when I was alarmed at not finding my letters of credit, which, as I thought, had been safely deposited therein. In vain, I turned out, over and over again, the contents of my travelling trunk, and examined every corner of my room-the letters of credit had unaccountably disappeared, and I remained with only a few florins in my pocket. Here was a new and fertile source of vexation and difficulty. To sleepto rest-was impossible; without a friend, without money, what was I to do? I fretted through every hour of the tedious night; and when, from sheer fatigue, I fell into a doze in the morning, I was at last awakened by the sound of the horn of the passing steamboat; but it would have been impossible for me (even if I had been ready) to have left Coblentz, situated as I was, at that moment.

I had not completely dressed myself, indeed the hour of ten had scarcely struck, when one of the attendants of the inn brought me a note, which, he said, had been left for me, very early that morning. Though the name on the address was misspelt, it was evidently intended for me, and I knew that the names of the inmates of any German hotel were easily obtained. Written in French, in a female hand, the note was from the heroine of my preceding day's rencontre; its purport expressed, in elegant and concise language, the writer's sorrow at my having been guilty of the indiscretion of compromising the honour and character of a lady (of whom I could know nothing) at a public table; and it appealed to my honour and feeling, as an Englishman and a gentleman, to avoid, at all risks, disclosing any thing which I might have witnessed as to the letter concealed in the walnuttree.

I had barely time to ponder on the contents of this singular note, or to reflect on the dilemma in which I had involved myself, when a tap at my door announced a visiter. The military friend of the colonel made his appearance; and I thought, as he stalked into the room, that his moustaches were fiercer and longer than any I had ever before beheld. He entered upon the object of his visit without any circumlocution—I had offered a serious offence to his friend, before several persons at a public table, upon a topic of the most delicate nature—honour necessarily demanded the most rigid and satisfactory explanation of every particular attending my interview

with Madame Von Lensdorff; and he hinted that, even in such case the most ample apology might not afterwards be sufficient, as circumstances might render only one alternative conclusive.

I stated, in reply, my regret, that inadvertently, I had been, in the mirthful impulse of the moment, induced to utter any thing which could wound the feelings of the colonel; that I could solemnly declare, as far as I was concerned, I never had known any thing derogatory to the character of Madame Von Lensdorff. The remark he made on this avowal was natural and to be expected: "It may be true," he said; "but you must be aware there is much—very much to explain; and, in such a serious matter, there can be no reserve or concealment."

I paused for a few moments, to consider what answer I could possibly return. Determined, however, to pursue a frank course with this gentleman, I represented to him, the perplexing position in which I was placed, and the imperative call for my immediate presence at Baden. I allowed that Colonel Von Lensdorff was justified in expecting from me an explanation or satisfaction for what had occurred; and I only requested the delay of a very few days, in order to enable me to go to and return from Baden, and to complete some arrangements. At that place, I was likely to secure the counsel and assis-

tance of a male friend, who, (as I believed,) had not yet left it; and I pledged my honour to return to Coblentz by a week at farthest. The officer was by no means unreasonable; and, though he did not fail to insist on the painful situation in which his friend would remain, he acquiesced, however unwillingly, in my proposition, accepting of my undertaking that the delay should be as short as possible.

Upon the termination of this very gratifying visit, I hardly knew what to resolve upon. As far as regarded my affair with the colonel, it was but the postponing of the day of an unpleasant reckoning, and how to extricate myself from this entanglement, would still remain very difficult to discover. I relied much, however, on the prudence and good sense of my male friend at Baden, by whose advice I intended to abide. It was by no means consolatory to my feelings to leave Coblentz under the probable slur of having declined to act as a man of honour; nor was it, in any way, a matter of pleasant reflection, to be exposed to the chance, in perspective, of being shot, on account of a woman, whom I had never before seen in my life, and for whom I felt no interest whatever. I had also other cares and perplexities; namely, those which invariably attend upon a man who has to travel to any distance without money or credit. I foresaw that not only the imputation of being deficient

in spirit, but also that of being a genteel swindler, might be cast upon me, and perhaps with some show of reason and justice. But time was wearing on, and I had to make inquiries for my missing letters of credit. Could I have lost them in the unfortunate garden on the preceding evening? no, that was impossible. Two or three hours were soon wasted in futile conjectures and unsuccessful attempts to regain my papers. At last, I determined to state my case boldly to the landlord. He generously and readily listened to my assertions, and advanced me sufficient money for the expenses of my journey; I, at the same time, leaving a valuable watch which I possessed, in his hands, as a pledge of the repayment of the loan.

There was no other steam or passage-boat of any kind whatever during the remainder of the day; and it was late in the afternoon, before I had procured a cabriolet and post-horses. I arrived at Baden, in much less time than I could have anticipated; but great was my mortification and disquietude, to find that all my three friends had quitted Baden, the ladies having left it on the very day on which I arrived at Coblentz. No other course remained for me, but to retrace my steps back again to Coblentz.

Upon my arrival in that town, I drove at once to my old quarters, in bad spirits and in equally bad humour.

The first information which I received from my kind host of the *Drey Schweitzen* was, that my letters of credit had been found, and were in his possession; a sergeant from Ehrenbreitstein having brought them on the same evening I left Coblentz, stating, that he had picked them up in the guard-room (where, no doubt, they had fallen out of my pocket-book when I exhibited my passport), and he had, in consequence of inquiries made through some of his superior officers, ascertained, that the owner was lodging at the *Drey Schweitzen*.

This was a cheering welcome on my return; but the landlord had still more pleasing intelligence in reserve for me; he informed me, that two ladies had been anxiously inquiring for me at the hotel, and who, from the description he gave, were undoubtedly my Baden friends. Upon mine host having mentioned to them my sudden expedition, they had left word, that they were awaiting my return to Coblentz, and were staying at Maas's hotel.

I shall be readily credited, when I state, that I did not stop for any more detailed information, or to inquire if my pugnacious and whiskered visiter from Ehrenbreit-stein had been looking out for my return. I hurried off, at once, to *Maas's* hotel, my mind naturally replete with lively hopes and anticipations of the future, although the reminiscence of the awkward scrape, in which I was still

entangled, hovered, like an evil genius, over all my gay visions.

As I was turning into the square in which the hotel was situated, my attention was attracted by two ladies and a gentleman who were approaching in the same direction, from another street. I could scarcely trust to the correctness of my eyesight, when I beheld my friend, the colonel, with his lovely and volatile helpmate; and, ye heavenly powers! Louisa, my intended wife. They did not observe me, but I had full leisure and opportunity to convince myself, that my eyes had not deceived me. The party appeared in high spirits, to be upon intimate terms, and as if their acquaintance had been of long duration. The colonel, in smart regimentals, had an arm for either lady, and was conversing with both, seemingly upon some subject that afforded them great entertainment. Madame Von Lensdorff wore the identical rose-coloured hat and shawl, which I had (Marplotlike) chosen to remember so very inconveniently on a former occasion.

Louisa looked (or I might have fancied so) more beautiful than ever; but I will not attempt to describe what cannot be described.

Something like a pang of jealousy vibrated through my heart, while I fancied that by an unaccountable contingency, the colonel had discovered the means of amply revenging himself for my mal-à-propos conduct. But what added fuel to my growing irascible feelings, was the thought, that my Louisa should have formed so sudden and unfortunate an acquaintance with any woman like Madame Von Lensdorff, whose character (to say the least, I had had ocular demonstration) could not be unexceptionable; and that her once suspicious and justly indignant husband, too, should so soon have smothered all his doubts and indignation, and have forgotten all the equivocal mystery, in which my narration had placed his wife, and should now be, to all appearance, the smiling hero of domestic gallantry. I watched them into the gates of the hotel, and then absolutely, in a fit of spleen and vexation, turned my steps in a contrary course, rambling through the streets of Coblentz without an object. My love of peace and repugnance to discord had vanished. I was ready to fight with the whole corps militaire, from the staff down to the youngest sub-lieutenant. I could have quarrelled with every old woman who obstructed the pavement. When twenty minutes or so had elapsed, my valour and my spleen had evaporated, and I judged that it might prove more agreeable to find Louisa and her mother alone at their hotel. So I turned back again to that quarter, under the influence of a curiously confused chaos of sensations. Upon asking for my friends, I was ushered up stairs to the

apartments which they occupied, and the first object that greeted me upon my entrance into the ante-room, was the confounded cocked hat and feather of the colonel, lying on a slab facing the door, as it were, in open defiance and derision. But before I had time to brood over this inauspicious omen, the meeting and welcome I experienced from Louisa and her mother, had proved to me, that there were really in this world some things worth living for. The lively and engaging accents of Louisa, as she rather archly said, "but I must not neglect introducing you to my friends," drew my attention to the presence of Colonel Von Lensdorff and his fair wife, who, seated most tranquilly upon a sofa, were, to all appearances, perfectly at home and at their ease. For myself, I was quite confounded—such a contre-temps -how could it be explained, concealed, or passed over? I hardly ventured to raise my eyes towards my interesting garden acquaintance; however, encouraged by the distinct sound of a suppressed laugh, I hazarded a reconnoitring look. There were the same fair ringlets-the same fascinating eyes—the little scar on the right cheek -and the provoking smile which now seemed to play in full force and attraction. I could espy no trace of confusion or fear in her face or manner; while, to my utter astonishment, her former grave and stern-looking husband had every appearance of being much amused with the meeting. I was bewildered; when Louisa exclaimed—

"Oh! I had quite forgotten, you indeed do not require any introduction. Madame Von Lensdorff to-day wears the rose-coloured hat and shawl, so well impressed upon your memory."

"No, no, Louisa," Madame Von Lensdorff replied, "in truth it was but the romantic recollection of a dream, under the pleasant foliage of a walnut-tree. Gallant gentlemen, when truly awake, always respect the secrets of the fair sex."

"A dream!" good-humouredly exclaimed the colonel. "That invention will not pass current with me; there was the positive fact of the pressure of a soft, white, and delicate hand, more soft, more white, and delicate than—"

"Stop!" I said; "I beseech your mercy;—you have too powerful an advantage over me."

"Well, then," retorted Von Lensdorff, laughing, "the tables shall be turned, and I will give you an explanation. Know, then, that my wife is an old and dear friend of Louisa: they were educated in the same establishment at Paris, and have never failed to keep up a regular correspondence. Your friends arrived in Coblentz, on the day after that on which you set out for Baden. Madame Von Lensdorff naturally was in great distress

under the untoward circumstances, to which the ridiculous garden scene had led; and you will allow, that my displeasure was not entirely reprehensible. Every thing has turned out favourably. My wife's brother, a young lieutenant in our service, some few months back had been forced to absent himself from Ehrenbreitstein, in consequence of a duel, in which he had been engaged with a superior officer. In short, the consequences might have proved most serious, if it had been known, that any part of his family had even indirectly communicated with him at that time; and, for this reason, all correspondence between him and his sister was carried on secretly, and without my knowledge or privity, for my situation and military rank would have compelled me to have taken decisive steps for his immediate arrest, if I had suspected his being within the reach of the Prussian authorities. Thus, the whole mystery of my wife's visit to the walnut-tree, and her consequent and graceful invasion of your slumbers has been accounted for. Through the intervention of a kind and influential relation at Berlin, her brother's full pardon has been obtained; and as events, good or bad, seldom surprise us singly, we had the happiness of receiving this welcome intelligence yesterday, when I was immediately admitted to a participation in the secret, and to the knowledge of what had occurred. It only remains

for me now to offer you my hand in the spirit of friend-ship and harmony, and to declare, that whenever you please, I shall be ready to conduct you over the interior of Ehrenbreitstein, promising that you shall not again run the risk of being unceremoniously turned out of its gates, or of losing your credit; and that as long as one good bottle of *Rūdesheimer* remains in my cellar, you shall have full leisure to recount all the garden adventures you have ever met with in the whole course of your life."

"And will you not accept of my hand also in amity and good-will?" said Madame Von Lensdorff, in a pretended whisper; "although, perhaps, you will not find it now so fair or so delicate as that of the goddess of your dreams. And you must accept of this little peace-offering, a token of my sincere repentance for all my offences towards you, either of commission or omission," added the lovely woman, as she slipped the well-remembered emerald ring from her finger. "Do not forget this emerald ring:—all I ask in return is, that you will now finish that very gallant and agreeable speech, from which I so uncourteously withdrew in the garden.—Pray! do begin it again. — Was suchen sie, mein herzchen? Ich liebe sie, von ganzen herzen!"

"What do you allude to, my dear Agatha?" cried Louisa; "let me have an explanation. Pray, sir, why

did you so rudely keep us waiting, day after day, at Baden, when I wrote to you, to Rotterdam, mentioning, that we were anxious to visit our friends, the Lensdorffs, at Ehrenbreitstein."

"Good heaven! I quite forgot to ask for letters at the post-office at Rotterdam;—but, Louisa, you must forgive me, and you must not be angry, when I declare, I shall always remember Ehrenbreitstein, the rose-coloured hat and shawl, and the walnut-tree."

THE HEROINE OF THE SIERRA MORENA.

THE superiority which man assumes over woman on account of his strength, talents, and courage, is very equivocal indeed. In all ages we read of instances where female courage, or presence of mind, has not only appeared predominant over that of the other sex, but has been the means of saving and securing life and liberty, when man has shrunk from the daring task. Women were once the lawgivers of Israel; and Zenobia, the Palmyrenian, set at defiance all the hosts of Rome. In later days we have had brilliant examples of female heroism. Joan of Arc, whose spirit, tinctured with superstition, and roused to enthusiasm, drove the English from France, and crowned a fugitive king at Rheims, can never be forgotten; nor will all the laurels a Talbot won, ever redeem his character from the stain of putting her to death as a witch, who put them to defeat, as a woman endued with a manly spirit.

In our immediate times we have had the "Maid of

Saragossa," who stood at the cannon's mouth, and led the citizens on to victory, when even hope had fled from the hearts of men, and reposing on a female bosom, changed the tide of battle, and poured a deluge on the foe, that in three months drove him from the whole of Spain, south of the Pyrenees.

We have in our own land had extraordinary instances of female courage. We know none more striking, though less noticed, than that of the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who, on the morning of her execution, putting her hand to her neck, said, "They tell me the executioner is very expert, and I have but a little neck, so my trouble will soon be over." But presence of mind and fortitude of virtue were never more strikingly displayed, than in an instance which occurred where the Sierra Morena (one of the chief mountain ranges of Spain) rears its head above the dark rolling clouds; and where also nature, in her rudest form, displays to the weary traveller a wide and dreary prospect of barren wilds, disparted rocks, falling torrents, gloomy forests of pines, opening chasms, and all the dark variety that makes nature terrible, without a single gleam of sunshine to scatter, as it were, the hope of heaven over the gulf of despair. On this spot, far above the haunts of civilized men, where the wild winds whistle, and the tempests roar, stands the chateau of Count de Rondeville, where the narrow path leads the traveller round the mountain's summit, and where the long-practised mule carries its burthen in security, though the deviation of an inch would precipitate beast and rider over a precipice of three hundred feet high. On this spot, perched like an eagle's nest, is the seat of hospitality to be found.

The count, who is lord of the valleys below, chooses here to fix his abode. He is fond of field sports, and mountain scenery: to bring down the hawk and falcon, to wind the thicket after the wolf and the fox, and to spring from rock to rock with giant bound after the fleet chamois, constituted his amusements of the day. At evening's close, to open his door to the way-worn traveller, to rouse the fire on the hearth, and spread the table with plenty, were his predominant delights. Thousands have tasted of his liberality, and whenever he visited the smiling fields below, the lispings of children, and the benedictions of the aged, proclaimed his passage.

He passed his life without ostentation, and had not a male servant in his retinue. One little girl, a native of Estremadura, aged nineteen, was selected to attend upon his own person, and he treated her as his child. One evening he had been out late, and on his return he threw himself upon a couch, and sunk into repose.

Dorothea, aware that he would not require her assis-

tance any more, retired to rest, and so did all the servants. About one in the morning, a banditti, at the head of whom was Rodolph Vascali, so long the terror of Spain, thundered at the gates of the chateau, and soon burst them open. They tore the menials from their beds, and with horrid imprecations made them disclose where their little treasures were deposited, and some they put to instant death. The noise awakened the count, who rushed unarmed into the hall. Rodolph Vascali seized him by the throat, and was on the point of stabbing him, when Dorothea, the little maid of Estremadura, entered, bearing a candle. The robber started at seeing her, refrained from his blow, and loosened his grasp. The fine form of Dorothea, robed in night attire, appeared as a beautiful vision, or a spectre from another and a better world. The work of death was going on at the extremity of the hall, and over the marble floor streams of blood flowed in torrents. "Stop," she said, "the work of death, and follow me; you want money, and I will conduct you where it is to be had." "What pledge have I for thy truth?" said Rodolph Vascali, leaving his hold of the count. "The pledge of blood-the tie of nature -I am thy only sister." It was so. Rodolph, with commanding voice, ordered his band to desist from murder, and to retire, while he compelled the count to sit down, under a pledge not to rise till he bade him. "Re-

collect," said he, "my sister, for such thou art, (however thou camest here,) I know no ties but those that connect me with my followers. I have checked the stream of death only to open the mine of gold," "Follow me," said Dorothea, "and you shall have wealth beyond your hopes and wishes." Slowly they winded up the gothic staircase: the moon shone sickly through the arched and ivy-covered windows; no sound was heard save that of the whispering wind of the night, that appeared to mourn for those whose lives had recently passed away. They reached the summit of the eastern tower. hear," said Rodolph, "the murmuring of my band, who are awaiting my arrival with the booty." "They shall not long wait thy arrival," said Dorothea, and at that moment they were at the edge of the turret. She dashed her light to the earth, and seizing Rodolph by the skirt of his calabra or tunic, hurled him from the battlements. He fell amidst his followers, and his blood spurted in the eyes of his murderous myrmidons. Amazement seized them all. Dorothea hastily rang the alarm bell, that communicated with the convent below, and fired off the signal gun. The band fled in all directions, imagining a force was concealed in the chateau. Dorothea rushed down, raised the count in her arms: on his bosom she ever after rested, as a loved and loving wife. Rodolph was, indeed, her brother, but had long been a detestable murderer. She, therefore, abhorred his deeds, and on

this perilous occasion she sacrificed him on the shrine of duty. The chateau still stands; the count and countess still exist, and distribute their hospitality more generously than before; and the traveller, as he passes over the dreary heights of the "Sierra Morena," shudderingly murmurs the name of Rodolph Vascali, and blesses that of Dorothea de Rondeville.

SONNET.

BY MISS MONTAGU.

Stay, gentle sea! nor hence so swiftly bear
Thy welcome waters from the lonely shore:
Freed from the outworn fetters of despair,
I walk thy banks in weariness no more.
Black as the cloud that darkens o'er thy surge,
Though one wide gloom life's midway path should cover,
Like yon white sail which marks thine utmost verge,
Bright glory's wings shall in the distance hover;
And though, at times, of Love the passing form
Yet dims my soul, against my better will,
'Tis but as some soft phantom of the storm,
Again to vanish;—and though sadly still
By memory's shores he wanders in a dream,
'Tis but his shadow falls upon the stream!

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



THE COLDEN STAR.





THE GOLDEN STAR.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

HARD and unhappy is the fate of him who trusteth to the tyrant! Never was this truth better exemplified than in the history of the Shahs of Persia; from whose sacrilegious power none are safe, the very harem—that sacred portion of a Mussulman's house-not being respected The people, however, almost deserve the fate they suffer, for neglecting the obvious remedy which God has placed in their hands, but which they never apply, save in some desperate extremity, when their calamities exceed endurance. Even the poor, but brave and dauntless mountaineers are within the grasp of the Shah's rapacity. The royal harem is filled with their wives and daughters; the men are borne away as slaves, or to recruit his army. But fierce and bloody is the revenge with which they sometimes follow up such insults; attacking and cutting in pieces the marauding bands, or seizing whole parties by stratagem, and, if not redeemed by heavy ransoms, carrying them across the mountains, and selling them to the Tartars,—thus, to use a common expression, repaying them in their own coin.

Not far from Takti Suleiman there stands a very large and extraordinary rock, three sides of which are almost perpendicular; and when the traveller passes beneath, he may behold the eagle or the falcon wheeling above his head, and entering or issuing from its cavernous nest, bearing home, or seeking, food. Sometimes, also, the dauntless mountaineer may be seen descending in search of the eggs or young birds; which he bears away, in spite of the piercing screams, and fierce but impotent attacks, of the parent eagles. The fourth side is likewise a steep declivity; but a zigzag road, cut in it by some former inhabitants, leads to the top, which is a smooth plain, covered with a slight coating of earth, driven thither by the wind, or composed of soft portions of the rock, worn away by the rains of a thousand years.

In this romantic and almost impregnable fortress a small tribe of mountaineers had established themselves, in number about three hundred, and commanded by Almalek Sifeddin, a young man who had just succeeded his father in authority. Brave, resolute, and humane,

full of intellect and extraordinary powers of mind, accompanied by great personal beauty, he was dreaded by his enemies as the lion by the deer, but by his own tribe and friends was loved as a brother.

These accomplishments had gained him the love of Azula, surnamed "the Golden Star," a maiden of surpassing loveliness and beauty, the only daughter of a chieftain, who, having fallen in battle, had committed her to the care of Almalek's father; in whose tent she often met and conversed with Almalek, to whom her voice was sweeter than the nightingale or the early-rising lark. Her he prized above every thing—before riches, fame, power, or even life itself. To win her approbation he performed the most daring exploits, and, after all his toils and dangers, was more than repaid by her smile.

Having, by unremitted exertions, gained the consent of the damsel,—for women, in those tribes, have a voice of their own,—it was agreed that their marriage should be celebrated during the Spring Festival, on the sixth of Moharram; on which day the nuptials of thirteen other youths and maidens were likewise to be celebrated.

The ceremonies and rejoicings which it was intended should take place, were to be solemnized on a small plain, at the foot of the hill, and surrounded every where by a thick forest, filled with all the larger species of game, which the natives hunted for food and clothing, or, when not otherwise occupied, for pleasure.

The day at length arrived. It was in the beginning of spring. The year was putting forth its first verdure; the trees were covered with small leaves; and fresh flowers sparkled, like diamonds, upon the emerald plain. The sun, which, in these mountains is of much the same temperature as in Europe, now began to scatter its genial warmth upon the earth, exhilarating the spirits, and rendering every one merry and happy. Numerous white tents were erected in the middle of the plain; and around these the inhabitants of the camp, and also men from the neighbouring tribes, were collected.

"They tarry unreasonably," exclaimed Hassan, an old warrior; "they should have been here long ago."

"Not at all," replied another. "But see! here they come."

And a gallant band of horsemen were beheld galloping down the road, at the full speed of their horses.

"Truly," continued Hassan, "it is Almalek and his companions; but wherefore this haste? wherefore these sabres flashing in the sun?"

Sifeddin was now at hand, far before his companions, his fiery barb scarce touching the ground with his hoofs; and, as he approached, he shouted, "To arms! to arms! In the name of Allah and the Holy Prophet, to arms!"

"Allah Kerim!" (God is merciful!) exclaimed some from the crowd, "what is the matter?"

"Wallah! Billah!" cried others, "let us to arms!" And before Sifeddin could reply to their inquiries, the fiery mountaineers had dispersed, in search of their spears and cimetars. In a few minutes they returned, with their horses and arms, which had been placed in readiness behind the tent: and they had scarcely begun to confer with their chief, to learn the cause of his alarm, before a large band of cavalry issued from the wood, each man leading a horse; for which the mountaineers could not account, until, looking towards the hill, they with horror perceived a number of dismounted cavaliers descending from the camp, with women on their shoulders.

"Allah Akbar!—to the rescue! to the rescue!" shouted Almalek; and, dashing his spurs into the flanks of his fiery barb, rushed forward, followed by his companions. It was, however, too late: for the enemy, as soon as they reached the bottom of the hill, flung the women upon their horses, and mounting behind them, urged forward to the wood; upon reaching the borders of which they all turned round, to await the attack,

excepting those who bore the women, in number about two hundred. However, upon receiving a volley of arrows from the mountaineers, they again fled.

Almalek now halted, to learn, from the wounded brought down by the winged messengers of death, who and what the enemy were; but the shafts had taken such good effect that, out of the two-and-twenty, one only was able to speak.

- "What are these troops, and who commands them?" inquired the chief.
- "We are the Shah's troops, and are commanded by his favourite son," was the reply.
 - " And whither are they bound?"
 - "To Senna."
- "Quick, forward, my companions! we can yet intercept them. To the defile! to the defile! Disperse, and meet me there."

We shall now explain how the Persians effected their entrance into the stronghold of the Koords. Prince Azbek, eldest son of the Shah, having come out on a hunting party, heard of this encampment; and being informed that it contained many beautiful women, he conceived the desire of lodging them all in his harem. He therefore, several days before, sent a man in disguise into the camp, who gave him exact information of all the proceedings of the Koords; and, on the day of the mar-

riage, having informed Almalek (for the purpose of leading him out of the way) that a troop of horse had been descried in the distance, drew up the prince and several of his followers with ropes. Then, seizing the women, they bore them down the hill, and escaped, as has been before related.

The enemy, in number about a thousand, having reached the wood, advanced at a slow pace, being without a guide; as the one they had brought with them had escaped, in the hurry of the moment. Azbek, the prince, with Selim and Hussein, two youthful warriors, rode considerably in front; and, after proceeding for some time in silence, Azbek thus addressed his comrades:

- "Wallah! (by God!) I think we shall have some difficulty in finding our way out of this wood, what with our ignorance of the pathways, and the fair burdens that our companions bear."
 - "May I give my advice?" inquired Hussein.
 - "Certainly," replied the prince.
- "Then it is this: kill or throw away the women, as they incommode us; and, with the full speed of our horses, Inshallah! we may attain some place where we shall be out of their reach; for, by my head, the infidels are in much greater numbers than I expected."
- "Ahi!—What abomination are you eating?" replied Azbek, angrily. "By the beard of our Holy Prophet,

this is not spoken like a soldier! What has made your liver white to-day, man?"

"Methinks," interposed Selim, "death would be welcome to them, torn from their husbands, or dragged away thus into captivity, on their wedding-day."

"You say well," observed Hussein, sneeringly; and he was about to add something which would have roused the anger of his more humane companion, when they perceived, a short distance before them, a person seated beside a camel, smoking his chibouque.

"Ah! here is luck!" exclaimed Azbek, "let us ride forward; perhaps he may serve us as a guide."

And advancing towards him, he inquired who he was, and whither he was going.

"I am a poor man," he replied, "proceeding with this camel-load of shawls and beads, &c., to endeavour to sell it among the women at Almalek's camp."

"Listen, now, to me!" said Azbek, "from whence come you?"

"From Senna."

"Can you lead us back thither?"

"Why? Back! My lord, be merciful! I am poor; consider, I shall be too late for the great marriage. Let me go forward, therefore; and may the blessing of the Holy Prophet light upon you! may he overshadow you with his wings!"

- "Misbelieving dog! have we not wealth? Lead us in safety, and you shall be rewarded. But, by Allah! if you deceive us, your head is not worth a dirhem."
- "La illah il ullah, wah Mohammed rasoul illahi!" (God is God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God!) muttered the pedlar between his teeth, as he proceeded to mount his beast; having done which, he advanced; and after leading them about for several hours, they arrived at an open glade in the forest, which Azbek thought would be convenient for an encampment; and turning to the guide—
 - "How far are we from the Koordish camp?" said he.
 - "Two fursungs and a half," was the reply.
- "No more than that! However, we will stay. Pitch the tents."

This being done, Azbek and several of his principal officers collected together in a large tent, to supper; having finished which, they retired to rest. The guide was placed in a tent, under a guard of four soldiers; who, however, being excessively fatigued, were soon overcome by drowsiness. In a short time, their heavy breathing informed him they were asleep.

"Now is the time, Wallah! I am not to be kept here!" muttered he.

Saying this, he raised the canvass which formed the doorway, and issued forth into the open air. All was

still as death; not a breath of wind was stirring; the sentinels lay sleeping at their posts: he threaded his way, with noiseless footsteps, through the camp; but presently he heard a whispering in one of the tents. What could it be? He approached still nearer,—'twas the voices of women. With beating heart, he advanced close, and heard as follows:

"Oh, Almalek! beloved of my soul! where art thou? Why comest thou not to deliver me from captivity?"

"Azula, grieve not! he will surely rescue us! Almalek, 'the Lion-Hearted,' will never abandon us; fear not!" replied one of her companions.

"His followers are too few in number," she replied.

"But what is this?" exclaimed she, as a ring fell into the middle of the tent, thrown there by the guide.

"'Tis Almalek's ring,—the one I gave him," continued she, joyfully; "but, by your life and by your soul, whoever you are, speak me one word of comfort."

"Fear not!" answered he, "succour is near."

And, without awaiting their reply, he continued his walk; on which we shall accompany him. Having reached the edge of the camp, he lay down upon the grass, at the foot of a tree, keeping his eye fixed upon the forest, where several dark forms were seen moving to and fro, apparently awaiting eagerly for some signal. After a few minutes' pause, he placed his finger on his

lips, and uttered a sound, like to that of a bird as it falls from the air in the agonies of death, brought down by the unerring aim of some hunter of the woods. Presently the same sound was repeated twice from the forest; and he was about to reply again, when, feeling a heavy hand upon his shoulder, he turned round, and beheld Hussein before him.

- "You rise betimes, friend," said he.
- "'Tis true, my lord!" answered the guide.
- "Yahoudi! Kelb! think not to deceive me thus, I know some treachery is a-foot. Follow me."
 - "Certainly," rejoined the man, and prepared to obey.
- "Thou diest this night," exclaimed Hussein, after a short pause, "unless I am instantly informed on what errand thou art here."
- "Ah!" replied the guide coolly, as if he did not fully comprehend him, or supposed a jest only was intended; "why does my lord speak thus? Thy servant is ignorant how he can have offended."
- "Dog! son of a burnt father!" exclaimed Hussein, exasperated at his contemptuous manner; "I can see the kafirs among the trees of the forest yonder, and say thou shalt die, and the crows shall feed on thy filthy carcass, ere morning."
- "We shall see that!" answered the guide; and he plunged the dagger he had in his hand into the breast

of Hussein, who, muttering a dreadful curse, fell dead at his feet.

"Allah Kerim! (God is merciful!) peace be with his soul!" he exclaimed! and turning round, was in a few minutes surrounded by a hundred mountaineers, whom he informed of what had happened, and commanded to follow him.

Advancing cautiously and without noise, he led the way to that portion of the camp where the horses were picqueted, and speaking in a whisper—

"Comrades," said the guide—whom the reader has doubtless recognised—"you must follow my example; see—" and drawing a sharp poniard from his side, he cut the leather of the stirrups—for the horses remained harnessed—nearly through, leaving just enough to support the iron footing, and no more. His companions accordingly performed their task with the greatest expedition; upon which he proceeded to the women's tents, which were placed around that of the Prince Azbek. Then dividing themselves into several bodies, they proceeded on their undertaking. Sifeddin, knowing the tent in which Azula was placed, hastened thither, and on coming near, listened attentively. All was silent, save the soft breathing of the young damsels. As he was proceeding to cut the tent cloth with his poniard, a

low but firm voice, which he immediately recognised, exclaimed—

"Who is there?"

"An old friend," answered he, "whose life depends upon your silence."

All was still as death.

"Here, throw it open—that's right—now follow me!" So saying, they entered the tent, which was of large dimensions, and contained about fifty women, whose surprise and delight on recognising their friends may be imagined, but cannot be expressed in words. Azula, who, in the dim light, immediately distinguished the form of Sifeddin, restrained, however, the impatience of her joy, and followed him without speaking. The chief, having given the necessary orders to his companions, led the way towards the skirts of the camp; where, one after another, they were joined by the rest of the women, whom he delivered to the care of six faithful mountaineers, who instantly departed, leaving him with a single young man,—one of the fourteen who were to have been married that day, -the rest remaining concealed in the tents of the women.

"Ali Hassan," said he, after a short pause, "listen to me. Follow your companions, and take the command of the troops, lead them round immediately to the front

of the camp. You will have sufficient signals. I know your courage and therefore trust in you;"—and without awaiting his reply, disappeared amongst the tents.

"Wallah!" exclaimed the young man, with an air of confidence, as if he knew that he deserved the important trust. "Wallah! he shall not be deceived. I will hasten and execute his orders."

Sifeddin now proceeded to the principal tent, where (the morning being not far distant) he found Azbek and several officers already risen.

- "Salam Aleykoom! (Peace be with you!) are you about to proceed, prince?"
- "Aleykoom Salam!" (and with you be peace!) was the reply.
- "What causes you to rise so early, friend?" inquired Selim; "methinks you seem very eager to be off."
- "La illah il ullah! (God is God!) You will soon think otherwise."
 - "Why so?" exclaimed Azbek.
 - "If the mountaineers attack us before we depart."
- "Wallah! the rogues know better," observed one of the officers. "They do not wish to feel the sharp edges of our cimetars so early."
- "I always knew them to be cowards," continued the prince.
 - "You lie! Kafir!" exclaimed Sifeddin, in a voice of

thunder, which made them all start to their feet in astonishment.

" What says the dog?" exclaimed Azbek.

"You lie!" continued Almalek, casting off his cloak and tunic, and standing before them in complete armour. "Allah Akbar! (God is victorious!) To the charge! To the charge!" And at the word, his impatient companions, who had stealthily surrounded the tent, rushed in upon the astonished prince. Startled and terrified, Azbek made his way through them, not at all impeded by the delighted mountaineers.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted he,—"treachery! treachery!"—in a voice which soon brought his retainers about him.

"Allah Kerim! (God is merciful!) they have heaped abominations on our heads, our arms have all been abstracted," replied an old warrior with a most rueful countenance.

"Traitors! to horse, then!—let us make our escape: there is no time to be lost!" And the whole body, urged forward by one impulse—the fear of death—rushed to that part of the camp where their beasts were picqueted. Azbek, seizing the first horse he met, placed his foot in the stirrup, and sprang upward; but the leather snapping asunder, he was flung flat upon his back. His comrades, who, in their hurry, neither regarded nor thought of

any one but themselves, for the most part experienced the same fate; and, when they arose, found themselves surrounded on all sides by the Koords, with their long steel-pointed spears thrust out towards them; and all hope of escape being thus cut off, they surrendered to their mercy.

The prince and his principal officers were immediately seized, and dragged, in chains, to the principal tent; where they were placed under a guard of fifty sturdy mountaineers, commanded by Ali Hassan.

Almalek then ordered the rest to be brought before him, in the plain; where he appeared surrounded by his armed followers, and mounted upon a splendid warhorse. When they were collected together, he addressed them thus:

"Persians! Behold! You are now my prisoners, and your lives are in my hands. Had fortune otherwise ordered the chances of war, we know what would have been your conduct. Experience has taught us that. Ye seized and bore away, as captives, the women of our tribe; ye are now captives yourselves,—and what punishment do you deserve? You shall presently hear. You say you are commanded by the eldest and favourite son of the Shah, (may Eblis singe his beard!) Well, I have determined that one from among you shall depart for Senna, and inform your Shah that, unless he sends

me, in six days, five hundred purses of gold, he shall receive from me five hundred heads."

- "But whom shall I send? Is there a Persian present, who will dare to be my messenger?"
- "That will I, Sifeddin!" answered Selim, stepping forward.
- "But can I trust you, friend? How can I be certain you will not laugh at my beard, when your horse's heels have put three fursungs between us?"
- "Behold my son! young man!" answered the veteran. "He shall answer for my honour. You may slay him, if I betray you. At the same time, you doom me to an almost certain death. Yet if it be so fated, let it happen!"
 - "Why to a certain death?"
- "Noble mountaineer! you are free and know not the manners of a despot. No sooner shall I deliver your message than, in the first impulse of passion, he will probably strike off my head, though the unwilling bearer of ill news."
- "Well, then a messenger shall be sent whom he dare not injure—one of my own followers. Otherwise, by my beard, he shall rue the day! All the ransoms in the world shall not save Azbek from death!"

He then wrote an epistle in the following words:

"To the Renowned Sefi, Shah of Persia; from Almalek Sifeddin, surnamed the Lion-hearted.

"A band of thy soldiers having, under the command of Azbek, who I understand is one of thy sons, attacked the free inhabitants of the mountains, and sought to bear into captivity their women, have been surprised in the perpetration of their wickedness—being all now prisoners in my camp; and unless five hundred purses of gold are sent, as a ransom, before the expiration of six days, they shall all suffer death, as the due reward of their villany.

"7th of the blessed month Moharram, in the 1151 year of the Hejira."

This being delivered to the messenger, he mounted a powerful horse, and galloped off on his way to Senna, where he arrived on the evening of the second day. The Shah, hearing that he brought news of his son, granted immediate audience; but, when he read the epistle, dire was his rage.

"Ransom!" he exclaimed, dashing the paper upon the ground, "does the dog talk of ransom? we will soon show him that kings grant no ransom to their subjects." Then turning to the principal black eunuch, "Youssouf!" said he, "command the captain of my guards to attend; but stay, where is the fellow who bore this message?" "Here am 1 before you," replied he boldly; "what would you?"

"Speak more respectfully, or, by my head, I will have thee skinned alive, and stuck upon the gates of my palace, as a warning to all passers-by, not to rouse their sovereign's anger by their impudence."

"Azbek's head shall answer for mine," replied he, in the same determined tone.

Sefi started.

"Ah! my son's head in the power of the Koords!" he exclaimed, his anger giving way to alarm. "La illah il ullah! (God is God!) there is no remedy." Then turning to the chief treasurer, he said, "Mohammed, deliver unto this fellow five hundred purses of gold, and provide him a camel to carry them."

He then hastily retired to his harem, to vent his rage in secret.

"No sooner shall my son return," thought he, "but I will give him the command of fifty thousand men, and he shall exterminate the whole Koordish race! not one shall be spared! I will make them sadly rue the day when they thus demanded ransom from me."

We now return to Azbek, whom we left in the tent. It was now midnight, and he, amongst all his companions, was alone awake. Sitting upon the straw which served him as a bed, with a dim lamp by his side, dismal were his thoughts: a prisoner, perhaps even doomed to death; what fate had reserved for him he knew not, whether to live or die. No sound was heard, save the heavy tramp of the sentinel without, or the snoring of his sleepy companions; and he was just about to compose himself to rest, when he heard a low whispering, and presently the canvass of the door was pushed aside, and Ali Hassan entered.

"Arise! awake your companions and follow me!" said he.

Azbek made no reply, but, jumping up, roused his companions, who unwillingly arose, and followed their conductor. At the door of the tent, a guard of horse and foot awaited them. Ali Hassan, placing himself at their head, led them forward, until they reached the edge of the camp, where they perceived several thousand mountaineers, marshalled in the open glade before them. It was a splendid, but, to them, an awful scene. The silence, the hour, the half day produced by the blazing torches, the spears glittering in their light, and behind, the dim outline of the trees, furnished the landscape. They were now led into the presence of Almalek, who having remained silent for a few moments—

"Prince," said he, "do you repent your courageous enterprise, to tear our wives and daughters from their homes?"

"Insult not your fallen enemy, Sifeddin! but answer me, wherefore am I brought hither?"

"Behold!" replied the Koord.

And, as he spoke, the ranks opened, and exposed to their view fifty blocks, and the same number of headsmen, with heavy axes in hand, standing beside them. The Persians turned pale; but, on recovering their self-command, walked forward to their doom, with heavy step and heavier heart. They stood before the fatal blocks; they knelt; they laid their heads upon them, and awaited, in silence, the last blow which was to deprive them of all earthly hopes, and launch them into eternity. Presently, Almalek, in a deep sepulchral voice, exclaimed, "Strike!"

Each clenched his teeth, a cold sweat burst over them, an universal tremor shook their bodies, but no blow followed; and when they raised their heads to see the reason, all were gone except those who had led them from prison.

"Arise! and follow me!" said Ali Hassan.

Their surprise and joy, at this unexpected change from what was worse than death, transfixed them to the ground; they gazed in silence at their guards, unbidden tears overspread their cheeks; and it was not until Ali repeated his injunction, that they obeyed, and were conducted back, in silence, to their prison.

On the evening of the sixth day, the messenger arrived, bearing with him the gold; and Almalek, calling them all together, informed them that they were free. The common soldiers, however, refused to depart;— "for," said they, "the Shah will surely revenge himself upon us for suffering ourselves to be taken. Permit us, therefore, to join with you," they continued; "you will find us faithful and braye."

This being agreed to, Azbek, accompanied by his officers, departed, and, in a short time, reached Senna in safety.

In the meanwhile, Almalek prevailed on all the inhabitants of the mountains to unite themselves to his band, and retreat further northward, until the edge of the Shah's anger should be blunted, when they could return and take up their former stations. This being done, Almalek and Azula were united in marriage, and lived the remainder of their days prosperous, (and if any one ever was so), happy and contented: and, in course of time, Azula became mother of a numerous family; the sons equalling their father in courage and genius, and the daughters their mother in beauty, loveliness, and fondness for their husbands.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HAMERSLEY, ESQ.

THE rose that sweetly blooms upon thy cheek, Of healthful and of happy hours doth speak; The mellowed brightness of thy loving eye, Tells with what joy the days of childhood fly, And thy light step, as light as fairy's dance, Draws to thyself full many a tender glance. That rose shall wither, and that light grow pale, As age comes on th' elastic step shall fail; For all the best and fairest gifts of earth Must have their ending, as they had their birth; On these vain shadows place thou then no trust, Their source and destiny alike the dust. THE HEART! THE HEART, my child! oh keep that free From all the snares this world shall lay for thee; Time, that dispels the fleeting charms of youth, But makes more clear the loveliness of truth.

THE CALDRON LINN.

BY R. K. DOUGLAS.

Among the objects of curiosity to which the attention of the traveller, through the west part of Perthshire, is directed, are a fall, or rather series of falls, formed by the little river Devon-" the clear-winding Devon" of Burns—the loftiest of which is termed the "Caldron Linn;" and a bridge, that stretches its "wearisome, but needful length" over the same stream, and which, from the noise and turmoil of the waters, that tear and bellow like a chafed lion some forty feet below it, is called the "Rumbling Bridge." The Rumbling Bridge no longer exists, or rather, I should say, it is no longer accessible; and the manner in which this has been brought about is not a little indicative of the calculating genius of the people of the "north countrie." Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the road-a wild and rugged and neglected mountain path-after toiling up the precipitous bank. dived down again almost perpendicularly, until it reached

the bridge; and, that once passed, a similar ascent and descent awaited the traveller before he could reach what was, comparatively speaking, level ground. The bridge itself was, or is—I shall explain this ambiguity by and by—one

"Where two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet."

The height of the time-worn and tottering parapet had never exceeded eighteen inches; and when a wayfarer, whether on horseback or in a carriage, halted on the crown of the sharply-turned arch, and beheld, within a foot on each side, the fence that mocked his fears with the semblance of protection, and looked to the wild and tangled banks and dark dripping masses of rock beetling over, and almost shutting out the light, and listened to the stream that roared beneath him in darkness all but utter, and this apparatus of terror accompanied, as it at all times was, by a strong blast of wind sweeping down the narrow and tortuous funnel through which the waters poured—he must have possessed an imagination of the dullest, and a head of the hardest materials, if he did not feel the grandeur and giddiness of the scene.

When the present secure and convenient fabric, which joins the highway from Crieff to Stirling with the hill-road to Cleish and Dunfermline, was erected, the thrifty engineer, instead of hunting about for a more suitable

point of projection, wisely considered that it would save expense to build the new bridge above the old. The abutments of the latter served as a foundation for those of the former, and the old arch was used as a point d'appui for the framework of its successor. The new bridge, in consequence, struts, in all the pride of upstart greatness, above the humble and hidden friend to whom it owes its support; and it is only by clambering down the bank for a considerable way, that a glimpse can be caught of the real Rumbling Bridge hanging in unapproached obscurity some twenty feet below the structure that now usurps its name. When the long and dreary nights of winter begin to settle down upon the Ochils, the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets have, it is said, not unfrequently seen strange forms flitting about the untrodden road-way, and perching on the crumbling parapets; and unearthly voices have been heard passing down the stream, by more than one belated shepherd; but whether these are illusions of the fancy merely, or whether they are the real pranks of the water-kelpies that, time immemorial, have held their revels around the falls and in the "wiels" of the Devon, I shall not take upon me to decide.—To return to the Caldron Linn. Down these falls a stray cow or sheep is now and then accidentally hurried; and in no case has it happened that the animal has not been found, at the foot of the

hill, broken, and bleeding, and lifeless, from dashing against the sides of the fearful rift, in its descent. Human beings have also stumbled into the stream, and, with one very singular and providential exception, their fate has been similar.

One fine summer day, Mr. H. (the person of whom I speak is, I believe, still alive) was wandering down the rugged banks below the "Rumbling Bridge," along with an older and more staid companion. Mr. H. was then a very young man, full of the vigour, activity, and joyousness of his years, and possessing all the fearlessness and dexterity of a mountaineer; in person somewhat about the middle size, and slightly but compactly formed. The stream had been swollen by a recent "spate," and the roaring of the cataract was like a continuous peal of thunder. Both parties were anxious to obtain a full view of the fall, but the nature of the ground rendered it a matter of considerable difficulty. They were creeping cautiously along the giddy and overhanging bank when Mr. H. perceived, at some distance below the spot where he hung half suspended by the roots and branches of the brushwood, a flat projecting piece of rock, within a few yards of the verge of the Linn; and pointing it out to his companion, and beckoning him to follow, he began to move downward in that direction. His more considerate friend endeavoured, by his gestures, to make

him desist,-to communicate by any other means was impossible,-rather from a general apprehension of danger, than from any anticipation of what was to follow. The admonition, however, as admonitions addressed to youth usually are, was received with a laugh of ridicule at the timidity in which it was supposed to originate, and only served to confirm the climber's purpose. a few seconds he reached a spot immediately above the point that he aimed at, and dropped lightly down; but no sooner had his foot pressed the stone, than to the unspeakable horror of his companion, whose eye followed his progress with mingled terror and admiration, it trembled, loosened, and fell from beneath him! The unhappy young man grasped convulsively at the root of a bush immediately over his head, and had it been sufficiently strong, he would still have escaped; but root, and bush, and turf, gave way together under his weight, and he fell into the water a very few feet above the fall. Once, and once only, his eye met that of his friend as he rose above the surface; the next instant he sped over the cataract, like an arrow shot by a vigorous arm, and disappeared amid the clouds of spray, and the roaring billows of the pool below. The companion of the unfortunate young gentleman, although convinced, as he afterwards declared, that he should never again behold him alive, did not for a moment delay to embrace what

he conceived to be the only chance of saving him. He climbed, or rather ran, directly up the bank, a feat which nothing but the excitation of the moment would have emboldened him to attempt-indeed he never was able very clearly to state how he accomplished it-and shouted an alarm to the farm-house close by. The cry was heard, and he was immediately joined by three or four of the inmates, who, seeing him alone, easily guessed what had happened; and the whole, without question asked or answered, rushed down the steep road that led to the point where the Devon enters the plain. Here, in a little bending, scooped out by the eddy of the stream, was usually landed whatever floating body happened from accident to pass over the falls. As they approached the cove, the first of the party, a strong and active shepherd, perceived a hat floating on the surface, and plunged into the water, from an idea that it was the body of the drowned youth. He was soon undeceived; and wading out with the hat in his hand, in a suppressed tone of voice, said to the rest who were now at his side, "He is in some of the Linn-pots-we must seek up the water."-" He had fallen with the bit whin in his hand, it is like," said another, pointing to the furze, which, with the sod still in part attached to it, had slowly circled round until it was arrested by the water-worn pebbles that strewed the bottom of the shallow pool.

I must now return to young Mr. H. Before he recovered his recollection, after the plunge into the water, he was hurried, as I have described, over the fall, and found himself, after sinking in what seemed a bottomless abyss, whirling round with fearful and dizzy rapidity. Luckily he could swim a little; and from an instinctive desire to prolong life, he struck out with his hands and feet, and endeavoured to gain the edge of the whirlpool. To his astonishment, when his breath, and strength, and hope, were just departing, he found he had succeeded in reaching a spot where the waters were comparatively still, and where the depth was not above a few feet. The bottom, on which he had found a resting-place, was, however, of the loosest and most yielding nature. It was, indeed, a mere ridge of sand and pebbles, that had come down the fall, and which in that spot, and in it alone, the diminished agitation of the water had allowed to subside. On the crown of the ridge, Mr. H. had by accident stopped; and his momentary feeling of joyful surprise was followed by the bitterness of agony, when he found, after remaining for a second, the mound on which he stood gradually slipping away from beneath He looked upward, as the blast swept aside the dense cloud of spray, and saw afar off the line of the clear blue sky, with the light fleecy clouds swiftly sweeping over it, and caught a glimpse of the edge of the bank,

with the trees and bushes bending in the breeze, and the birds flitting across the chasm, whose black and frowning and slippery sides rose to a height that seemed interminable. Behind, and touching him, was the whirlpool, from which he had with so much difficulty escaped; and beyond it rushed down, like a solid wall, the waters of the Linn, over which he had been tumbled; while in front roared other falls, whose height he knew not, and which nothing but a miracle could enable him to pass, and live. He saw all this; and he felt, at the same moment, that but a few minutes could elapse ere he must see them no more; yet he determined to struggle with his fate to the last. At first he endeavoured, by altering his position, to stay his feet from slipping; but a very few trials convinced him, that to shift at all only accelerated his sinking, and that his best chance lay in remaining as stationary as possible. Still, however, he sank to the breast-the shoulders-the neck. A thought now seized him, that seemed even more bitter than the death that was trembling over him. Had he sped over the falls his body would at least have been recovered by his friends-it would have been composed by kindly hands-pious tears would have been dropped over it-a mother's lips would have pressed his cold cheek-troops of kinsfolk and neighbours would have accompanied him to his last dwelling-place-the blessed sun would have looked down upon his grave, and the wind of his native hills would have swept over it; but now, the bottom of the whirlpool was to be his burial-place, and his bones were to bleach for ever in the torrent of the Caldron Linn! His mind began to give way under these dismal fancies. Amidst the roaring of the waters, he heard shrill and unnatural howlings. The superstitions of his childhood came across him; and he thought, while he listened to those terrible voices, that he heard the demons of the stream rejoicing over their anticipated victim; and in the fantastic forms of the frowning rocks, as the wreaths of spray passed over them, his imagination pictured the lurid aspect and goggling eyes of the waterkelpie glaring upon him, and its rifted jaws opened to devour him. His soul was wound up to agony beyond endurance. He struggled to free himself from the gravel in which he had sunk, but his struggles only sank him deeper; the water rose to his lips,—he gasped for air and it came not; - another second, and his sufferings would have ceased for ever. But the same Power which had guided him over the fall, and snatched him from the whirlpool, was still watching over him.

As to the party that were searching, not for their companion, but for his body (for not one of them supposed it possible that he should ever be seen again,) the same young man who had plunged into the stream, as

he sprung from rock to rock, along the dizzy brink of the chasm, with the sharpened eye which a shepherd's life never fails to bestow, his vision rendered doubly acute by the excited state of his feelings, perceived a dark stationary speck in the water, which a moment's inspection convinced him to be the head and shoulders of a human being. "Ropes! ropes!" he shouted to his companions; "he's alive; I see him standing at the foot of the Linn." The binding-ropes from a couple of hay-wagons were knotted, and handed to him, and the upper extremity being firmly secured to the trunk of one of the twisted birches, at the top of the bank, the adventurous shepherd slid down with the other in his hand, until the overhanging rock forbade further descent; those at the top hollowing, in the mean time, to attract the attention of their half-drowned friend, with what effect I have already stated. No noise, indeed, that they could make, would have been sufficient; but, luckily, the wet and dripping hat, which the shepherd had fished up from the cove, was still grasped in his hand; he dropped it into the water, and the wind at that moment lulling, and the spray clearing away, it fell immediately before the object whose attention it was designed to attract. Roused by the sudden splash, he turned his despairing eyes upwards, and beholding the rope his friend was endeavouring to steady, he raised his arms,

and by a vigorous spring, contrived to catch hold of it. There was still, however, much between him and safety. From the surface of the water to where the shepherd had propped himself was fully twenty feet; the rock jutted over the stream, so that while drawn up, young H. had to hang suspended by his hands, the power of which was nearly lost, from the time he had been immersed in the river. He was swung backwards and forwards at a fearful rate by the wind, and not unfrequently struck with violence against the points of the rock. The rope also rubbed against the sharp edge of the precipice, and ran a momentary risk of being cut through. By great care, and greater good fortune, he at length approached the top of the rock; and his humble friend, whose encouraging voice had nerved him in his dangerous ascent, stooping down, caught the wrist of the exhausted youth firmly in his grasp, and placed him at his side. In another instant they were both in the midst of the group at the top.

Young H. sickened and fainted as soon as he was placed once more on the grassy bank. He was conveyed to the farm-house, where he was put to bed; whence he arose after a few hours of heavy sleep, without any other symptoms of suffering than extreme weakness, from which youth, and a healthful constitution, in the course of a few days completely relieved him. For

many years after, however, his sleep was occasionally disturbed with dreams of rocks and rushing waters; and even in his waking moments, a convulsive shudder would not unfrequently pass over him, when he thought of the Caldron Linn.

THE RUINED FOUNTAIN.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

Lone fount!—o'er which the summer twilight throws
A solemn grandeur, desolately fair,—
Whose aspect whispers of the soul-fraught woes
Which human breasts in mournful silence bear;—
Soft as the light that o'er thy ruin falls,
Flows the warm tear for glories that depart;
Mild as the breeze which fans thy pillared walls,
Regret's meek sadness breathes along the heart!
Enough of beauty in thy wreck remains,
But memory's cloud that beauty hath o'ercast;
Our souls—like flowers whose sun, benighted, wanes,—
Turn to the far-off glories of the past.
—Grief does not kill, where grief alone is felt;
'Tis our dead joys from which the blow is dealt!

FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

"If thou wouldst view that fall aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

So whispered to us, at our parting from England, a voice that long lingered, like a remembered tune, in our ear. Days, weeks, and months elapsed. We had climbed the Alps—swam in a gondola—smoked tobacco and theoretic revolution in a German tavern; and at length, on our return homewards, we entered Schaffhausen by moonlight. This was the work of fate. In vain our fellow-traveller—vulgar animal!—implored us "to take it easy," and "pick up the fall" on our road out of the town next morning. We refused the prayer with disdain; and determining to sleep at Bonenberg, since the gates of Schaffhausen have the absurd habit of shutting themselves at night, we went forth alone and on foot to seek our way to Laufen.

The distance by the right bank of the river is half a

league from Schaffhausen, or a very leisurely lounge of about half an hour, and the road lies through Neuhausen, one of the most primitive-looking villages—not, however, in the poetical sense of the word—that you can see in Switzerland. At this place we turned to the left, and, descending by a very uneven path, came within hearing of a confederation of sounds scarcely less curious than that of the Swiss cantons.

It was not without some impression of a vague and poetical terror that we continued our route; but presently the most anomalous portion of the din—for we had been prepared for the roar of waters—was accounted for. It proceeded from a strange, blackened building, at the bottom of the descent; where, on looking in at the open door, we saw several figures, that might have been taken for evil spirits, performing their mystical orgies round great fires. They were charcoal-burners; and the fierce noise of the flames, together with the red glare thrown upon the things and persons around, gave a certain character of diabolism to the scene. In another moment we were at the Fall of Laufen.

A basin of water, almost circular in form, and of considerable extent, was spread out before us; and into this tumbled, with a sullen and majestic roar, from a height of about seventy feet, the vast volume of the Rhine. On one side of the fall were the buildings connected with

those we had just passed, and on the other the old Chateau of Laufen, both built upon the rocks that shut in the river.

The effect of the moonlight was truly magical—to use a word too often abused. The spray, which rose in vast masses of vapour, was brilliant beyond conception; and, sometimes drifting away, as it was caught by a gust of wind, resembled those clouds of driven snow that form so beautiful a phenomenon in a winter storm upon the hills. The moonlight, too, we knew not why, conveyed the idea of *silence* in surrounding space, and made one imagine that the awful roar of the cataract was the only sound heard at that moment in nature.

On the brow of the steep stand two huge rocks, flung down perhaps in some primeval flood, and arrested by a spell—for such things were then in fashion—on the extreme edge of the fall. The resemblance which one of these rocks bears to a human head, resting on the narrow neck, and surmounted by its hair-like foliage, has been noticed by daylight travellers; but, surrounded by all the strange, wild, and spectral illusions of moonlight, we never beheld so ghastly an object. To our imagination, the roar of the waters was its voice; and, in the half excusable superstition of the moment, we endeavoured to divide the inarticulate sounds into words of mystic and prophetic meaning.

On the opposite side of the fall there is a little wooden chamber, to which a path cut in the rock leads from the Chateau of Laufen; and here the curious stranger who does not dislike the operation of a shower-bath, or rather of a Scotch mist, may enjoy at his ease the sights and noises of the place. Will it be thought to have been the effect of fancy, when we say that we saw, at this dead, witching time of night, two moving forms in the little chamber? It was not fancy: they come out upon the gallery; they descend into a boat; they swirl slowly round and round in the boiling tide; directed by an oar, when at length an oar could be used with advantage, they gained gradually the bottom of the basin. We ran to the little pier where the boats are moored—for we have always been the fool of romance-in a perfect tremor of pleasurable sensations. One of these mysterious mariners was a female elegantly dressed, youngay, and as beautiful-we could have gone to the death for it-as the fairy queen!

Our view was intercepted by the palisades, and we could not at once see into the boat; but a voice fell upon our ear which converted our tremor into a sort of paralysis. It was in poetry it spoke:

"If thou wouldst view this scene aright, Go visit it by the pale moonlight!"

The speaker stepped upon the pier.

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"Adelaide!" we cried, almost breathless with wonder and delight. She fell, with a half-scream and more than half fainting, into our arms. Her brother, who sprung after her in alarm, on recognising his old chum, was as much pleased as surprised by the singular coincidence of our meeting at such a place and hour; and the whole party adjourned to Bonenberg to compare notes and tell—fables.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



THE DEAD SOLDIER.





THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

'Trs past—the lingering day of dread! and fear and hope are vain:

The soul that sleeps within thy breast shall never wake again!

Ah! little deemed I that the morn which on thy glory rose,

Ere yet a few brief hours were sped, should know so dark a close!

II.

I have loved thee with a woman's love—the fervent and the deep!

I have followed where the clarions rang, and where the mighty sleep;

Yet now—Oh God!—thou liest where thou mad'st thy last brave stand,

Dead-dead upon the bosom of thine own beloved land!

III.

Thy glorious strife is ended now,—thy last of battles o'er;

The helm that rose o'er that loved brow this hand shall clasp no more;

But oh! 'tis not for souls like thine the bonds of earth to wear,—

Wherever noble hearts are met I feel that thou art there!

IV.

—Yet what is this to love and me, since thou art with the dead?

I dare not gaze upon thy face—its living light is fled!

Ah! who could dream, when smiled my babe to see thy banner wave,

The tears that flowed at thy return would fall upon thy grave!

FERDINANDO EBOLI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

DURING this quiet time of peace, we are fast forgetting the excitements and astonishing events of the last war; and the very names of Europe's conquerors are becoming antiquated to the ears of our children. Those were more romantic days than these; for the revulsions occasioned by revolution or invasion were full of romance; and travellers in those countries in which these scenes had place hear strange and wonderful stories, whose truth so much resembles fiction, that, while interested in the narration, we never give implicit credence to the narrator. Of this kind is a tale I heard at Naples. The fortunes of war perhaps did not influence its actors; yet it appears improbable that any circumstances so out of the usual routine could have had place under the garish daylight that peace sheds upon the world.

When Murat, then called Gioacchino, king of Naples,

raised his Italian regiments, several young nobles, who had before been scarcely more than vine-dressers on the soil, were inspired with a love of arms, and presented themselves as candidates for military honours. Among these was the young Count Eboli. The father of this youthful noble had followed Ferdinand to Sicily; but his estates lay principally near Salerno, and he was naturally desirous of preserving them; while the hopes that the French government held out of glory and prosperity to his country made him often regret that he had followed his legitimate but imbecile king to exile. When he died, therefore, he recommended his son to return to Naples, to present himself to his old and tried friend, the Marchese Spina, who held a high office in Murat's government, and through his means to reconcile himself to the new king. All this was easily achieved. The young and gallant Count was permitted to possess his patrimony; and, as a further pledge of good fortune, he was betrothed to the only child of the Marchese Spina. The nuptials were deferred till the end of the ensuing campaign.

Meanwhile the army was put in motion, and Count Eboli only obtained such short leave of absence as permitted him to visit for a few hours the villa of his future father-in-law, there to take leave of him and his affianced bride. The villa was situated on one of the Apennines to

the north of Salerno, and looked down over the plain of Calabria, in which Pæstum is situated, on to the blue Mediterranean. A precipice on one side, a brawling mountain torrent, and a thick grove of ilex, added beauty to the sublimity of its site. Count Eboli ascended the mountain path in all the joy of youth and hope. His stay was brief. An exhortation and a blessing from the Marchese, a tender farewell, graced by gentle tears, from the fair Adalinda, were the recollections he was to bear with him, to inspire him with courage and hope in danger and absence. The sun had just sunk behind the distant isle of Istria, when, kissing his lady's hand, he said a last "Addio," and with slower steps, and more melancholy mien, rode down the mountain on his road to Naples.

That same night Adalinda retired early to her apartment, dismissing her attendants; and then, restless from mingled fear and hope, she threw open the glass door that led to a balcony looking over the edge of the hill upon the torrent, whose loud rushing often lulled her to sleep; but whose waters were concealed from sight by the ilex trees, which lifted their topmost branches above the guarding parapet of the balcony.

Leaning her cheek upon her hand, she thought of the dangers her lover would encounter, of her loneliness the while, of his letters, and of his return. A rustling sound

now caught her ear: was it the breeze among the ilex trees? her own veil was unwaved by every wind, her tresses even, heavy in their own rich beauty only, were not lifted from her cheek. Again those sounds. Her blood retreated to her heart, and her limbs trembled. What could it mean? Suddenly the upper branches of the nearest tree were disturbed; they opened, and the faint starlight showed a man's figure among them. He prepared to spring from his hold, on to the wall. It was a feat of peril. First the soft voice of her lover bade her "Fear not," and on the next instant he was at her side, calming her terrors, and recalling her spirits, that almost left her gentle frame, from mingled surprise, dread, and joy. He encircled her waist with his arm, and pouring forth a thousand passionate expressions of love, she leant on his shoulder, and wept from agitation; while he covered her hands with kisses, and gazed on her with silent adoration.

Then in calmer mood they sat together; triumph and joy lighted up his eyes, and a modest blush glowed on her cheek; for never before had she sat alone with him, nor heard unrestrained his impassioned assurances of affection. It was indeed Love's own hour. The stars trembled on the roof of his eternal temple; the dashing of the torrent, the mild summer atmosphere, and the mysterious aspect of the darkened scenery, were all in

unison, to inspire security and voluptuous hope. They talked of how their hearts, through the medium of divine nature, might hold commune during absence; of the joys of reunion, and of their prospect of perfect happiness.

The moment at last arrived when he must depart. "One tress of this silken hair," said he, raising one of the many curls that clustered on her neck. "I will place it on my heart, a shield to protect me against the swords and balls of the enemy." He drew his keenedged dagger from its sheath. "Ill weapon for so gentle a deed," he said, severing the lock, and at the same moment many drops of blood fell fast on the fair arm of the lady. He answered her fearful inquiries by showing a gash he had awkwardly inflicted on his left hand. First he insisted on securing his prize, and then he permitted her to bind his wound, which she did half laughing, half in sorrow, winding round his hand a riband loosened from her own arm. "Now farewell," he cried; "I must ride twenty miles ere dawn, and the descending Bear shows that midnight is past." His descent was difficult, but he achieved it happily, and the stave of a song, whose soft sounds rose like the smoke of incense from an altar, from the dell below, to her impatient ear, assured her of his safety.

As is always the case when an account is gathered

from an eye-witness, I never could ascertain the exact date of these events. They occurred however while Murat was king of Naples, and when he raised his Italian regiments, Count Eboli, as aforesaid, became a junior officer in them, and served with much distinction; though I cannot name either the country or the battle in which he acted so conspicuous a part, that he was on the spot promoted to a troop.

Not long after this event, and while he was stationed in the north of Italy, Gioacchino, sending for him to head-quarters late one evening, intrusted him with a confidential mission, across a country occupied by the enemy's troops, to a town possessed by the French. It was necessary to undertake the expedition during the night, and he was expected to return on that succeeding the following day. The king himself gave him his despatches and the word; and the noble youth, with modest firmness, protested that he would succeed, or die, in the fulfilment of his trust.

It was already night, and the crescent moon was low in the west, when Count Ferdinando Eboli, mounting his favourite horse, at a quick gallop cleared the streets of the town; and then, following the directions given him, crossed the country among the fields planted with vines, carefully avoiding the main road. It was a beauteous and still night; calm, and sleep, occupied the earth; war, the bloodhound, slumbered; the spirit of love alone had life at that silent hour. Exulting in the hope of glory, our young hero commenced his journey, and visions of aggrandizement and love formed his reveries. A distant sound roused him; he checked his horse and listened; voices approached; when recognising the speech of a German, he turned from the path he was following, to a still straiter way. But again the tone of an enemy was heard, and the trampling of horses. Eboli did not hesitate; he dismounted, tied his steed to a tree, and, skirting along the enclosure of the field, trusted to escape thus unobserved. He succeeded after an hour's painful progress, and arrived on the borders of a stream, which, as the boundary between two states, was the mark of his having finally escaped danger. Descending the steep bank of the river, which, with his horse, he might perhaps have forded, he now prepared to swim. He held his despatch in one hand, threw away his cloak, and was about to plunge into the water, when from under the dark shade of the argine, which had concealed them, he was suddenly arrested by unseen hands, cast on the ground, bound, gagged and blinded, and then placed in a little boat, which was sculled with infinite rapidity down the stream.

There seemed so much of premeditation in the act that it baffled conjecture, yet he must believe himself a pri-

soner to the Austrian. While, however, he still vainly reflected, the boat was moored, he was lifted out, and the change of atmosphere made him aware that they entered some house. With extreme care and celerity, yet in the utmost silence, he was stripped of his clothes, and two rings he wore, drawn from his fingers; other habiliments were thrown over him; and then no departing footstep was audible: but soon he heard the splash of a single oar, and he felt himself alone. He lay perfectly unable to move; the only relief his captor or captors had afforded him being the exchange of the gag for a tightly bound handkerchief. For hours he thus remained, with a tortured mind, bursting with rage, impatience, and disappointment; now writhing, as well as he could, in his endeavours to free himself, now still, in despair. His despatches were taken away, and the period was swiftly passing when he could by his presence have remedied in some degree this evil. The morning dawned; and though the full glare of the sun could not visit his eyes, he felt it play upon his limbs. As the day advanced, hunger preyed on him, and though amidst the visitation of mightier, he at first disdained this minor, evil; towards evening, it became, in spite of himself, the predominant sensation. Night approached, and the fear that he should remain, and even starve, in this unvisited solitude had more than once thrilled through his frame, when feminine voices and a child's gay laugh met his ear. He heard persons enter the apartment, and he was asked in his native language, while the ligature was taken from his mouth, the cause of his present situation. He attributed it to banditti: his bonds were quickly cut, and his banded eves restored to sight. It was long before he recovered himself. Water brought from the stream, however, was some refreshment, and by degrees he resumed the use of his senses, and saw that he was in a dilapidated shepherd's cot; with no one near him save the peasant girl and a child who had liberated him. They rubbed his ankles and wrists, and the little fellow offered him some bread, and eggs; after which refreshment, and an hour's repose, Ferdinando felt himself sufficiently restored to revolve his adventure in his mind, and to determine on the conduct he was to pursue.

He looked at the dress which had been given him in exchange for that which he had worn. It was of the plainest and meanest description. Still no time was to be lost; and he felt assured that the only step he could take was to return with all speed to the head-quarters of the Neapolitan army, and inform the king of his disasters and his loss.

It were long to follow his backward steps, and to tell all of indignation and disappointment that swelled his heart. He walked painfully but resolutely all night, and by three in the morning entered the town where Gioacchino then was. He was challenged by the sentinels; he gave the word confided to him by Murat, and was instantly made prisoner by the soldiers. He declared to them his name and rank, and the necessity he was under of immediately seeing the king. He was taken to the guard-house, and the officer on duty there listened with contempt to his representations, telling him that Count Ferdinando Eboli had returned three hours before, ordering him to be confined for further examination as a spy. Eboli loudly insisted that some impostor had taken his name; and while he related the story of his capture, another officer came in, who recognised his person; other individuals acquainted with him joined the party; and as the impostor had been seen by none but the officer of the night, his tale gained ground.

A young Frenchman of superior rank, who had orders to attend the king early in the morning, carried a report of what was going forward to Murat himself. The tale was so strange that the king sent for the young Count; and then, in spite of having seen and believed in his counterfeit a few hours before, and having received from him an account of his mission, which had been faithfully executed, the appearance of the youth staggered him, and he commanded the presence of him who, as Count Eboli, had appeared before him a few hours previously.

As Ferdinand stood beside the king, his eye glanced at a large and splendid mirror. His matted hair, his bloodshot eyes, his haggard looks, and torn and mean dress, derogated from the nobility of his appearance; and still less did he appear like the magnificent Count Eboli, when, to his utter confusion and astonishment, his counterfeit stood beside him.

He was perfect in all the outward signs that denoted high birth; and so like him whom he represented, that it would have been impossible to discern one from the other apart. The same chestnut hair clustered on his brow; the sweet and animated hazel eyes were the same; the one voice was the echo of the other. The composure and dignity of the pretender gained the suffrages of those around. When he was told of the strange appearance of another Count Eboli, he laughed in a frank goodhumoured manner, and turning to Ferdinand, said, "You honour me much, in selecting me for your personation; but there are two or three things I like about myself so well, that you must excuse my unwillingness to exchange myself for you." Ferdinand would have answered, but the false Count, with greater haughtiness, turning to the king, said, "Will your majesty decide between us? I cannot bandy words with a fellow of this sort." Irritated by scorn, Ferdinand demanded leave to challenge the pretender; who said, that if the king and

his brother officers did not think that he should degrade himself and disgrace the army by going out with a common vagabond, he was willing to chastise him, even at the peril of his own life. But the king, after a few more questions, feeling assured that the unhappy noble was an impostor, in severe and menacing terms reprehended him for his insolence, telling him that he owed it to his mercy alone that he was not executed as a spy, ordering him instantly to be conducted without the walls of the town, with threats of weighty punishment if he ever dared to subject his impostures to further trial.

It requires a strong imagination, and the experience of much misery, fully to enter into Ferdinand's feelings. From high rank, glory, hope, and love, he was hurled to utter beggary and disgrace. The insulting words of his triumphant rival, and the degrading menaces of his so lately gracious sovereign, rang in his ears; every nerve in his frame writhed with agony. But, fortunately for the endurance of human life, the worst misery in early youth is often but a painful dream, which we cast off when slumber quits our eyes. After a struggle with intolerable anguish, hope and courage revived in his heart. His resolution was quickly made. He would return to Naples, relate his story to the Marchese Spina, and through his influence obtain at least an impartial hearing from the king. It was not, however, in his peculiar

situation, an easy task to put his determination into effect. He was penniless; his dress bespoke poverty; he had neither friend nor kinsman near, but such as would behold in him the most impudent of swindlers. Still his courage did not fail him. The kind Italian soil, in the autumnal season now advanced, furnished him with chestnuts, arbutus berries, and grapes. He took the most direct road over the hills, avoiding towns, and indeed every habitation; travelling principally in the night, when, except in cities, the officers of government had retired from their stations. How he succeeded in getting from one end of Italy to the other it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that, after the interval of a few weeks, he presented himself at the Villa Spina.

With considerable difficulty he obtained admission to the presence of the Marchese, who received him standing, with an inquiring look, not at all recognising the noble youth. Ferdinand requested a private interview, for there were several visiters present. His voice startled the Marchese, who complied, taking him into another apartment. Here Ferdinand disclosed himself, and, with rapid and agitated utterance, was relating the history of his misfortunes, when the tramp of horses was heard, the great bell rang, and a domestic announced "Count Ferdinando Eboli." "It is himself," cried the youth, turning pale. The words were strange, and they

appeared still more so, when the person announced entered; the perfect semblance of the young noble, whose name he assumed, as he had appeared, when last, at his departure, he trod the pavement of the hall. He inclined his head gracefully to the baron, turning with a glance of some surprise, but more disdain, towards Ferdinand, exclaiming, "Thou here!"

Ferdinand drew himself up to his full height. In spite of fatigue, ill fare, and coarse garments, his manner was full of dignity. The Marchese looked at him fixedly, and started as he marked his proud mien, and saw in his expressive features the very face of Eboli. But again he was perplexed when he turned and discerned, as in a mirror, the same countenance reflected by the new comer, who underwent this scrutiny somewhat impatiently. In brief and scornful words, he told the Marchese that this was a second attempt in the intruder to impose himself as Count Eboli; that the trick had failed before, and would again; adding, laughing, that it was hard to be brought to prove himself to be himself, against the assertion of a briccone, whose likeness to him, and matchless impudence, were his whole stock in trade.

"Why, my good fellow," continued he, sneeringly, "you put me out of conceit with myself, to think that one, apparently so like me, should get on no better in the world."

The blood mounted into Ferdinand's cheeks on his enemy's bitter taunts; with difficulty he restrained himself from closing with his foe, while the words "traitorous impostor!" burst from his lips. The baron commanded the fierce youth to be silent, and, moved by a look that he remembered to be Ferdinand's, he said, gently, "By your respect for me, I adjure you to be patient; fear not but that I will deal impartially." Then turning to the pretended Eboli, he added that he could not doubt but that he was the true Count, and asked excuse for his previous indecision. At first the latter appeared angry, but at length he burst into a laugh, and then, apologizing for his ill breeding, continued laughing heartily at the perplexity of the Marchese. It is certain, his gayety gained more credit with his auditor than the indignant glances of poor Ferdinand. The false Count then said that, after the king's menaces, he had entertained no expectation that the farce was to be played over again. He had obtained leave of absence, of which he profited to visit his future father-in-law, after having spent a few days in his own palazzo at Naples. Until now Ferdinand had listened silently with a feeling of curiosity, anxious to learn all he could of the actions and motives of his rival; but at these last words he could no longer contain himself. "What!" cried he, "hast thou usurped my place in my own father's house, and dared

assume my power in my ancestral halls?" A gush of tears overpowered the youth; he hid his face in his hands. Fierceness and pride lit up the countenance of the pretender. "By the eternal God and the sacred cross, I swear," he exclaimed, "that palace is my father's palace; those halls the halls of my ancestors!" Ferdinand looked up with surprise; "And the earth opens not," he said, "to swallow the perjured man." He then, at the call of the Marchese, related his adventures, while scorn mantled on the features of his rival. The Marchese, looking at both, could not free himself from doubt. He turned from one to the other: in spite of the wild and disordered appearance of poor Ferdinand, there was something in him that forbade his friend to condemn him as the impostor; but then it was utterly impossible to pronounce such the gallant and noble-looking youth, who could only be acknowledged as the real Count by the disbelief of the other's tale. The Marchese, calling an attendant, sent for his fair daughter. "This decision," said he, "shall be made over to the subtle judgment of a woman, and the keen penetration of one who loves." Both the youths now smiled—the same smile; the same expression—that, of anticipated triumph. The Baron was more perplexed than ever.

Adalinda had heard of the arrival of Count Eboli, and entered, resplendent in youth and happiness. She

turned quickly towards him who resembled most the person she expected to see; when a well-known voice pronounced her name, and she gazed aghast on the double appearance of her lover. Her father, taking her hand, briefly explained the mystery, and bade her assure herself which was her affianced husband.

- "Signorina," said Ferdinand, "disdain me not because I appear before you thus in disgrace and misery. Your love, your goodness will restore me to prosperity and happiness."
- "I know not by what means," said the wondering girl, "but surely you are Count Eboli."
- "Adalinda," said the rival youth, "waste not your words on a villain. Lovely and deceived one, I trust, trembling I say it, that I can with one word assure you that I am Eboli."
- "Adalinda," said Ferdinand, "I placed the nuptial ring on your finger; before God your vows were given to me."

The false Count approached the lady, and bending one knee, took from his heart a locket, enclosing hair tied with a green riband, which she recognised to have worn, and pointed to a slight scar on his left hand.

Adalinda blushed deeply, and turning to her father, said, motioning towards the kneeling youth,

"He is Ferdinand."

All protestations now from the unhappy Eboli were vain. The Marchese would have cast him into a dungeon; but, at the earnest request of his rival, he was not detained, but thrust ignominiously from the villa. The rage of a wild beast newly chained was less than the tempest of indignation that now filled the heart of Ferdinand. Physical suffering, from fatigue and fasting, was added to his internal anguish; for some hours madness, if that were madness which never forgets its ill, possessed him. In a tumult of feelings there was one predominant idea; it was, to take possession of his father's house, and to try, by ameliorating the fortuitous circumstances of his lot, to gain the upper hand of his adversary. He expended his remaining strength in reaching Naples, entered his family palace, and was received and acknowledged by his astonished domestics.

One of his first acts was to take from a cabinet a miniature of his father encircled with jewels, and to invoke the aid of the paternal spirit. Refreshment and a bath restored him to some of his usual strength; and he looked forward with almost childish delight to one night to be spent in peace under the roof of his father's house. This was not permitted. Ere midnight the great bell sounded: his rival entered as master, with the Marchese Spina. The result may be divined. The Marchese appeared more indignant than the false Eboli. He in-

sisted that the unfortunate youth should be imprisoned. The portrait, whose setting was costly, found on him, proved him guilty of robbery. He was given into the hands of the police, and thrown into a dungeon. I will not dwell on the subsequent scenes. He was tried by the tribunal, condemned as guilty, and sentenced to the galleys for life.

On the eve of the day when he was to be removed from the Neapolitan prison to work on the roads in Calabria, his rival visited him in his dungeon. For some moments both looked at the other in silence. The impostor gazed on the prisoner with mingled pride and compassion: there was evidently a struggle in his heart. The answering glance of Ferdinand was calm, free, and dignified. He was not resigned to his hard fate, but he disdained to make any exhibition of despair to his cruel and successful foe. A spasm of pain seemed to wrench the bosom of the false one; and he turned aside, striving to recover the hardness of heart which had hitherto supported him in the prosecution of his guilty enterprise. Ferdinand spoke first.

"What would the triumphant criminal with his innocent victim?"

His visitant replied haughtily, "Do not address such epithets to me, or I leave you to your fate: I am that which I say I am."

"To me this boast!" cried Ferdinand, scornfully; "but perhaps these walls have ears."

"Heaven, at least, is not deaf," said the deceiver; "favouring Heaven, which knows and admits my claim. But a truce to this idle discussion. Compassion—a distaste to see one so very like myself in such ill condition—a foolish whim, perhaps, on which you may congratulate yourself—has led me hither. The bolts of your dungeon are drawn; here is a purse of gold; fulfil one easy condition, and you are free."

"And that condition?"

"Sign this paper."

He gave to Ferdinand a writing, containing a confession of his imputed crimes. The hand of the guilty youth trembled as he gave it; there was confusion in his mien, and a restless uneasy rolling of his eye. Ferdinand wished in one mighty word, potent as lightning, loud as thunder, to convey his burning disdain of this proposal: but expression is weak, and calm is more full of power than storm. Without a word he tore the paper in two pieces, and threw them at the feet of his enemy.

With a sudden change of manner his visitant conjured him in voluble and impetuous terms to comply. Ferdinand answered only by requesting to be left alone. Now and then a half word broke uncontrollably from

his lips; but he curbed himself. Yet he could not hide his agitation when, as an argument to make him yield, the false Count assured him that he was already married to Adalinda. Bitter agony thrilled poor Ferdinand's frame; but he preserved a calm mien, and an unaltered resolution. Having exhausted every menace and every persuasion, his rival left him, the purpose for which he came unaccomplished. On the morrow, with many others, the refuse of mankind, Count Ferdinando Eboli was led in chains to the unwholesome plains of Calabria, to work there at the roads.

I must hurry over some of the subsequent events; for a detailed account of them would fill volumes. The assertion of the usurper of Ferdinand's right, that he was already married to Adalinda, was, like all else he said, false. The day was, however, fixed for their union, when the illness and the subsequent death of the Marchese Spina delayed its celebration. Adalinda retired, during the first months of mourning, to a castle belonging to her father not far from Arpino, a town of the kingdom of Naples, in the midst of the Apennines, about fifty miles from the capital. Before she went, the deceiver tried to persuade her to consent to a private marriage. He was probably afraid that, in the long interval that was about to ensue before he could secure her, she would discover his imposture. Besides, a

rumour had gone abroad that one of the fellow-prisoners of Ferdinand, a noted bandit, had escaped, and that the young Count was his companion in flight. Adalinda, however, refused to comply with her lover's entreaties, and retired to her seclusion with an old aunt, who was blind and deaf, but an excellent duenna.

The false Eboli seldom visited his mistress; but he was a master in his art, and subsequent events showed that he must have spent all his time disguised in the vicinity of the castle. He contrived by various means, unsuspected at the moment, to have all Adalinda's servants changed for creatures of his own; so that, without her being aware of the restraint, she was, in fact, a prisoner in her own house. It is impossible to say what first awakened her suspicions concerning the deception put upon her. She was an Italian, with all the habitual quiescence and lassitude of her countrywomen in the ordinary routine of life, and with all their energy and passion when roused. The moment the doubt darted into her mind, she resolved to be assured; a few questions relative to scenes that had passed between poor Ferdinand and herself sufficed for this. They were asked so suddenly and pointedly that the pretender was thrown off his guard; he looked confused, and stammered in his Their eyes met, he felt that he was detected, and she saw that he perceived her now confirmed suspicions. A look such as is peculiar to an impostor, a glance that deformed his beauty, and filled his usually noble countenance with the hideous lines of cunning and cruel triumph, completed her faith in her own discernment. "How," she thought, "could I have mistaken this man for my own gentle Eboli?" Again their eyes met: the peculiar expression of his terrified her, and she hastily quitted the apartment.

Her resolution was quickly formed. It was of no use to attempt to explain her situation to her old aunt. She determined to depart immediately for Naples, throw herself at the feet of Gioacchino, and to relate and obtain credit for her strange history. But the time was already lost when she could have executed this design. The contrivances of the deceiver were complete—she found herself a prisoner. Excess of fear gave her boldness, if not courage. She sought her jailor. A few minutes before, she had been a young and thoughtless girl, docile as a child, and as unsuspecting. Now she felt as if she had suddenly grown old in wisdom, and that the experience of years had been gained in that of a few seconds.

During their interview, she was wary and firm; while the instinctive power of innocence over guilt gave majesty to her demeanour. The contriver of her ills for a moment cowered beneath her eye. At first he would by no means allow that he was not the person he pretended to be: but the energy and eloquence of truth bore down his artifice, so that, at length driven into a corner, he turned—a stag at bay. Then it was her turn to quail; for the superior energy of a man gave him the mastery. He declared the truth. He was the elder brother of Ferdinand, a natural son of the old Count Eboli. His mother, who had been wronged, never forgave her injurer, and bred her son in deadly hate for his parent, and a belief that the advantages enjoyed by his more fortunate brother were rightfully his own. His education was rude; but he had an Italian's subtle talents, swiftness of perception, and guileful arts.

"It would blanch your cheek," he said to his trembling auditress, "could I describe all that I have suffered to achieve my purpose. I would trust to none—I executed all myself. It was a glorious triumph, but due to my perseverance and my fortitude, when I and my usurping brother stood, I, the noble, he, the degraded outcast, before our sovereign."

Having rapidly detailed his history, he now sought to win the favourable ear of Adalinda, who stood with averted and angry looks. He tried by the varied shows of passion and tenderness to move her heart. Was he not, in truth, the object of her love? Was it not he who scaled her balcony at Villa Spina? He recalled scenes of mutual overflow of feeling to her mind, thus urging

arguments the most potent with a delicate woman: pure blushes tinged her cheek, but horror of the deceiver predominated over every other sentiment. He swore that as soon as they should be united he would free Ferdinand, and bestow competency, nay, if so she willed it, half his possessions, on him. She coldly replied, that she would rather share the chains of the innocent and misery, than link herself with imposture and crime. She demanded her liberty, but the untamed and even ferocious nature that had borne the deceiver through his career of crime now broke forth, and he invoked fearful imprecations on his head, if she ever quitted the castle except as his wife. His look of conscious power and unbridled wickedness terrified her; her flashing eyes spoke abhorrence: it would have been far easier for her to have died than have yielded the smallest point to a man who made her feel for one moment his irresistible power, arising from her being an unprotected woman, wholly in his hands. She left him, feeling as if she had just escaped from the impending sword of an assassin.

One hour's deliberation suggested to her a method of escape from her terrible situation. In a wardrobe at the castle lay in their pristine gloss the habiliments of a page of her mother, who had died suddenly, leaving these unworn relics of his station. Dressing herself in these, she tied up her dark shining hair, and even, with a somewhat

bitter feeling, girded on the slight sword that appertained to the costume. Then, through a private passage leading from her own apartment to the chapel of the castle, she glided with noiseless steps, long after the Ave Maria, sounded at twenty-four o'clock, on a November night, had given token that half an hour had passed since the setting of the sun. She possessed the key of the chapel door-it opened at her touch; she closed it behind her, and she was free. The pathless hills were around her, the starry heavens above, and a cold wintry breeze murmured around the castle walls; but fear of her enemy conquered every other fear, and she tripped lightly on, in a kind of ecstasy, for many a long hour over the stony mountain path-she, who had never before walked more than a mile or two at any time in her life,-till her feet were blistered, her slight shoes cut through, her way utterly lost. At morning's dawn she found herself in the midst of the wild ilex-covered Apennines, neither habitation nor human being apparent.

She was hungry and weary. She had brought gold and jewels with her; but here were no means of exchanging these for food. She remembered stories of banditti; but none could be so ruffian-like and cruel as him from whom she fled. This thought, a little rest, and a draught of water from a pure mountain-spring, restored her to some portion of courage, and she continued her journey.

Noonday approached; and, in the south of Italy, the noonday sun, when unclouded, even in November, is oppressively warm, especially to an Italian woman, who never exposes herself to its beams. Faintness came over her. There appeared recesses in the mountain-side along which she was travelling, grown over with bay and arbutus: she entered one of these, there to repose. It was deep, and led to another that opened into a spacious cavern lighted from above: there were cates, grapes, and a flagon of wine, on a rough hewn table. She looked fearfully around, but no inhabitant appeared. She placed herself at the table, and, half in dread, ate of the food presented to her, and then sat, her elbow on the table, her head resting on her little snow-white hand; her dark hair shading her brow and clustering round her throat. An appearance of languor and fatigue diffused through her attitude, while her soft black eyes filled at intervals with large tears, as pitving herself, she recurred to the cruel circumstances of her lot. Her fanciful but elegant dress, her feminine form, her beauty and her grace, as she sat pensive and alone in the rough unhewn cavern, formed a picture a poet would describe with delight, an artist love to paint.

"She seemed a being of another world; a scraph, all light and beauty; a Ganymede, escaped from his thrall above to his natal Ida. It was long before I recognised,

looking down on her from the opening hill, my lost Adalinda." Thus spoke the young Count Eboli, when he related this story; for its end was as romantic as its commencement.

When Ferdinando had arrived a galley-slave in Calabria, he found himself coupled with a bandit, a brave fellow, who abhorred his chains, from love of freedom, as much as his fellow-prisoner did, from all the combination of disgrace and misery they brought upon him. Together they devised a plan of escape, and succeeded in effecting it. On their road, Ferdinand related his story to the outlaw, who encouraged him to hope a favourable turn of fate; and meanwhile invited and persuaded the desperate man to share his fortunes as a robber among the wild hills of Calabria.

The cavern where Adalinda had taken refuge was one of their fastnesses, whither they betook themselves at periods of imminent danger for safety only, as no booty could be collected in that unpeopled solitude; and there, one afternoon, returning from the chase, they found the wandering, fearful, solitary, fugitive girl; and never was lighthouse more welcome to tempest-tost sailor than was her own Ferdinand to his lady-love.

Fortune, now tired of persecuting the young noble, favoured him still further. The story of the lovers interested the bandit chief, and promise of reward secured

him. Ferdinand persuaded Adalinda to remain one night in the cave, and on the following morning they prepared to proceed to Naples; but at the moment of their departure they were surprised by an unexpected visitant: the robbers brought in a prisoner—it was the impostor. Missing on the morrow her who was the pledge of his safety and success, but assured that she could not have wandered far, he despatched emissaries in all directions to seek her; and himself, joining in the pursuit, followed the road she had taken, and was captured by these lawless men, who expected rich ransom from one whose appearance denoted rank and wealth. When they discovered who their prisoner was, they generously delivered him up into his brother's hands.

Ferdinand and Adalinda proceeded to Naples. On their arrival, she presented herself to Queen Caroline; and, through her, Murat heard with astonishment the device that had been practised on him. The young Count was restored to his honours and possessions, and within a few months afterwards was united to his betrothed bride.

The compassionate nature of the Count and Countess led them to interest themselves warmly in the fate of Ludovico, whose subsequent career was more honourable but less fortunate. At the intercession of his relative, Gioacchino permitted him to enter the army, where he

distinguished himself, and obtained promotion. The brothers were at Moscow together, and mutually assisted each other during the horrors of the retreat. At one time overcome by drowsiness, the mortal symptom resulting from excessive cold, Ferdinand lingered behind his comrades; but Ludovico refusing to leave him, dragged him on in spite of himself, till, entering a village, food and fire restored him, and his life was saved. On another evening, when wind and sleet added to the horror of their situation, Ludovico, after many ineffective struggles, slid from his horse lifeless; Ferdinand was at his side, and, dismounting, endeavoured by every means in his power to bring back pulsation to his stagnant blood. His comrades went forward, and the young Count was left alone with his dying brother in the white boundless waste. Once Ludovico opened his eyes and recognised him; he pressed his hand, and his lips moved to utter a blessing as he died. At that moment the welcome sounds of the enemy's approach roused Ferdinand from the despair into which his dreadful situation plunged him. He was taken prisoner, and his life was thus saved. When Napoleon went to Elba, he, with many others of his countrymen, was liberated, and returned to Naples.

THE GHOST STORY.

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape."

HAMLET.

"Do, my dear George," said the Honourable Frank Bromley to his brother officer, Major Harford, "turn into Jarrin's, and avoid that greatest of bores, O'Reilly, who I see making his way here, with all convenient speed."

"Willingly, Frank; but why not cut the Goth at once, instead of flying him like a dun, sheriff's officer, or boa constrictor; which three things, in my opinion, Linnæus should have classed together as belonging to the same genus."

"So I would, but you must remember how glad I was to avail myself of his father's civilities, and the excellent sport his moors afforded me during my residence in Ireland."

"Both excellent reasons; but our ruse has had no

effect; for here he comes, to give zest to our eau framboisée with his voluble Hibernian accent."

"Good morning to ye, Bromley, my boy! Is it well ye are, Major Harford?—Hav'n't seen my brown dog Pluto, any where?—You recollect Pluto, Bromley?—och, and he's a bright dog for a cock, or maybe a snipe, let alone the grouse."

For some time, he continued in this strain, finishing his extraordinary melange of ideas by asking his luckless auditors to accompany him to a chop dinner at the Piazza Coffee House, and thence to adjourn to Covent Garden to see Fanny Kemble:—a bright idea, as he well knew Bromley had a private box there, to which he imagined he would by this means get an invitation.

"Merci, mon ami! I regret I cannot avail myself of your kind offer," said Bromley, "but I'm off to my sporting-box in Cumberland. By the by, if you are ever down in that part of the world, I shall be glad to see you.—Did that well, eh! Harford?—now, let's be off."

Scarce a month had elapsed, when, in the midst of dinner, one of the numerous party assembled at Bromley's house exclaimed, "What strange-looking vehicle is that coming up the avenue?"

"It can't be O'Reilly," said Harford.

"Heaven forefend!" said Bromley; "he surely would

not come all this way on such a cursory and general invitation as I gave him."

Slowly toiled to the door the gig, or, more properly speaking, the jaunting-car, drawn by a most wearied and miserable animal, ycleped a horse, and in it O'Reilly, who at last jumped out of the crazy vehicle, and emerging from a series of great coats, eagerly shook Bromley by the hand.

"Sorry, my dear boy, I'm so late, but my baste is none of the best, and has been nearly five hours coming the last forty miles, without mentioning he had a bite and sup on the road, which is more than his master got, the divil."

"Glad to see ye," muttered Bromley; "but I fear you'll be badly off for lodging, for every room in the house is full."

"Nivir mind, boy, nivir mind, it isn't an O'Reilly's son I'd be, if I was particular in those petty agraments (petits agrémens) as they used to call them in Aix-la-Chapelle."

"Well, we'll see what can be done for you in the way of chamber, though I much doubt my success," said Bromley; and having led his unexpected guest into his own dressing-room, he rejoined the dinner party, by whom he was assailed by a volley of queries respecting the extraordinary Emeralder. "I wish I could get rid of him," thought Bromley. "Ecod, if an uncomfortable room can effect it, he shall have the one Patty Larkins, the gardener's wife, died in, and which has not been used since her death. Loder," turning to the butler, "let the upper attic be got ready for Mr. O'Reilly as soon as possible."

O'Reilly soon after this order made his appearance, and, dinner over, commenced trying to amuse the company by reciting some of the legendary tales of his native isle; and ghost story succeeded ghost story, till the lateness of the hour induced them to retire to their respective rooms.

"What an inveterate bore that O'Reilly is," whispered young Williamson, of his majesty's 20th regiment, to Bromley, as they were parting in the passage.

"Ha! ha! Williamson, you did not like his occupying so much of Margaret Seymour's attention when she seemed to prefer the horribles of O'Reilly to the soft insidious nothings of a certain cornet who shall be nameless: but, however, make your mind asy, as they say in Ireland; I do not think we shall be bored with him long: and now, with this soothing balm to your agitated feelings, bon soir."

"Bong swore" resounded through the passage responsively from O'Reilly, who imagining that the valediction was of course intended for him, was anxious to show he

had been abroad. Then, satisfied with having displayed his knowledge of foreign languages, he ascended the narrow staircase, and, with some little difficulty, discovered his dormitory.

"Faith!" soliloquized our hero, "it's a mighty quare place Master Bromley has popped me into. He always said I was a divil to drink; and more by token, I spose, he thought, should enjoy a draught; as scarce a bit will the door keep shut, and sorrow a pane of glass is there in the window, barring the three there stuffed with straw to keep the wind out—bad luck to it!"

Chuckling at his pun, nearly as wretched as the apartment, he betook himself to his couch; but though an O'Reilly, and accustomed to rough it, he found it no easy matter to sleep; as, besides the gusts of wind and the pattering rain on the slates close to his head, his ears were regaled by the love strains of a black tabby cat (on whom he afterwards wreaked his vengeance), and the barkaroles of certain juveniles of the canicular species, kept in durance vile in the stable below.

Pondering on how he might procure next night a less detestable room, he fell asleep; but was aroused, as he afterwards related, by an extraordinary circumstance, which will be found in the sequel.

O'Reilly appeared on the following morning, an altered being: pale and haggard, from the restless night he had passed, he gravely saluted the party at the breakfast table, and seating himself at the furthest end of it, seemed wrapt in a profound reverie.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Reilly," said the sylphlike Miss Seymour, as she gaily tripped by our lugubrious friend. "Why, how doleful you look! almost as if one of your Hibernian sprites had appeared to you last night, after your long disquisition on them, and bewitched you."

O'Reilly looked up a moment, and a cold shudder seemed to pervade his frame, and he hastily left the room.

Bromley met him at the door, and, struck by his unusual manner, followed him into an adjoining apartment. After much pressing and difficulty, he at length elicited the following *historiette* from his guest.

"It was sleeping I was," said O'Reilly, "in the soundest manner, when I heard the big clock there strike, and at the same time there was a divil of a clattering in the room. Faith, and says I, it's an Irish jig the rats are dancing, any how; and I sat up in my bed with the thought, if I could find a thrifle of a stick any where, I'd play them a tune; when, barrin picturs, I never saw the like of thou! There was a female cratur (the squintin divil!) staring straight at me, and saying, 'O'Reilly, is it awake ye are?'

"'Plase your ladyship's reverence, says I (the divil fly away wid ye!) it's staring awake I am, but I can't exactly consave the reason of your visitation at all at all;' upon which she turns her face a wee bit on one side, and said——Och! and it won't be to-morrow I'll forget what she said! But she tould me to keep it secret, and therefore it's the end of my tale you are come to, Bromley dear;" and having said this, the son of Erin stalked away, looking, if possible, more lugubrious and doleful than before.

Bromley having in vain essayed to elucidate the remainder of O'Reilly's adventure, returned to the party at breakfast, to whom he related as much as he had heard of it; the result of which was, they all determined, if possible, at dinner, to attack O'Reilly, and make him, by repeated solicitations, disclose what was the finale of his nocturnal visitant's speech.

No opportunity, however, presented itself at dinner; but afterwards, when the gentlemen had adjourned to the drawing-room, Miss Seymour called to O'Reilly, and begged he would finish the story of the apparition which appeared to Lady Tyrone, the recital of which was interrupted the evening before by the party breaking up.

O'Reilly complied with her request, though evidently pained at being obliged to touch on such a topic; but, the story told, still was the fair lady dissatisfied, and, accordingly, began to rally him unmercifully respecting

the secret he withheld from Bromley, tormenting him to reveal it with all the usual feminine adjurations:

"Now, pray, pray tell me—I will not divulge, upon my word. Oh, if you won't, of course I cannot make you, but I vow, and protest, I will not speak to you again."

"Well, Miss Seymour, it isn't I that would refuse ye any thing, but I will be breaking my promise any how; yet, to plase—let me consider, this is the first—well, on the third morning of this month, it's meself shall disclose to you what it was the quare creature in white said to me."

"Upon my word," cried young Williamson, "you are vastly obliging, Mr. O'Reilly, but I must say your dissertations on ghosts are more fitted for the nursery than the drawing-room, for you cannot imagine any, except children, will seriously listen to such interminable descriptions of what can only exist in fable, and must, assuredly, be laughed at by a well-organized mind."

"Will you kindly fetch my guitar which I left in the library," interrupted the pretty Miss Seymour, anxious to put a stop to the conversation, which she saw did not produce any pleasing effect on the countenance of our Hibernian friend, to whom she turned whilst Williamson went to execute her mandate, and said: "Now, Mr. O'Reilly, I lay my commands on you, not to say any thing in reply to Mr. Williamson on his return."

"Och! and it's asy I'll be to plase you, Miss Seymour dear, more by token as I see it's a thrifle jealous the young man is: but, as I tould Bromley, what I saw last night confirmed my supernatural prejudices, and bold as Mr. Williamson may talk, I question much if he'd like to sleep in my room after what Bromley told me about poor Patty Larkins having made her exit from this world of trouble out of that identical bed."

"Do you hear that, Williamson?" said Bromley to him, as the gallant cornet entered the room, thrumming on the guitar, with its accompanying blue ribbon round his neck, rather deluding himself into the idea he in somewise resembled le vaillant troubadour, "Do you hear that O'Reilly doubts your daring to face the fair intruder of his peaceful slumbers."

"Does he? we'll see that presently. Just touch the bell, Bromley, and order my things to be put in his room. Does he think I am infected with the nonsense he detailed to us this morning."

"Well, well, bon repos," rejoined Bromley, who, having given the order for the changement de locale as Williamson wished, with the rest of the party went to seek what thay had every right to imagine he would be deprived of, namely, a good night's rest.

Of course, all was anxiety next morning, to know whether he had experienced the same ghostly visit as O'Reilly. "Not exactly," responded the gallant cornet,

"though I will say, the idea of poor Patty Larkins's death, coupled with the hour of the night, had more effect on my spirits than I could have conceived. After falling asleep, I awoke, half suffocated by a strong smell of sulphur, accompanied by an extraordinary clattering, apparently produced by some one running wildly round the room, for I heard a rush through the doorway, and the sound continued till it seemed to die away in the corridor.

"The disturbance having ceased, after vainly endeavouring to conjecture its cause, I at length fell asleep again: et me voici, rather more a convert to Mr. O'Reilly's ideas than I was yesterday evening."

"There must be some deception in this," said the usually silent, but gifted Mr. Brinsdell; "with Mr. O'Reilly's permission, I'll sleep in his room to-night, and if trick there be, we betide the author of it!"

O'Reilly having consented to this arrangement, Brinsdell accordingly occupied the apartment that night.

The following morning (which was, by the by, the third of the month,) he stated, that except being inconvenienced by the coldness of the chamber, he had heard or seen nothing, save the rats, to disturb his repose.

During this recital, in comes our friend O'Reilly, muffled up as on his first appearance, the servant announcing, at the same time, "Mr. O'Reilly's carriage quite ready." Having bid the party adieu, he had just reached the hall-door, when he heard the silvery tones (as he called them) of Miss Seymour.

"Apropos, Mr. O'Reilly; your promise, your promise. This is the third day of the month, and you cannot, as a gentleman of honour, quit the house, without disclosing the purport of the advice of La Dame Blanche."

"As I told Bromley," rejoined the Hibernian, "it was sound asleep I was, when I heard a voice saying, 'O'Reilly, O'Reilly! is it awake ye are?' 'Throth, and,' says I, 'it's staring awake I am; and a beautiful creature ye are' (thinking a taste of flattery would do no harm, any how). 'O'Reilly,' says she, 'it's I that am come with a gift for ye.' 'Are ye,' says I, sittin boult upright in mee bed, 'then tell me yere name, ye darlin, for sorrow a thing, since my residence in this country, have I had given me, barrin thumps and advice.' 'It's just the latter,' said the white cratur to me, 'I'm come to give, and deil a thing else. Imagination's my name; it's in Ireland I chiefly reside, and my advice to you is, whenever you get popped into a room, uncomfortable, like this same, invint a ghost story; and, my conscience on it, it's fools enough ye'll be after finding, ready to occupy it, whilst you sleep asily in their beds the while, without any disturbation at all, at all, O'Reilly, dear.' Wid that, it's the last I saw of her."

"But, Mr. O'Reilly, tell me (as he put his foot on the iron step of the car) how do you account for what happened to Mr. Williamson respecting the clattering, &c.?"

"Och! Miss Saymour, dear, and it's no great secret. A black cat with a walnut-shell to each foot of her, and a thrifle (just the laste bit in the world) of my cigartinder tied to the tail of it, makes the divil's own hubbub when let into a room, without mentioning to it the why or the wherefore, and like a Christian in the same predicament, makes it run to the door with the speed of light." And then, with "Toojors a voo mon ange," our Emeralder jumped into his vehicle, and inflicting divers thumps on his Rosinante, he drove away as fast as the unfortunate quadruped could gallop.

"I have a great mind," said young Williamson, who had overheard the *cat*-egorical description given to Miss Seymour, "to ride after him, and inform him I am not the sort of person on whom he should presume to pass practical jokes."

"Pooh! nonsense, my dear fellow," said Bromley, come into the parlour, and take a glass of Marasquin; and whilst discussing that, and our late departed friend, let us acknowledge that he fairly outwitted us with our own weapons. We have no right to grumble, and you should therefore be lenient in your comments on the author of the Ghost Story."

THE LIGHTARY
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CROSSING THE CHOOR MOUNTAIN.

FROM VIEWS IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

BY LIEUT. GEORGE F. WHITE, R. A.

The height of the loftiest peak of this magnificent mountain is ascertained to be twelve thousand one hundred and forty-nine feet above the level of the sea, being the most considerable range south of the Himalaya, between the Sutlej and Jumna rivers. From this commanding position it turns and separates the waters of Hindoostan, the streams rising on the southern and eastern face being forced into the direction of the Pabar, the Giree, the Tonse, and the Jumna, which find their way over the great plain into the Bay of Bengal; while those which have their sources to the north and west are compelled towards the Sutlej and the Indus, and, uniting in the last, pour their waters into the Arabian ocean.

During a considerable part of the year, the Choor is hoary with snow, and in bad weather intense cold may be experienced at the elevation which we had reached, a short distance below the loftiest peak. We here found ourselves in a region of ice; and when the moon came and lit up the scene, we were charmed by the novel effect of the floods of molten silver which shed their soft radiance over the snow. Moonlight, ever beautiful, amid these snowy masses assumes a new and more exquisite charm. The rugged peaks, stern and chilling as they are, lose their awful character, and become brilliant as polished pearl; the trees, covered with icicles, seem formed of some rich spar, and the face of nature being wholly changed, we may fancy that we have reached another world, calm and tranquil, but still and deathlike. The storms, however, which frequently rage and roar through these solitudes, effectually disturb the serenity of the landscape, and frequently the whole scene is enveloped in clouds which, upon some sudden change of the atmosphere, will draw off like a curtain, revealing the cold, bright and pearly region beyond. To be overtaken by a snowstorm in crossing the Choor, proves one of the least agreeable varieties in a tour through these hills.

Hitherto our journey had proceeded very prosperously, but we were not destined to complete it without sustaining considerable inconvenience from inclement skies. While marching rather wearily along, the aspect of the heavens changed, the clouds darkened over our heads,

and presently, down came a heavy storm of hail, which was quickly followed by snow falling fast and thick. On reaching our tents, we found them loaded with snow, which lay several feet in depth upon the ground, while the only wood attainable was not to be procured without great difficulty and toil. There was no fire, consequently no cookery, and the night was passed in a miserably freezing condition. Morning dawned only to show a fresh fall of snow, and the prospect of more, for if the fleecy shower ceased for a few minutes, the change merely developed a sullen, black canopy above, threatening to overwhelm us in its fierce discharge. Loud rose the cries of mutiny in our camp; many were the groans uttered by our followers, the native coolies not scrupling to vent their feelings in words, while our Mohammedan servants, paralysed and aghast at a predicament so new to them, looked unutterable things. As long as the snow lasted, there was no possibility of doing any thing to effect an improvement in our own comfortless condition. patience being the sole resort—and that, it was in vain to expect to teach men dragged against their own consent into so disagreeable a dilemma.

At length we began to fancy that their predictions might be accomplished, and that there was a chance of our being buried in the snow. The wind blew very cold, 228

adding for a time to our sufferings; but presently, about noon, the clouds began to break away, and to reveal patches of blue sky and welcome glimpses of sunshine; in another hour the heavens became clear and glorious, and then we made an attempt to make our situation more comfortable. Persuasion, threats, and tempting promises of reward, at length induced our half-frozen followers to bestir themselves in real earnest. They braced their energies to the encounter, and having procured sufficient fuel, fires again blazed in our camp; and though the cold was still intense, its bitterness was alleviated by the influence of the warm potations which we were now enabled to imbibe. The weather still continuing to improve, we rose in the morning with renovated spirits, and notwithstanding the fierce intensity of the cold, and the difficulties which large masses of snow encumbering our path threw in our way, proceeded vigorously onwards. We were sometimes up to the waist, and frequently knee-deep in snow, which, concealing the danger of a road over rough and rugged blocks of granite, occasionally threatened precipitation into some treacherous abyss, in which life and limb would have been perilled. We ourselves got on tolerably well, but our people, loaded with baggage, lagged far behind, and we were obliged to be content with a sort of canvass awning rather than a tent, only a portion of our usual habitation being forthcoming at night, and to make a scanty meal of tea and hastily-kneaded cakes of flour.

The servants who had accompanied us from the plains looked in these emergencies the very images of despair; they were completely at fault, knowing not what to do in so unaccustomed a difficulty, and feeling perfectly incapacitated from the effects of the frost, which seemed to shoot bolts of ice into their hearts, and to freeze the very current in their veins. It was impossible not to sympathize with them in their distress, as we lay upon the cold ground, and recollected how active these men had been during the burning hot winds, which peeled the skin from our faces, and obliged us to take shelter under the leather aprons of our buggies from the scorching blasts, whilst respiration seemed to be on the very eve of suspension. If we found the cold difficult to endure, how much more sensibly must it affect people who, habituated to heat which affords to Europeans a very lively notion of a dominion which must not be named "to ears polite," bask delightedly in the beams of a sun which heats the earth like a furnace, and to whom, in the most sultry weather, a fire never appears to be unacceptable!

THE OLD BEAU.

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The days we used to laugh, Tom,
At tales of love, and tears of passion;
The bowls we used to quaff, Tom,
In toasting all the toasts in fashion;
The heaths and hills we ranged, Tom,
When limb ne'er fail'd, when step ne'er falter'd;
Alas! how things are changed, Tom,
How we—and all the world are alter'd!

A few scarce-heeded years, Tom,
And you and I were chums at college,
'Mid all our gay compeers, Tom,
Just starting for the goal of knowledge;
And some their race have run, Tom,
And some are ruin'd—some are risen,
And some have had their fun, Tom,
In parliament, and some—in prison.

But you and I, of all, Tom,

Who went in that unclouded weather,
To concert, and to ball, Tom,
In the same coats and cab together,
Retain, alone, our taste, Tom,
('Mid modern men, like monkeys strutting,
Tight-shod, and tighter laced, Tom),
For Hoby's boots, and Stultz's cutting.

The coats of this changed clime, Tom!—
Why, you might just as well compare them
With those of that bright time, Tom,
As us who wore, with those who wear them.
The boots old Hoby made, Tom;
Oh! 'twere a spell to set a-shaking
His buried bones and shade, Tom,
To name them with young Hoby's making.

Ay, these were coats and boots, Tom,
And when shall we behold their equal?
But times have changed with suits, Tom,
First mark the sign, and then the sequel:
Hasn't the climate grown, Tom,
Some ten degrees (or more so) colder?
Haven't the sun and stone, Tom,
That ne'er before felt age, grown older?

The granite, once so strong, Tom,
Of old St. Paul's, begins to crumble;
The snows upon Mont Blanc, Tom,
No longer melt with heat, and tumble;
The very seasons teach, Tom,
The same sad truth—the same dark lesson,
For all may see how each, Tom,
Puts, year by year, a plainer dress on.

The world, I oft suspect, Tom,

Draws near its close; and isn't it better
To die, when no respect, Tom,

Is shown from creditor to debtor?

When tradesfolk make a row, Tom,

A year or two if you delay them,

And often ask you, now, Tom,

With perfect nonchalance, to pay them.

The change is over all, Tom,

And Nature's self hath lost her vigour;

Just mark at any ball, Tom,

The falling off in face and figure;

No gliding minuet's grace, Tom,

But dances fit for low carousers;

No ruffles—no point lace, Tom—

Broad cloth is all—broad cloth and—trousers!

The beauties of our days, Tom!—

Oh! those were eyes of glorious beaming,
One moment of whose gaze, Tom,
Made life thenceforth a lover's dreaming.
We see their daughters now, Tom,
And while a pang our bosom smothers,
We look on each young brow, Tom,
And sigh—" You're nothing to your mothers!"

Out on the graybeard, Time, Tom!

He makes the best turn'd leg grow thinner;

He spares nor sex, nor clime, Tom,

Nor us—the old relentless Sinner!

But come down and be gay, Tom,

At the old Hall, and banish sorrow;

For Jekyll comes to-day, Tom,

And Lady Aldboro' to-morrow.

THE TWO BARONS,

OR THE SPIRITS OF THE MINE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

THERE is a story current in the Black Forest which might be turned into a capital melo-drama, if one knew how to do it. Suppose that I dash down a few notes, just to keep the action in my head. I have already attempted sermons, tales, travels, essays, and poems—at least verses—who knows but I may yet soar to a drama, and get my friend Stanfield to paint the scenes?

The story was told me on the spot it referred to. I was wandering, as usual, alone and on foot, exposing my mind carelessly to external impressions, and gathering in, without examination, what it received, good, bad, and indifferent, just as it came. The scene was a forest, partially cleared in two spots, forming the bounds, at opposite sides, of the visible horizon, which the nature

of the ground rendered very confined. These spots were eminences resembling the Lilliputian "mountains" of the Rhine, and each was surmounted by the ruins of an old castle. On one side, the broken lines of these monuments of the olden time were sketched firmly and yet delicately on the golden sky, where the light of departing day still lingered like a memory; and on the other, the dark mass stood indefinite and dreamlike, resembling a phantom, of whose presence the imagination is conscious, without being able very clearly to separate its outline from the shadows around it. The scene was sufficiently striking to induce the inquiries which drew from a peasant, in whose hut I took up my quarters for the night, the following Mémoires pour servir à un Melo-drame.

Long, long ago, when Europe was yet steeped in her morning twilight, there dwelt in these two castles two rival families. How the rivalry commenced I cannot say, nor is it necessary to inquire. The jarring elements of society had not attained the form of civilization to which we are now accustomed; the People were unborn; the kings were merely the chief nobles; public justice was unknown; and all men governed themselves by that good old rule,

"The simple plan—
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The two families, instead of growing rich, like their neighbours, by robbing those who had any thing to lose, hung upon one another's throats, till they threatened to realize the story of the Kilkenny cats. Their estates wasted away—their lands remained uncultivated—they were overwhelmed with debts—and it seemed tolerably certain that in a very little while longer the houses of Wolfenhausen and Schwartzwald would relax from the struggle out of mere exhaustion, and expire of inanition.

In those days, the women, although they did not take an active part in the private wars that desolated the country, were yet fully as much interested as the men in their event. They were brought up in the hereditary loves and hatreds of the family, and were taught to interweave curses with their earliest prayers. Sometimes it happened, no doubt, that an old feud yielded to policy and expediency, and was terminated by a marriage between the rival houses; but in this case the young lady was a mere political agent. Indeed, to love the enemy of her house, was in general not only morally, but physically out of the question; for unless his head happened to be stuck upon her father's gate by way of a

trophy, she had no opportunity of even looking upon his face.

For instance, the fair Amalia of Schwartzwald had reached her twenty-fifth year without having once set her eyes upon her neighbour's son; and Christian of Wolfenhausen had never seen, even in a dream, the daughter of his enemy. That Amalia had reached so respectable an age, and still

"Sat lonely in her castle hall,"

need not be a matter of wonder, for marriages were managed in the iron age pretty much as they are in ours. The heiress of Schwartzwald was, in fact, only worth her value as a pretty girl, her inheritance demanding more mouths to keep it than it could well feed.

At the age of twenty-five, however, Amalia should not be called merely a pretty girl. It has always surprised me that the romancers and melo-dramatists should pitch upon seventeen or eighteen as the heroic age of woman. Beauty is not a mere physical formation, as they suppose; it is made up of thought, sensation, passion, hope, memory, regret, delight. Till the character is formed, the eyes opened, and the heart unsealed, the girl is only progressing towards beauty. Beauty is womanhood; and its era commences about twenty-five, and extends to——But this is a digression.

Nor was Amalia so much to be pitied for her long spinsterhood, for she loved God's creatures. The first pet was a kitten, and when this grew into a cat, even then she loved it. After puss came a puppy, and then a full-grown dog, and then a horse. The horse died when she was twenty-three, and after drying her eyes, she took up a book, for Amalia was one of the most accomplished young ladies of her time, being able both to read and write. Her heart was vacant; she had time for study, and needed consolation, so she read on. By degrees reading became a pleasure and a habit—her book was the new pet.

In those days the favourite literature treated of alchemy and the other hidden powers of nature; it detailed the process by which gold might be found in the bowels of the mine; and it named, numbered, and described the various spirits whose province it is to keep watch over the hidden treasures of the earth. This was strange reading for a young lady; but Amalia was an enthusiast in her way, and besides, after a time, her studies were made holy by the feelings of a daughter.

Her father waxed poorer and poorer every day; his countenance grew grimmer, and his hair whiter; the knight, indeed, was at that point when long disappointment and exasperation harden into despair. Yet still he kept up his baronial state, so far as outward appearance

went, for to lay this aside, would be to yield to his enemy. The precious wines of the Necker still sparkled on his board, but sparkled only to the eye, without being allowed to cheer the old man's heart. One by one his usual indulgences, and at last even comforts, were laid aside on some hollow pretence, that sounded like a mockery, and Amalia, with a timid look and choked voice, in vain besought her father to taste the morsel which once was dear to his palate.

"Gold, gold!" cried the maiden of Schwartzwald, on such occasions, as she started up suddenly from table, and flew with a bursting heart into her study; "give me but gold, ye spirits that keep the keys of the earth, and—save in aught displeasing to Our Lady—I will be your handmaiden for ever!"

She studied, she pondered, she dreamed. She knew that a vase of Roman coins had actually been found in the neighbourhood by her preceptor, the late Father Gottlieb—and found through the knowledge imparted by his books. This had occurred when she was a child; but well she remembered the glow of enthusiasm which lit up the old man's face, as, turning his eyes towards the spot, he exclaimed—"There are more behind!"

"To what spot?" she demanded in her meditations—
"O that I could find it!"—but here her memory failed

her. She could only conjure up a confused mass of crumbling walls; and the idea occurred to her like a dream, that the good father was angry when he saw her, as he emerged from a small doorway, and chid her away from the spot. Proceeding upon these data, however, she came to the conclusion, that the doorway must have been within the walls of the castle, since she herself had never at that time been without, and that it must have led into some subterranean passage communicating with the forest.

In the middle of the forest, half way between the two castles, she was aware there existed the ruins of a mine, said to have been wrought by the Romans. It was there, no doubt, that Father Gottlieb had found his vase of Roman coins. She even remembered a tradition, that this mine was the original bone of contention between the houses, and a nursery rhyme, which declared that the fate of both lay hidden in its womb. So many sanguinary conflicts had taken place, and so many assassinations been committed, within the fatal precincts, that at length the spot was left to the custody of the demons of the mine; and well did they keep their charge. The place was a desert, sacred even from the footsteps of war. No sound had been heard there for half a century, save the laughter of the goblins, who held their sabbaths

there every stormy night, and no human foot had dared to invade its mysteries—save only that of Father Gottlieb.

If a priest could achieve the adventure, why not a woman? Avarice only could have instigated the holy father; while her motives would be respected by the good angels themselves. Amalia's determination was taken.

While exploring the ruinous parts of the castle, her recollection of the localities returned gradually, being called up by the associations around her; till at length she recognised so distinctly the very spot she was in search of, that she could almost have fancied she saw her late preceptor standing at the little doorway. The timber of the door was by this time decayed, and a few shakes were sufficient to remove the barrier. As it fell down, a hollow sound, resembling a groan, broke upon her ear, and died rumblingly away in the distance. She looked into the aperture: it was as black as night; some hideous faces seemed to grin at her through the darkness, and among them Father Gottlieb, arrayed in white, as she had seen him in his coffin, glided shadowlike through the gloom.

Amalia was in her own room again, and on her knees before a crucifix, before the arrested pulses of her blood could have beat a dozen. In the blessed light of the sun 242

she could be a heroine; but she had not been prepared for darkness. And yet, what was darkness to her more than light? Did she fear spirits, who sought to compel them to her power? She became ashamed of the baby fancies that had peopled the cavern with shadows. It was evidently a subterranean passage communicating with the forest without; hence the gloom that had scared her; hence the groanlike noise of the falling door as the sound echoed through the vault. The next day she provided herself with a lamp, and inserting between the leaves of a missal a paper inscribed with the names of the most famous spirits both of earth and air, and the incantations necessary for summoning their assistance, she set out on her adventure.

The visionary faces were less numerous at this visit of the cavern, although she still saw in the distance the white grave-dress of Father Gottlieb, and heard the foot of the phantom as it paced slowly before her. It is true, she conceived it just possible that the appearance might be only some projecting point of the wall, or roof, touched by the flitting light of her lamp, and the sound nothing more than the echo of her own footsteps; but her heart, nevertheless, beat audibly, a cold perspiration broke upon her brow, and her skin began to creep with cold. She stood still, and looked back. All was dark behind her, as dark as all before. She was, perhaps, in the middle

of the subterranean passage, and might get into the light of day as easily one way as the other—

"Returning wère as tedious as go o'er,"

So on she went.

There is hardly an old castle in Germany, where the ruins of some such subterranean communication are not seen to this day. In several instances they seem to have extended from one castle to another, or from a castle to the neighbouring town; and Amalia, as she proceeded, terrified at the length of the passage, began to think that at the end of it she should find herself in the dungeons of Wolfenhausen. As this idea occurred to her, she saw a small light in the distance, like that of a lamp, and stood still in dismay.

The light was stationary like herself. If held by an enemy he must already have perceived hers, and an attempt to fly would only attract the danger she sought to shun. Was it not more reasonable to suppose it the lamp of one of the goblin miners, whose society she courted? The idea made her skin creep, and yet it fortified her resolution. Gasping for breath, and quaking in every limb, she resumed her journey, with her eyes fixed upon the distant light, as if by the power of fascination.

The light grew larger as she went on, and to her in-

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expressible relief she found that it was the light of day, shining through an opening in the cavern. This opening, however, was in the roof, and altogether inaccessible; while it showed her that a few paces farther, the artificial portion of the passage ended, and a natural vault, or what appeared to her so, commenced. The unhewn stones amidst which she now clambered were piled upon one another in the wildest confusion; sometimes she was obliged to climb to the very roof of the vault, and sometimes to thread her way through a deep and narrow fissure at the bottom, like the bed of some primeval torrent. At length the passage all on a sudden widened, and she found herself in what appeared to her to be the palace of the genii of the mine.

It was partially lighted at the top by some straggling sunbeams darting down here and there through the interstices of the roof; but these only revealed enough to excite the imagination without gratifying the curiosity. The vast area before her seemed to be divided into compartments like the chambers of giants—I say seemed to be, for nothing was distinct. A sombre twilight reigned at the bottom of this abode of mystery, while the rich crystals and stalactites suspended from the roof gave a gorgeous yet grotesque air to the whole scene. Here and there a gulf of black water yawned at the feet of the adventuress. The perpetual plashing of the numerous

drops, as the sound was modified by the substance on which they fell, resembled continuous strains of music, and the rushing of a distant torrent bound the whole up, as it were, into harmony.

Amalia gazed and listened with a delight, mingled with and exalted by awe. She forgot her errand; and, as she stood there motionless on the point of a rock, must have seemed like some enchanted princess of Eastern romance. Suddenly a hollow shout rung in her ears, followed by the noise of a sledge-hammer, and she started, half in joy, half in terror, from her dream. The goblin-miners were at work!

"Tetragrammaton!" cried the heroine—"Sweet Mary, help me!—I call upon thee, Adonai!—Holy saints, if it be a sin!" The hammer stopped, and another wild shout broke from the lips of the demon, and rang through the abysses of the cavern.

"By the name Schernes Amathia!" continued Amalia, in a fainter voice. "By the name Primeammadon, I command thee!—come!—appear!" A roar like thunder shook the mine; its foundation seemed to rend; the colossal walls began to split and rock; and the portion immediately before her tottered over as if it would overwhelm her, and then sank groaning into an abyss at her feet.

Amalia (stunned and terrified). Merciful Mother, I

repent me! O save thine erring child! Where am I? All is changed around me—what a gulf is there!—Blessed saints, it is surely the entrance to the pit of darkness itself!—hark!—was that a voice?

A voice from the gulf. Help, queen of Heaven!

Amalia. The demon mocks me. Shall I answer him again? Come forth! (looking down into the gulf.) Can this be a fiend?—he is like an angel. Come forth!—appear!

Voice. Most blessed and most beautiful! I cannot obey thee. The rock is as smooth as steel; I have no hold for my hand and no purchase for my feet. Fling me but a single hair of thy divine head, and it shall be the cable of my salvation.

Amalia. Hah! is it so? Get thee behind me! If thou art a spirit thou requirest not my assistance.

Voice. And if thou wert the Blessed Virgin thou wouldst know that I am no spirit. But even if the unearthly mistress of the mine (and surely thou canst not be less), forgive my boldness in prying into thy secrets; I sought but a little treasure, and for no bad purpose. Alas! help me, or I sink! my footing gives way—help! help!

Amalia. There, take my hand, while with the other I cling to the rock—but stay. Holy Mary, if it should be a fiend after all! Tell me, what man art thou?

Voice. Quick, or I am gone.

Amalia. What wilt thou give for thy life? (Aside.) If he is a fiend he will promise largely.

Voice. It is a woman, and no spirit. I can give thee nothing but the poor service of my sword. I will be thy knight, and thy upholder against all gainsayers. I will compel the world to worship thy beauty, or fall a martyr to the faith myself.

Amalia. And whose honour dost thou plight for this? Voice. I am Christian of Wolfenhausen.

Amalia. Sacred Heaven! the deadly foe of our house! Out scorpion!—thou who hast stung my father to the death! Perish—for I am Amalia of Schwartzwald!

Voice. Amalia of Schwartzwald!—then my hour is come. By the holy saints, if I had known what nest this ladybird of paradise had risen from, I'd have died like a wolf without a howl! If thou art generous, Amalia, let my father know that I have not perished by the hand of a woman and a foe. Now, farewell.

Amalia. Hold! I must save thee wert thou a fiend! There—(she raises him out of the gulf)—Sir Christian, thou art my knight, and my father's foe.

Christian. Lady Amalia, thou hast bought me with a price; I am the friend of thy friends, the enemy of thy enemies, and thy own true knight.

Two days after this adventure the Baron Schwartzwald was sitting alone in the apartment which now-adays would be termed the study, as it was appropriated to solitary meditation. He was unarmed, and wrapped in a loose gown, but in his black and stern visage one would have read of any thing rather than peace.

"The measure is full," said he aloud, through his clenched teeth; "land and revenue gone, and now my daughter-praised be the saints they have left me room to die! Unhappy girl! child of an unhappy father!if I could but know thy fate!-but it is better as it is; for I would fain retain my senses to the last. And yet how can they have seized her? I have threaded every inch of the subterranean passage, and what was once an open communication with the mine is now sealed up by the fall of the rock. Besides, if they had discovered the passage, instead of stealing a harmless girl, would they not have surprised the castle, and put us all to the sword? Can it be that my infatuated Amalia has come to an ill end through her studies? No woman ever prospered either in this world or the next who understood Latin. On the day she disappeared the earth shook, and a roar filled the air like the laughter of a thousand demons! Well, well-with her my last hold of the world is gone, and to-morrow I shall find both vengeance and a grave." He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of his esquire, who came to announce that a stranger desired to see him.

- " Has he no name?"
- "None that he will disclose."
- "What sort of man is he in person?"
- "A soldierlike man enough, and an old man to boot; but he wears his vizor down."
- "No matter; he is but one—let him enter;" and the baron arranged himself on his chair so as to assume an appearance of dignity, which in more prosperous times he cared nothing about.

The stranger strode into the room, and with scarcely an obeisance, took a vacant seat by the table, to which the other pointed. He then drew off his gloves, flung them carelessly upon the floor, laid down his helmet upon a chest before him, and striking his elbow upon the table, leant his chin upon his clenched hand, and looked the baron in the face. The baron recoiled, but almost imperceptibly; and the only sign which betrayed more than usual emotion was his grasping, as if with the pressure of a vice, the arm of his chair on which his hand rested.

- "Baron of Schwartzwald," said the Baron of Wolfenhausen, "where is my son?"
 - "I demand of thee, rather, where is my daughter?"

"I know not of the maiden, and am not here to trifle. My son is the last branch of my rooftree. If thou hast slain him, although I came not here with thoughts of violence, yet will I spill thy blood upon thy own hearthstone. Nay, start not—my sword is undrawn, and if the youth still lives, it shall remain so. I am in thy power: a single shout, if it did not save thy own life, would sacrifice mine. But I am a desperate man, and have come upon a desperate venture. Restore my son, and name thy terms."

It may be conjectured that the two old men were not long in coming to an understanding. They were not smooth enough either to intend or suspect fraud; and, in the spirit of the time, they at once arrived at the conclusion that their children, who disappeared on the same day, had been spirited away by the goblins of the mine.

The entrance to the cavern on both sides having been completely blocked up by the revolution which the mining operations of Sir Christian had caused, or perhaps only hastened, in the interior, it was necessary to dig an opening through the earth. This was at length effected through the united exertions of the retainers of both houses who had never met before, within the memory of man, except in the field of battle.

When the light of a hundred torches at length streamed into the cavern, the children of the two enemies were

seen seated on the rock; Amalia pale and exhausted from cold and want, and Christian hanging with distracted fondness over her fading form.

Need it be said that the feud was at an end from that day; and that although the churlish spirits of the mine had despised the incantations of Amalia, yet-peace and industry were worth whole vases of Roman coins to the two barons?

QUATRAIN

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, AND WRITTEN ON THE ENVE-LOPE IN WHICH WAS RETURNED HER OWN LETTER.

BY M. R.

Fair maid, we now are quits,
So be not melancholy;
Your beauty turn'd my wits,
My sense returns your folly.

THE ROSE OF FENNOCK DALE.

RV MRS. S. C. HALL.

" My good name is gone, Jane;
My joys are all flown, Jane;
My hope is alone
In the land o' the leal."
OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

"Do not grieve so, my sister," said Frances Dillon; "do not sorrow as those without hope: do not mourn as those who have no comforter.—See, even the bonny roses, that not an hour ago I placed in your bosom, are covered with your tears," she continued, while a bright smile played for a moment over her anxious face. Rose looked on the flowers; and, while her blooming sister shook their drooping leaves, she extended her arm, and pushed from her forehead the clustering curls that shadowed her sweet face. "Yes, Frances, yes: my tears blight your roses, just as my sorrows blight your

happiness. Alas! alas! that I cannot alone suffer, who am alone guilty."

She raised her dark and expressive, but almost rayless eyes to the unclouded sky: and still more rapidly the the tears passed along her pallid cheek.

It was a fine clear evening in September; and perhaps nature had never blessed such a solitary spot with so much beauty. A narrow trout-stream gurgled through the dell, that was adorned by groups of pine, ash, and platenus; the bright purple and yellow of autumn slightly tinged their foliage; the surrounding heights were speckled with sheep; and on the slope of one of the most distant hills, the white spire of the village church of D---- peered over the lofty trees that seemed anxious to conceal it from the profane and vulgar gaze. The bank of the streamlet on which stood the cottage of Frances Dillon, embowered in fragrance, like the nest of the cushat dove, was carpeted with purple thyme; while the hare-bell, the fragile poppy, and the sky-tinted cyanus, bordered the pathway that led to her sweet but humble abode. Myriads of singing birds nurtured their young, and poured forth their melody in this fairy scene; the timid partridge, in spring, hardly evaded the foot of the village girls; the robin, every where familiar, was there an inmate; and the green woodpecker remained undisturbed in its beech-tree haunt, even by the barking of

old Ranger, who, participating in the feelings of his young mistress, suffered bird, rabbit, and squirrel, to pass and repass his path unmolested.

Frances was the youngest, and Rose—the withering Rose—the once "bonny Rose of Fennock Dale," the eldest child of respectable and industrious parents. Rose was ten years older than Frances; and the younger had at one time been so accustomed to look up to the elder sister as an example of female excellence, as well as of female loveliness, that even at the period to which I have just alluded, Frances often fancied the tale of Rose's wretchedness a dream.

Time was, when every feeling of that poor girl's ingenuous heart sent the crimson blush to that pale cheek: time was, when the brilliancy of those fine dark eyes dazzled all who looked on them:—now that cheek is indeed faded; those eyes have become rayless; the bounding step is changed to a feeble totter: the joyous voice is now hardly articulate. Her form and features are indeed still beautiful; but the character of their beauty is sadly, is fearfully altered. Once she was—but what avails it now? What is the violet, robbed of its perfume?—what is the lily, when its purity is stained?—what is the casket, when the jewel is stolen? Alas! that such similes should apply to Rose Dillon.

Her mother died when Frances was only two years

old; and to this infant, Rose was all that even an affectionate parent could have been. Her beauty, her wit, but above all her tenderness to her sister, were the constant subjects of village panegyric; and many ardent admirers watched the steps of the rustic beauty, as she ascended to the church of D——, leaning on her father's arm, and supporting the still tottering steps of the little Fanny.

With many virtues, Rose was too great a favourite not to possess many faults. Her taste was so often consulted by the village girls-her affectionate attention to her father and sister so praised by the village pastorand her beauty and superior acquirements so admired by the young, and even by the aged inhabitants of D-, that weeds soon sprung up, and mingled with the flowers. They were, indeed, weeds that might have been easily rooted out; but unhappily her indulgent father saw them not, and they grew on unchecked. She was impatient of restraint, fond of display, too often angry, and sometimes, though not frequently, haughty to her equals. 'Tis true, that tears of sorrow usually followed, when she had been angry without a cause, or had wounded the feelings of her village friends; but such bursts of tenderness did not teach her the luxury of self-control; and the noble generosity of her disposition made those, who ought to have corrected this growing evil, forget the

past in the present. She was idolized by the poor, for she was truly kind to them; and when she sighed for wealth and power, she *fancied* it was only that she might become the Lady Bountiful of Fennock Dale.

Sometimes the pastor would seriously lecture her on her love of dress.—"The flowers," she would answer, "grew in my father's garden; and it was only to please him that I twined this jessamine in my hair: surely, dear sir, there can be no harm in gratifying my beloved parent."

Alas! how truly did he tell her, that the love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart;—that the girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was fadeless, and the stream a mirror.

A circumstance occurred, when Rose was about eighteen, which caused her father bitter sorrow; and he feared that his child had imbibed "high flighted" notions, for which, poor man, he could not account.

George Douglas was the son of an opulent gardener in the village of D——, and he had been long and sincerely attached to Rose Dillon. Her father urged, in strong and affectionate language, the suit of this upright and generous youth; but a scornful smile curled her lip, as she told her parent "it was quite impossible that she could marry any man in Mr. Douglas's situation."

"Situation, Rose," repeated the astonished Dillon; "what do you mean by situation? George Douglas is a pattern for village youths. He has loved you longsince childhood you have known each other. Who can say they saw George idle ?-who ever saw him intoxicated? His word is his bond: and, ah! Rose, in the house of God, have ye not marked his godly and pious conduct?"-"I cannot find fault in any way with George. I love him as a brother; but, indeed, father, I could not marry the son of a She paused, ashamed of her own feelings. "The son of whom, Rose!" said her father, really angry. "I hoped, child, that I did not at first understand you. What means this pride? The son of an English yeoman, whose station in life is equal, whose wealth is superior to mine—I ask what you mean by this?"

Rose wept; and Heterick Dillon, the tender, too tender parent, was softened. "Well, do not cry, Rose: I would not make thee unhappy, child, for the wealth of worlds: but God"—(the old man clasped his hands)—"God of his infinite mercy grant that you may be as happy with the man of your own choice, as you would have been with poor George."

Rose kissed her father, and assured him that she never would marry but for his or her sister's advantage.

The old man drew himself up to his full and majestic height.

"Daughter, all I desire is, that you may ever support the honest character bequeathed you by your forefathers. The Dillons have lived in Fennock Dale nearly two hundred years—their daughters without spot—their sons without blemish. I want nothing from my children but their affection,—and that," he added, "they will not refuse their gray-headed father." Long and fervent were the prayers of the old man that night for this wayward child. Two or three years passed away—Rose increased in beauty—but her faults had not departed with time.

D—— Park, the residence of the Earl of D——, had been long neglected by its possessors; but an uninterrupted course of dissipation at length obliged the Earl and his worn-out Countess to rusticate for some months at their beautiful seat. What village, ever so remote, has not, at one time or other, experienced the contagion of vice—the origin of which can be too often traced to some of the beau monde, making it their place of refuge from debts and duns; and, in exchange for the shelter they receive, imparting their follies to its unsuspicious, admiring, and wondering inhabitants! Half-pay officers, briefless barristers, and the junior branches of the nobi-

lity, are always anxious for a few weeks' fishing or shooting: and many of this description wished (most disinterestedly, no doubt,) to prevent their dear and noble friends from feeling the sudden change from St. James's Square to D- too melancholy, and volunteered their services to spend a short time with them, much to the discomfiture of the lord, who wished to retrench, and to the joy of the pleasure-loving lady. Perhaps there are few things more distressing than to witness the profanation of a sweet and retired village, by the thoughtless and the vicious crowding the train of some mighty noble, who visits his paternal estates, not, certainly, as the dispenser of blessings. To hear the murderous gun, where the loudest sound had been the cooing of the wood-pigeon, or the cawing of the venerable rook-to see the scarlet jacket of the brutal huntsman glaring through the green wood, and then a train of lordly men pursue to death the timid hare—sweet commoner of nature's wildest paths! The village youth, instead of inhaling the perfumed air, or joining in manly sport on the open green-now within the walls of the loathsome "public," betting, drinking, and swearing, with my lord's lackey, or the colonel's body-guard. And the sweet village maids—creatures so pure-so devoid of art and guile, with the bright tint of innocence on their cheeks, and the words of truth on their lips—changed by the flattery of the men, and the

example of the city misses, into-what it makes one's blood curdle to think upon.

The beauty of Rose Dillon was of so commanding and striking a nature, that she was soon designated, at the Park, as the "haughty maid of Fennock Dale." She smiled contemptuously at the politeness of the Earl's own gentleman; and even the French valet—the man of essence and elegance—a connoisseur, and a decider on matters of virtu, met with nothing but her ridicule: the village girls wondered—and the pastor and her father extolled her strength of mind.

One fine spring morning, little Frances wandered farther than usual from her father's cottage, and stooping to gather a bunch of primroses, which peered through the green sedges that skirted the trout-stream, her foot slipt, and she fell in. A gentleman who was fishing near the spot heard the splash, and with much promptitude and decision, rescued the child from a watery grave. As one of the visiters at D—— Park, he had heard of the beauty of Rose, and was pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the "Rose of Fennock Dale"—who, bending over the body of her half lifeless sister, far surpassed what this man of fashion had expected to behold.

The first feeling of Rose's heart towards the preserver of her sister was gratitude—her next, admiration: his noble and insinuating manners, his fine form, and his expressive face, were all objects of admiration to the unsuspicious girl. She thought the world unblemished as the book of nature—she had never found the poison of the aconite in the perfume of the rose, or the deadly hue of the nightshade on the white bosom of the lily.

Greville thought Rose the most beautiful girl he had ever met. In the brilliant circles in which he moved, both in London and Paris, he had seen nothing like her: he was wearied of the match-making mothers, and husband-hunting daughters, who crowd our assemblies: he was wearied of conversazioni, where stars and blues and literati sip weak tea, and-"blacker-bitterer stuff"ennui devoured him, and he sought refuge at D-Park, where, until he beheld Rose Dillon, he saw nothing to amuse his restless mind. He had served his country, and the laurel was yet fresh on his brow: foremost in the battle-field, and gayest in the hall, Greville was still the slave of his passions-the victim of his vices: he called the mild doctrines of Christianity, priestcraft; forgiveness of injuries, cowardice; Voltaire was his oracle; Rousseau, the fatally insinuating Rousseau, his high priest. Saved 'midst the slaughter of thousands -"'twas chance," he said, "that turned the thunderbolt of war."

To his surprise he found Rose's mental powers much

superior to her birth and station, and he soon discovered in her the pride that "leadeth to destruction." To marry her was contrary to his feeling and interests; and basely and wickedly did he labour to undermine her principles, that she might become his prey; but so he called it not. He called it "emancipating her free-born mind"—"teaching her to read the book of nature"—"casting off the trammels of a foolish world"—"making use of the noble gift of reason." He was too skilful a courtier—too wise in wickedness, to frighten her at once by the doctrines of Deism; but gradually and cautiously did he labour to sap the foundation, on which her honest and virtuous parent had built.

Then how dull and cold to her once attentive ear became the precepts of the village pastor—how wearisome the ascent to the village church—the endearments of Frances became troublesome; but when at night her venerable father opened the book of life, and read the Holy Scriptures, in his usual firm, unbroken tone, Rose's spirit sunk, and felt sick and troubled; her voice sounded faintly in the evening hymn, and the unbidden truth flashed not unfrequently across her mind, that her heart's home was not in Fennock Dale.

It is painful to trace the events that followed—suffice it, that in six months from the time that Greville saved

the life of the little Frances, Fennock Dale Cottage had no mistress—Heterick Dillon but *one* child that he called his own.

But weak as was the fabric, and powerful as had been the attack, the only way that Greville could accomplish his object was by a feigned marriage; this, with so accomplished a villain, was a matter of little consequence. And when the truth was afterwards revealed to his wretched victim, there was not sufficient virtue left to induce her to pursue the only course by which repentance could have been availing.

Alas! what bitterness—what heart-grief was in the once happy dwelling of her father!—but there is a voice which speaks peace to every wounded heart. And, as years passed on, old Heterick prayed that she—that lost one, might yet find refuge in a Saviour's dying love.

The flowers of Fennock Dale still bloomed sweetly; the trout-stream still reflected the clear blue heavens and the clustering trees; and the bustle and misery, occasioned by the Earl of D.'s sojournment at D—— Park, had passed; but, the bitterness of death was in Dillon's cottage.

"Raise me up, Frances," said the old man, "and let me once more see the sun sink behind the hills."

The beauty of age equals that of youth, though in character is so very different. He was noble even in

his dying hour. His white hair, thinly scattered over his wrinkled forehead; and then his lovely child, kneeling at his bedside; her fair white arms resting on the large old Bible, which lay widely open on the snowy coverlid—her almost breathless gaze turned to her reverend parent;—it was a beautiful picture, and language cannot do it justice.

Heterick Dillon rested his elbow on the pillow, and, with a trembling hand, turned over the leaves of his forefather's Bible, until he arrived at the last page, where his birth, and the birth of his children, had been recorded. A huge blot was the only token of where Rose's unhappy name had once been. "Frances, give me a pen; I want to replace—her's—your sister's" my child's name he would have added; but the words died on his quivering lip. With a bursting heart, the youthful girl presented the pen. Dillon made a strong effort-replaced her name in the holy book. "Show her this." After a pause, he whispered, "Tell her I forgave-God will forgive her. She was a mother to thy infancy, child; forget her not-now pray." He was closing the still open volume, when a shadow flitted past the lattice. In an instant, a ghastly figure, half fell, half rushed, into the little chamber, and a fearful shriek-"Father, forgive!" The old man, with a last effort, sprang from his bed, staggered a few paces, and fell a lifeless corpse, on the body of his wretched daughter. The ink upon the Bible page was not yet dry.

Weeks-months rolled on; Rose neither spoke nor wept. Her brain was seared; her heart was breaking. Frances amply returned the care her sister once bestowed on her. Night and day the tender girl watched the flickering reason of the wretched sister; and when she did, at length, speak and weep, extracted from her, at intervals, the tale of her miseries. Greville's love was like the desert whirlwind-fierce and destructive: it soon passed away. But he was proud of Rose; and her devoted attachment gratified his vanity, while her mental energies commanded his respect. She followed him to the sultry eastern climes, and preserved his life more than once by her judgment and care. Two of her children fell victims to the climate; a third just reached the English shore and expired. Yet Rose lived true to her first-her only love, and almost smiled, in bitter scorn, at the wreck of a mother's hopes. Greville was still with her.

The thunderbolt was about to rend her last earthly happiness; if, indeed, guilt and happiness can ever be, even for a moment, united. Greville married; and to another; him, the idol of her adoration! Impossible! but so it was; and, with mixed emotions of grief and

despair, she fled the abode of infamy. The wounded dove, even from foreign climes, will try to regain the home from which the plunderer's hand has snatched it.

Rose Dillon turned her steps towards the cot of her forefathers. She paused, and seated herself on the stile that led to the village churchyard. Two peasants passed. "I know he cannot last till morning," said one. "He would have been a hale old man even now, had it not been for that jade who brought his gray hairs with sorrow to his grave. But never mind; she'll never know rest or peace. The curse will follow her to her dying day. You had a lucky escape, Douglas, when she refused you; an ungrateful daughter could never have made a good wife." She heard no more, but rushed madly down the vale, once the abode of her innocent and happy days.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked," but there is pardon to those who repent, and peace to those who trust in a Saviour's mercy.—She did repent. In that mercy she trusted; and, doubtless, that pardon she obtained.

Rose would sit for hours with her eyes fixed on the words her dying father's hand had traced; and when, at the end of two years, the gentle and virtuous Frances consigned to the silent turf the remains of her sister, the aged pastor, who remembered the early beauty of her

who had drained the cup of sorrow and of death, in a few emphatic words, told of her penitence, and of her faith in Christ.

"Conscious," said he, "of her faults—humbled to a sense of her own unworthiness—shorn of that pride which was her bane, Rose Dillon breathed out her spirit in prayers and thanksgivings to that Being, who, at the last, received her into his fold.

"You, my young friends, whom she knew in infancy, and who saw her spirit quiver on her lips, when, in her dying moments, she summoned you to her bedside, that you might hear the last wishes of a dying penitent, will not easily forget the scene."

The foot-stone of Heterick Dillon's grave is at the head of Rose's. Sweet in the early spring are the violets and primroses that blossom round it. No gaudy flowers mark it, even during the smiling happy days of summer; but the pale starry-eyed jessamine, the wild rose, and the creeping honeysuckle, guard the greensward from the noontide sun. And though the village girls do not garland it with flowers, you may often see them, standing and gazing, silently, and with tearful eyes, over the humble grave of Rose Dillon.

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

It is not fanciful that one excels

Another in essential gifts of mind

By positive and unvague certainty;

With the same toil two cannot do the same!

The want of power against the will rebels,

And no internal fountain we can find,

Thought, sentiment, idea to supply;

Nor through the bosom wake the buried flame.

E'en with our birth the conformation nice

Of the quick movements of the brain is given;

By many a morbid pang we pay the price

Of this rare beauty which descends from heaven.

The strings that tremble, only throw full notes,

From every whisper that above us floats.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS







THE PARTING.

A FRAGMENT.

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

THE night—the long long night to those who wake Beside the couch of pain, or worn with woe Or tortured with dark thoughts await the morn,-Fled all too rapidly with that fond pair. Still brightly shone the stars, but lazily Gray morning crept along the eastern sky, As loth to draw the curtains of the sun And bid him rise to duty. Now and then, Low twitterings from the forest trees gave note Of broken slumbers with the feathered throng: A caw half whispered by the watchful rook Scarce roused an answer from his drowsy brood: The fitful breeze assumed a softer tone Among the foliage, dampened by the dew. The shadows gathered slowly into form, And the dim outlines of surrounding things

Stood forth more palpably amid the gloom.

Then the shrill bantam flapped the impatient wing,
And screamed harsh summons to the tardy day.

From yonder lofty chamber came the sound
Of gentle murmuring and a deep drawn sigh.
But presently, the young Guerilla Chief
Approached the casement: lovely Inez leant
Upon his manly arm. One glance he cast
Eastward, to scan the approaches of the morn;
Then noiselessly he threw upon the green
His friendly ladder, leaped without, and turned
To meet the embraces of his fair young bride;
And thus—the calm stars listening—they conversed.

Gar.—One kiss, my love;—another,—Fare thee well!

Inez.—Not yet, my Garcillazo, go not yet!

Sure 'tis still far from day.—These bloody feuds!—
Oh! when shall we have peace? This secrecy
Weighs with a deep oppression on my heart.
But that I know thee noble and mine own,
I well might fear thy long protracted absence;
For many a maid with eye as dark as mine,
And features fairer, treads the mountain path,
Free of the wild wood and the lonely glen,
Free of the gorgeous sunset and the moon,

The shady grove, the stream, the cataract-Hast thou not lingered sometimes, Garcillazo,-Sometimes, when wearied with thy warlike cares, Thy Innez far away, unseen, immured, While weeks and months rolled by,-to hear the song Of Spain and glory from a ruddier lip? Or when the opening spring awakes the flowers Beside some sportive, bounding, dancing brook That laughing leaps into the dark defile, Where the tall trees shut out the prying sun, Hast thou ne'er sat entranced in beauty's thrall-The eternal voice of waters in thy ear, The warbling of the birds, all nature warm With Love's own harmony-in silence sat-Silence more dangerous than eloquence? I see thee but in darkness!

Gar.— Kiss me, Inez!
Look in my eyes—"the windows of the soul!"
What seest thou there?

Inez.— Nay, love, I doubt thee not—
I prattle but to keep thee near me still.
There are who tell us that our happiness
In being wooed exceeds all wedded bliss,
But oh, how weak my girlhood's timorous love
To the deep, heartfelt trust I yield thee now.

Gar.—My ever noble Inez! But what talisman,

What mortgage on affection may I hold,
By which, with miserly exaction, I
May claim the usury of my world of love?
When the gay Gaul with his insidious grace,
The hero of a thousand loose amours,
Hangs o'er thee at the ball, in mimic trance,
Or, whirling with thee in the giddy waltz,
Whispers delicious poison—

Inez.— Garcillazo!

Gar.-Nay, start not, gentle Innez: I but show Thou'rt not alone in trusting. Dost thou think That I who felt each throb of thy young heart, When Father Anselm in the rude old cave-The night-storm warring thunder-tongued and fierce,-Pronounced the holy words which made us one,-Deem'st thou that I who saw thee brave the curse Of thy stern sire,—the ally of the Gaul,— Yielding the key of that heart's priceless wealth To the red hands of Spain's sworn champion,-Foe to thy house and banner—thinkest thou That I—the witness of thy faith—could summon Doubt and my Innez to my thoughts together? No! When mad Riot, in the sacred name Of outraged Freedom, pours its furious hordes E'en through the rugged paths, the deep ravines Of her last dwelling, the cloud-capped SierraWhen clashing sabres, shouts, and horrid groans,
Commingle with the torrent's awful voice—
Vexing the ear of Echo—while broad banners,
Still grasped in the firm hands that bore them, float
O'er the red bosom of the swollen stream,
Swollen with human gore,—e'en then my cry,
The well-known cry of Garcillazo, rings,
"For Spain and Liberty!—For Faith and Inez!"
Loud o'er the thunders of the God of war!

Inez.—My generous lord! But yet these dreadful dangers

For ever threatening my life, my love!—
I would not live without thee.—Ha! That sound!
Heard I not voices in my father's chamber?

Gar.—'Twas but the ban-dog's far-off baying, trembler!

Short were my shrift should thy sire seize me here!

Inez.—Then fly, my Garcillazo—fly, oh fly!

Thou art unarmed!

Gar.—Calmly! my gentle one—I fly not yet!
Wouldst thou have arms within a lady's bower?
The sword to battle-fields! The light guitar—
Love's sweet interpreter—befits the bower.
Unarmed, but not unguarded stand I here—
Be calm my Inez.—Music suits all hours:
Wouldst prove its magic, fair one? Listen then:

I strike three cords upon these simple strings. What hears my love?

Inez.—Within the forest verge I hear a fluttering, And the sharp cry with which the woodcock leads The hunter from her nest, with mimic wound! Now come low whistlings,—spreading far and wide, As if a hundred parent sparrows chirped, Wooing their young to tempt the untried air. What means this, Garcillazo?

Gar.— Let me try

The influence of the mystic notes once more.

What hearest thou?

Inez.— A scream as of the eagle!

And then the outcry of the barn-yard fowls,

Seeking quick shelter from the tyrant bird.

Ha! And a clicking, like the sudden sound

Of scattered sportsmen as they near a covey:—

The crash of twigs! A sound of heavy footsteps!

The forest verge looks darker—and a flash,

As of steel glimmering in the twilight, shines

Fitful above the bushes—Husband! speak!

Gar.—Deemest thou thy lover would have risked a

So dear to *thee* as mine, unguarded here! A change of key—a simple change of key Upon this fragile toy, and this proud dome

life

Would light with lurid fire the startled skies,
Yon waning stars expire with bloody beams,
And shouts and screams and yells of fearful rage
Affright the peaceful morn with horrid din,
While loud above them all would swell the cry,
"For Spain and Liberty!—For Faith and Inez!"

Inez.—My husband!—Garcillazo!—Oh, my sire!

Gar.—Is safe, all his is safe,—an angel guards them.

Inez.—Then let us fly together, while the band—
Thy gallant band—

Gar.— Will say—the world will say
That the proud chief—the noble, generous chief—
Led his fair bride, through pure benevolence,
From all the comforts of a peaceful home
To share the perils of an outlaw's camp!
No, Inez: Never shall a selfish love
Quote my example to oppress the weak.
I go alone! e'en though it wring my heart.
Inez.—But thou may fall in battle!
Gar.— Then my bride

Gar.— Then my bride Shall come with solemn step, slowly and calm, To shed sweet tears upon a patriot grave. E'en then I will be near thee, whispering low In the soft breeze, or tempering the sound Of mountain echo to a well-known voice, Till thou shalt own Death is not absence, dearest!

Thy soul to God, thy heart to thy dead lover,
Thy memory to the past shall then be given;
And gently on thy head the balmy dew
Of Faith and Hope shall fall, as life's still eve
Closes around thy path. Spain calls! one kiss!
Another! and another!—Fare thee well!

Inez.—Farewell, Spain's bravest—manhood's noblest
pride!

My love-my trust-my idol !- Fare thee well !

AN INCIDENT.

BY F. M. REYNOLDS.

"Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
Good lack, good lack, are transitory;
Nothing is sure and stable found;
The very earth itself turns round;
Monarchs, nay ministers must die;
Must moulder, rot, ah me! ah why?
Ah woful me, ah woful man,
Ah woful all, do all we can!"

CHURCHILL.

In London, deaths, accidents, suicides, or the loss of a few thousands of fellow-creatures by war, conflagrations, shipwrecks, plagues, and so forth, are regarded with all the highminded philosophy of indifference; while a waist longer, or shorter, than the prescribed ex cathedrá limits; a bad picture, or a bad actor; a hump behind a gown, or a hump before one, are the important causes that daily call into action the thousand bad and good feelings of this yast metropolis.

It was on this principle, I suppose, that, some ten or twelve years ago, we were all excited by the wonderful accounts of a then forthcoming ball and supper to be given by Lady d'Elmont. It was assiduously promulgated by the attachés of fashion, that three months had been expended in preparations; though those who wished to be thought on a particularly intimate footing with its fair donor, with inflated faces, and important air, mysteriously implied that they knew that four months and as many days was the precise time the preparations had occupied. Which party, however, was correct, cannot, I fear, be now determined: suffice it therefore to say, that when the long desired evening arrived, half the fashion, character, and eccentricity of the metropolis was present; some, in gratitude for their invitation, ready to render themselves disagreeable to any body, or every body; some panting with envy, and some panting for the supper; hundreds wishing the absence of their neighbours, and a few that of themselves; two-thirds, in fact, in ill-humour with others, and selon la regle, on these occasions, all discontented with their hostess.

The majority of the ladies, however, were of the real bon ton; and lounged, limped, languished, and fiddledfaddled, with the exact mixture of vanity, levity, and affectation, prescribed by the highest breeding at that time. The men too were especially fashionable; they stared with pertinacity, wore mustachios, talked of races, and paid particular attention to themselves.

However, in an assembly of four or five hundred people, it is scarcely possible that all should be equally select: consequently, there was to be seen a strange jumble of peers and plebeians; countesses, and citizens' wives, introduced by their husbands' influence in the lower house; barons and retainers; old ladies and young; professors of all the liberal arts; opulent men, and penniless gentlemen.

Among this heterogeneous mass were two friends, young men of fortune. The one was called Mortimer, and the other Bryant: the first was the son of a rich Yorkshire landholder, a wild, good-natured, handsome, scatter-brained fellow of about three-and-twenty, whose leading trait was a mad penchant for chemistry, which he had acquired when a boy, during his education at one of the principal schools in the neighbourhood of London. The other was a mild, gentlemanly young man, a few years older than his companion; less handsome in his appearance, but evidently more under the control of his reason.

At the period of the introduction of this pair to the reader, Bryant was talking most energetically to his

companion, when the eye of the latter was attracted by the figure of Lady d'Elmont, the donor of the fête, who, exhausted by the heat and confusion, half reclined on a sofa, unnoticed and neglected.

She appeared about five-and-twenty; her eyes were black and sparkling; her foot was small, and her ankle beautiful; her ebon-coloured hair hung in rich clusters of curls over her forehead, and formed a striking contrast with its brilliant white; her nose was Grecian, her mouth small, her teeth polished and regular, and her lips were naturally fragrant, pouting, and red; but when they were not, she mumbled and bit them till they became so: an admirable recipe, and infinitely preferable to painted salve.

"Now, you do not mean, with all your hyper-caution," cried Mortimer, as though replying to some expostulation on the part of his friend, "that any evil can accrue from my being civil to a beautiful but forsaken woman?" and, so saying, Mortimer, advancing up to Lady d'Elmont, addressed her in his most conciliating tone.

"If you are not engaged, may I have the honour of dancing the next dance with you, madam?"

The baroness raised her eyes, and admired the fine manly figure before her.

"Sir, I thank you, but I do not dance."

- "You are fatigued then, madam?"
- "Yes, sir;" and she agitated her fan with becoming languor.
- "I must confess that the room is certainly most intensely warm. Will you allow me to procure you an ice?"
 - "I thank you-no."
- "You are right, I believe, madam; in this heated state of the atmosphere it might not be prudent:"—then, after a pause, "the Lady d'Elmont acts very foolishly in thus overfilling her rooms?"

Her ladyship looked at him for a moment with surprise, and then replied:

- "Yes, sir."
- "But it all results, madam, from the love of notoriety; from, in fact, the love of shining in the newspapers!"
 - "Yes, sir."
- "And for this paltry, reprehensible vanity, many a charming cheek is deprived of its roses, and many a lovely creature oppressed;" glancing at the baroness with a most significant and tender expression.
 - "Yes, sir."
- "But Lady d'Elmont, I understand from good authority, is a weak—a very weak woman indeed, madam."

The baroness arose, and walked away.

"Do you know, sir, to whom you have been speaking all this while?" cried a listener to Mortimer, with agony in his countenance.

" No, sir."

"It was Lady d'Elmont."

Mortimer was paralysed for an instant; but looking round and finding that his friend was not a witness to his *etourderie*, he speedily recovered himself, and walked away, muttering, "It is her own fault; public characters in parties, like decanters on tables, should be labelled, to warn us whom to pass and whom to taste; or ticketed like pictures in an exhibition room, so that as one looks for the name of the artist, to ascertain the merits of the painting, one might have the advantage of seeing the personal charms of the lady through the medium of her reputation."

In the mean time the baroness walked away, apparently as calm and unruffled as though no contretemps had occurred; for what woman of fashion ever allows herself to be ill-humoured with any body but her husband? As to the baroness, whether she had one or no, was a subject of indecision even with her intimates; for, if she had one, her grandeur threw so vast a shadow around her, that he was lost in it.

But her ladyship was really not disconcerted; for though her reputation as a woman of understanding had been, perhaps, a little mangled by Mortimer's remarks, yet too many compliments had been applied to her person not to render the set-off perfectly satisfactory. For the baroness was entirely of the opinion of Stratonice,

"That princess with a thousand charms,
Whom some malignant painter drew,
As lying in a soldier's arms;
And yet this painter from the dame
Received reward, instead of rigour,
Because, though he belied her name,
He did full justice to—her figure."

Shortly afterwards Bryant rejoined Mortimer, and was, no doubt, in the act of inculcating prudence, when the eye of the latter was again attracted by a very pretty girl; whom he immediately accosted, and engaged to dance the next quadrille with him.

Thus passed the evening, until supper was announced; and then, alas, it appeared more than probable, inferring at least from the rush of the ladies to the head of the stairs, and their active exertions in the struggle for precedency, that *gourmandise* formed no inconsiderable organ in the structure of the pericraniums of even the most lovely.

Great, however, must have been the disappointment of

all those possessing a due developement of the culinary propensity, when, after all their well-fought efforts, they reached their goal, to find that the supper was not of that vulgar sort, where chickens, hams, patisseries, and things meant to be eaten, are offered to the guests: no! this was a decidedly fashionable supper, for there was nothing to eat. When I say this, however, I am wrong; for there was a profusion of silver and gold plate, plateaux, candelabras, and cut glass; things that, though not usually recommended for the diet of dyspeptic patients, have yet been eaten, and, no doubt, digested; besides, too, there were temples, pagodas, and pyramids in barley sugar; statues in the most beautiful and delicate Parian and Italian marbles; tables of mosaic; various coloured confectionaries; ices; pine-apples; blanc-mange; jellies, froths, syllabubs, and abundance of flowers and shrubs, the admiration of all botanists, particularly of those who had previously supped.

There was Rivesaltes too, and delicious Lunel; Champagne cremant and mousseux; St. Peray; Constantia; Chambertin, that the connoisseurs, with sapient countenance, pronounced full of body and genuine aroma: besides Maraschino, Crême de Thé, Dantzig, Eau d'Or and d'Argent, Petit Lait de Henri Quatre, and a thousand other of those nesarious beverages, that the fiend has cir-

culated among us, for the ruin of digestive organs, and the curse of valetudinarians.

Every part of the whole arrangement was, in fact, perfect. The footmen were all of a size; fine tall men, of that species technically called "Ladies' Footmen." They were somewhat narrow-shouldered it is true; but for this the tasteful uniformity of their livery was an ample compensation; they were lamed by the tightness of their shoes, but then their feet looked small; and they had no calves to their legs, but their faces were considered very pale and interesting.

Two much shorter than the rest attracted attention: their faces were black instead of white, and their hair white instead of black; their calves, though, were very ample; and their heads inclined towards the earth, while their toes and their noses turned towards the sky. Malice whispered them to be sheriff's officers, but the report was only believed by her ladyship's most particular friends.

At this faultless banquet, Fortune arranged that Mortimer should be seated next to the fair Lady d'Elmont. Not as well aware, however, as the reader, of the real effect his bevue had made on her ladyship's mind, he felt at first rather shy of addressing her; and he attempted to ply his conversation with his fair neighbour on the other side. But it was hopeless; not a word could he

extract from her, till at last, abandoning his fruitless efforts, he sat in resigned silence.

In the mean time, at other parts of the table, the conversation proceeded more freely. It was, generally speaking, most excessively learned; indeed it was worse, it was most horribly blue, for blueism was the rage of the day. Craniology was the first most prevailing topic: then ladies descanted on organs of destructiveness, amativeness, and half a dozen other organs with equally discordant terminations: and then gentlemen might have been seen expressing their desires to feel ladies' bumps, for the sake of theory, and for the general promotion of philosophical knowledge. This laudable investigation was superseded by a mineralogical discussion; and here the ladies were again of service, illustrating the subject by a loan of their jewels. Then, when it had been sufficiently debated whether diamond was carbon, or carbon was diamond; whether iron was the colouring matter of amethyst, and what was the base of topaz, the different necklaces and bracelets were returned to the lovely necks and wrists of their respective owners, by the practical philosophers nearest to them.

With all this scientific conversation and practical illustration, Mortimer was delighted: and the elation of the moment inspired him with sufficient courage to address Lady d'Elmont.

- "Pray, is your ladyship fond of chemistry?"
- "Dotingly; I am a regular attendant at Mr. Brande's lectures."

Quemque sua trahit voluptas: Mortimer was now on his hobby-horse, and gallantly did he prance away.

- "He is a delightful lecturer; clear, scientific, and elegant."
 - " I perfectly agree with you."
- "What branch of chemistry does your ladyship peculiarly like to study? The salts, the metals, the gases, the earths, the alkalies, or what?"
- "I think I am particularly partial to the experiments on oxygen and carbon."
 - "Do you believe diamond to be the real base of carbon?"
- "I do not know; I sometimes think it is. You may easily, however, resolve your doubts by consuming a diamond under a burning-glass; you will then get at the fact synthetically."
- "I am sorry to say that I do not possess so many diamonds, that I am inclined to waste any of them."
- "Pardon me, your ladyship has an inexhaustible mine of them—in your eyes."
 - "Sir, you are a flatterer."
 - "I only speak what I feel, madam."
- "And sometimes, perhaps, look even more than you speak."

"Perhaps—I wish, like old Fontenelle and his fair marchioness, you would allow me to take you under my tuition, and give you lectures in chemistry. I have made the science my especial study; and if you would engage to be as tractable as the marchioness, I would endeavour to be as instructive as the old philosopher."

"And possibly as gallant, too?—However, to save you your compliments, I will tell you that they would be all wasted. When I was young, and perhaps pretty, I was, doubtlessly, as prone to vanity as others of my age; but now"—pausing on the now, with an affected sigh, a radiant glance at Mortimer, and then a half arch and half complacent one at her own fine person—"but now, I have grown mistrustful of praise, and hard of heart. As Schiller says, 'The perjuries of men are innumerable; an angel would grow gray ere he could write them down.' Besides, too, I consider love an odious, enervating passion."

"O! say not so, madam: love to a woman is like varnish to a picture; it modifies all her indifferent qualities, and enhances all her good. A woman really, truly in love, is a thousand times more amiable in the eyes of——"

"Her lover than in those of any body else. I agree with you perfectly. My ideas of a lovesick damsel are always connected with something sonneteering, pale-

faced, and affected; and with all my heart, I pity those natures inflammable——"

"Now that's just what I say, my lady," cried a stentorian voice opposite to them; "its nature must be inflammable; for if the oxygen do not burn——"

"Her ladyship, I am sure," eagerly interrupted his opponent, "sees the utter fallacy of your argument."

"Sir, I have never argued at all—you won't let me——"

"I say," continued his inflexible adversary, "the oxygen, my lady——"

"I say," vociferated the other, "the nitrogen, my lady----"

"And I say," exclaimed an old fat gentleman, who had been talking incessantly for the previous two hours, "that nobody will let me speak! I say, that the most beautiful specimen of combustion I ever witnessed was at the French opera the other night."

"Do you mean the red flame that-"

"To be sure I do!" cried the fat gentleman; and then grumbled sotto voce, "how people do love talking—I say that you have no idea of the effect of this red flame—the Parisians are all quite wild about it, and introduce it in every spectacle piece."

"I saw it!" exclaimed a little red-skinned man, whose

tiny nose was the centre of a circle described by the outline of his forehead, cheeks, and chin; and whose whole face, in fact, would have served as an excellent substitute for Gibbon's, in engendering Madame Du Deffand's extraordinary idea. "I saw it! and I candidly own, that my evidence is completely confirmatory of the prolocutor's; the red flame is wonderful."

"O," cried the Lady d'Elmont, "pray tell me where I can get some of this miraculous flame, for I intend when I return to —, to get up Don Giovanni at my theatre there; and how excellently and delightfully such a magnificent light as you describe would aid the effect of his descent with the ghost. I declare, it will be so charming, I think we must make him, if we can, go to the—you know where—twice in the same evening."

"I am sorry that I cannot gratify your ladyship's curiosity," replied the "prolocutor," as the circular-faced gentleman termed him, "but the composition of the powder that produces the flame is a profound secret; one for which the inventor asks an almost incredible sum."

"O," exclaimed the baroness, her desires particularly excited by this unexpected opposition to their gratification, "I would give the world to get some of it."

"Would you?" cried Mcrtimer, eagerly; "then you shall have some within a few minutes, and as much as

you can desire in a few days; that is, if you will be kind enough to allow me to send one of your servants to my hotel, which is only a score of yards from hence."

Of course, the permission was readily accorded, and in a few minutes the servant returned, bearing a small piece of folded paper, which he delivered to Mortimer; who opened and displayed to her ladyship about three or four ounces of a gray-coloured powder.

"This," cried he, "is the source of the 'red flame' that these gentlemen have been describing to you. The moment I heard of its wonderful effects, I set strenuously to work to discover its composition; and knowing, of course, that hyper-oxy-muriate of potash must form a principal portion, after a fortnight's incessant labour, I at length discovered the secret. Now should your ladyship like to see a small portion of it burnt, which I can easily effect on the back of one of these plates?"

- "I should be delighted," replied Lady d'Elmont.
- "And so should I!"—"And so should I!" echoed some score of half-starved wanderers, whom the emptiness of their stomachs rendered locomotive.
- "Well, then," replied Mortimer, "I will immediately have the pleasure of gratifying your ladyship;" and he inverted a plate on a table in the centre of the room, and proceeded to arrange his materials; his friend, Bryant, at his elbow, vainly counselling him to desist.

In the meantime there circulated among the company enough reports of 'red flame,' 'handsome young man,' 'only son,' and 'ten thousand per annum,' to bring more than half of them round the spot where our hero was stationed: for such, at any rate, in his present situation, he may with propriety be designated.

Immediately over Mortimer's head hung an immense chandelier; all the lights of which, with the exception of some half dozen or so, he, with the consent of Lady d'Elmont, and in order to enhance the effect and splendour of his flame, desired to be extinguished. All the candles too were then removed.

Mortimer having distributed a certain portion of the powder on the plate, and deposited the rest in the paper on the table, rested for a moment over his labours, the great object of attraction, scrutiny, scandal, quizzing, and admiration to all of that immense assemblage, who were conscious of what was proceeding. Then lighting his paper, he slowly applied it to the powder, when, alas! alas! instead of red flames and beautiful coruscations, the powder violently exploded, and communicating with the large residue in the paper, ascended in a huge volume of brilliant flame to the ceiling; totally extinguishing the lights in the chandelier, and leaving the room in utter darkness.

The first impulse of each was, of course, to stand mo-

tionless and aghast with astonishment; the second, to rush towards the door as rapidly as possible; which all doing simultaneously, the pressure upon it closed it as effectually as though it had been barred with hooks of steel. In vain those near it struggled and struggled to open it; they could scarcely move a hand, much more the door.

Conceive then, if you can, tender-hearted reader, the uncomfortable situation of three or four hundred people thus caged together in utter darkness. Conceive, if you can, the feelings, the ideas, the sensations, the fears, the distresses, and apprehensions of the many virtuous and delicate females present. Conceive, too, the sudden alteration of character; the instantaneous exchange of all the fashion of inertness and listlessness for all the vulgarity of activity and excitement; the squeezing of the elegantes, and the elbowing of the transcendents; in fact, imagine that, like a fiat from Heaven, the extinction of a few candles tore from each the mask of factitiousness, and laid her bare in all her native beauty, or deformity.

As to the sensations of the gentlemen, I will not attempt to describe them; they are too acute, too susceptible, too sensitive, and too delicate to be communicable to an unknown, who might not duly appreciate the candour of my exposition.

However, to increase, if possible, this general scene of confusion and misfortune, a spark remaining in the ashes of the powder lighted an unconsumed portion of it, which, slightly exploding, brilliantly flamed, and then disappeared; after having illuminated the room for a few seconds, and set fire to some drapery about the table, to two or three gowns, and to a most ample, frizzy, oily, and inflammable wig of the gentleman like Mr. Gibbon, the celebrated historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

The moment this unhappy gentleman felt the fire at his head, with all his might he beat it, and another might have assisted him without injury to its contents; but as this did not succeed in extinguishing the flame, like a maniac, he forced his headlong way through the crowd, kindly imparting in his progress a portion of his superfluous warmth to all the inflammable material within his reach, until he attained one of the windows, which being open at the top, in the phrensied hope of escape, he began to climb, setting instantaneously the whole of the light curtain drapery in one universal blaze. Finding matters, therefore, rather hotter in that quarter even than below, he turned his mind towards a descent; when, alas! and again alas! he became at that moment a beacon to a passing fire-engine without, the conductors of which seeing flames and smoke issuing from a window, began

to pump with the utmost promptitude against the body of the unfortunate circular-faced gentleman, who, after a due quantity of soaking, burning, kicking, and screaming, was at length washed headlong into the room, a miserable addition to the comforts of his companions, leaving at the window a convenient vacancy for the triumphant entrance of a magnificent stream of water, of more than one inch in diameter, and three in circumference!

The moment the splashings from the body of the unfortunate circular-faced gentleman touched the ladies and their clothes, those theorists who were not thoroughly acquainted with the capabilities of the female voice internally pronounced the noise to be at its climax, conceiving that neither human nor mechanical means could increase it; but when the water in torrents, and a man into the bargain, were rained into the room, the aforesaid theorists penitently confessed themselves to be totally mistaken in their conjectures, and frankly and ingenuously added that they did not think all hell itself could make such an uproar.

Thanks to the discriminate selection of the firemen, the window broken was in the very centre of the room, and thus commanded a perfect range of the whole crowd within. Some of them sought refuge beneath the tables, and thus partly escaped; some got under the window itself, and allowed the torrent to pass over them, and some forcibly endeavoured to shelter themselves behind others. Vain were threats, tears, and supplications to stop the horrid spouting; the more they cried, the more the men pumped; for though the flames had disappeared from the window, the inconceivable noise within convinced the inveterate pumpers without that the fire must still rage somewhere. So they continued with the most obstinate diligence, till every one of their unfortunate victims was literally drenched to the bone.

It is hardly possible, indeed, to convey to the mind by description the confusion and disasters of that unparalleled scene. The fine statues and jellies, the diamond necklaces and blanc-manges, the bruised shins and bleeding noses, the bottles, slippers, turbans, wine, and false hair; the legs of women and legs of tables, arms of men and arms of chairs, all blended together in one inextricable combination. Add to this, the struggling, quarrelling, weeping, reproaching, regretting, and the soaking to boot, and yet, even then, the picture will fall far short of the reality.

At last, by the time the floor of this once magnificent room was ankle deep in water, the servants and people without managed to force an entry into it with lights; when forth rushed the victims in every variety of plight, from that of tolerable misery down to the extremity of desolation and despair.

Changed, indeed, was their appearance, as wildly they rushed down the grand stairs, from that which they had made when they last stood on them. One lady, who, when she ascended them, had been particularly noticed for her auburn silken locks, mirabile dictu, descended them without any hair at all. Another, who had all the evening acted Thalia, to show a beautiful row of pearly teeth, stalked down them Melpomene, in the vain hope of hiding her toothless gums. In fact, she that had gone in fair, walked out brown; and she that had been straight, limped out crooked. Like the alchymist's crucible, the events of the evening had transmuted fair into foul, and bad into worse; and I doubt whether husband, brother, or father, could have recognised his property as she made her luckless exit from Lady d'Elmont's famous party.

Thus ended this eventful night, which, strange to say, made little noise at the time, and less since. All the papers spoke of the splendour of Lady d'Elmont's party, but not a word about the red flame. How the secret was so well kept has often been matter of surprise to me; but perhaps the disgrace was too universal, and too

equal, for any to desire to promulgate it. Curious, however, as is the circumstance, it is a positive fact, that few knew the particulars of the occurrence in *that* day; and in *this*, I'll venture to say, that scarcely one of my readers has ever even heard of it at all. THE LIBRARY
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THE MIMIC CHASE.





THE MIMIC CHASE.

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

OLD Mr. Johnson sat after dinner musing in his library. It was just six o'clock, P. M. Mr. Johnson was a widower: a discreet old widower was Mr. Johnson; for he had never married but once! He held matrimony to be the only condition of humanity consistent with the dignity of human nature or the enjoyment of human happiness. He abhorred a bachelor, and pitied an old maid, but thought it tempting Providence for those who have been favoured with a prize, to take a second risk in the most dangerous of lotteries. These facts premised, the reader will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Johnson had a heart. He had indeed: and they say it sometimes seized the reins from out the hands of judgment and experience: but this is very doubtful.

His matrimonial principles would probably have

yielded in a more lonely situation, for feminine society was necessary to his comfort. Was a woman frightened in a crowd? she fled to him instinctively to seek for protection.—Was a child lost? It lifted up its little hands before him, looked in his face, and smiled. He has been known to lift three fashionable belles, two little match-girls, and a ragged news-boy across a swollen gutter, in a shower, without offence to either! A remarkable man was Mr. Johnson:—Eccentric, certainly:—the common herd of ordinary men suspected him of lunacy:—fools sometimes smiled, but the wise esteemed him highly. A man of consequence was Mr. Johnson.

He had a daughter—an outlet for affection. Look at her likeness, reader! She was just eighteen. Her father must have understood the art of physical education. Full, fair, but not *embonpoint*, with shoulders backward braced without the aid of art, and arms that seem to float with grace of motion, yet just not muscular,—a woman, not an angel. Is she not beautiful? But then, her mind! How has her mind been trained? Ay, that's important.

Her father had his notions—queer ones too. He liked not those small miniatures of womanhood, full-dressed, and trained in strict propriety—the offspring of the modern fashionable nursery. He was used to call them "casts of the rib of Adam from a mould of gin-

gerbread." Women trained up by attentive fathers without the aid of mothers or of sisters, to tame their manners and improve their carriage, are usually more deeply taught, intelligent, and self-dependent: but often much more hoidenish than others. Gaze on that lovely face once more, and say if the last censure rested on Miss Johnson. That half inviting eye, those little, fullturned lips, that arch and wild expression, with the whole contour of the bounding figure, speak the unchecked hilarity of youth-inconsequent, unguarded, heartful youth-but are they hoidenish? Ask of the smiling faces of her cousins—the gay companions, or rather followers, of her girlish gambols,-her confidants in all her tricks, and schemes, and wiles, and innocent frolics, from childhood upwards. Do they not answer, plain as looks can speak—the one inquiring and the other thoughtful-" what next, little madcap! what next?" Yes, Mary was a madcap, but no hoiden; none who can read the meaning of a broad, smooth brow, and a deep, well-like eye, could suspect her of being so.

Mr. Johnson sat musing in his study. The cigar that graced his lip was still puffed with occasional vehemence, though its fire had been long extinguished. At length he arose suddenly and pulled the bell-cord. A servant presented himself. "John, tell my daughter that I wish to speak with her," said he; and in a few

moments Mary tripped into the room, taking her seat upon an easy, worn old sofa, that modern fashion had ejected from the parlour.

- "What would my dear papa with little Molly!"
- "I have been thinking much more of Miss Mary Johnson, than of my little Molly since I dined. Mary, thou art a woman!"
- "So cousin Charles has told me daily for the last six months, papa."
- "Has he, indeed! Well! I had never thought of it until within the last three weeks.—But that is natural. Most men have their failings, daughter, and I have the misfortune to be rich."
- "Quite an agreeable failing, father, and curable withal when troublesome."
 - "It is a vulgar evil,-often dangerous."
- "Then I will try to lessen it, papa! I am sure I have no objection to dismiss a portion of the burden."
- "Probably!—But yet thy mother never was extravagant. She spent, but she spent wisely."
- "So would I. Just try me: you shall wonder at my wisdom."
- "I should not fear thee, Mary. Thou art thy mother's child, my darling. A little boy came here to see thee yesterday, when thou wert absent. I asked him somewhat sharply, what he wanted with my daughter,

and he told me a long tale about his lame old aunt and his sick sister, his father and his mother who were dead. I thought he came to beg, but as I always listen to the end, I found he asked for nothing! He said he came to thank thee for some grapes, a loaf of bread or two, and money to buy medicine—told me thou brought him a new suit of clothes, and gave the old woman one of thy cast off dresses. Is it so?" Mary held down her head. "I asked him if my daughter often did such foolish things, and the bold little rascal answered yes! And is it so?"

- "Thy little vixen must confess it, father."
- "Remember, child, that charity begins at home. Money given unwisely makes the poor poorer,—the industrious idle: two thirds of all that's miscalled charity goes to make drunken husbands, wretched wives, and vicious children. Those who want should work."
 - "If they can, father:"
 - "True child; if they are not disabled."
 - "If they can get work, father:"
 - "True again."
 - "If they have learned to work:"
 - "Yes, yes! they must know how, that's certain."
- "And if they can *live* until they learn and can obtain work: Is it not so, father?"

- "Certainly! who could work if he must starve before he learns and finds employment? And yet how few of all the charitable have ever dreamed, of these important facts! Who taught thee this great wisdom?"
 - "I learned it all from thinking and observing."
- "Thinking! my madcap! I am glad thou thinkest of thinking. What set thee to thinking?"
- "My cousin Charles's scolding and the example of the best of fathers."
- "Ha! Charles is a good boy; and prudent; yes, that's true: but let me hear no flattery! I'll not be wheedled by a silly girl! What is thy monthly stipend?"
 - "My pocket-money, father?"
 - "Yes, yes, child !"
 - "Five dollars on the first of every month."
- "Very well! Now tell me how thou hast contrived, with such an income, to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry?"
- "Dear father, do not blame me: I refused two balls last month, and saved the money given me for a scarf."
- "'Twas wrong. Canst thou believe it honest to ask for money for thy wardrobe, then spend it upon other things, when still thy wardrobe must be one day completed, and I must pay the bill?"
 - "And was it wrong, when the article was not neces-

sary? Cousin Charles thought not; for I resolved never to frequent balls, and not to buy a scarf at any time."

"Ha! Charles again! The boy is young, and errs sometimes. I'd rather see thee judging for thyself. Truly, I like not balls—they are foes to health and beauty—yet my daughter must not lack a scarf when customs which her judgment warrants and I do not forbid, demand the article. Shouldst thou require a scarf, then let me know: but answer me one question: was it right to keep concealed from me thy change of purpose, when this said scarf was sacrificed?"

"Had I thought it wrong to take the money, I should have told you all, but thinking it no crime I saw no reason why I should trouble my papa with trifles: for well I knew that he has many cares."

"I am satisfied, my daughter, and will play the strict inquisitor no longer; not even to ask thy other sacrifices; for all that thou hast done was not accomplished upon the saving of a single scarf. Thy pleasures must have been curtailed by strict economy in order to save up the means of charity."

"No, no! Indeed I cannot claim that credit. Had you seen the eye of gratitude with which the little girl gazed up from her hard couch, when the cool grapes allayed her parching thirst—the old aunt's tears—the

proud look of the boy when he threw off his rags and stood in decent clothes, and the bright glance with which he said he would run all my errands for a year to pay for them, you would not say that I gave up my pleasures. The balls, the rides, and concerts of a season would not repay me for the joy I felt in witnessing those happy faces."

"Come to my arms, thou image of thy mother!" and as the fair girl sprang to the unusual summons, the old man wept. His tears fell thick and long upon her shoulder before he summoned calmness to continue, with his accustomed tone but softened manner-thus: "Mary, I have ever loved thee, dearly, tenderly; but now I feel full confidence in thee. Thou art a woman now, and hast made a woman of thy father too. I trust thee, daughter, and respect thee too! It is not fit that one so worthy of these feelings in a parent should be watched with narrow caution, and limited in the choice of her amusements or her charities, like a silly, thoughtless, fashionable girl, with principles perverted or unfixed. But though my means are ample, and I wish one day to render thine such, prudence and moral duty are requisite in the care and application of the most extended means. We who have wealth are stewards only for our children, for society, and Providence. The talents must be wisely used, or fearful is the retribution! I cannot then, with justice and propriety entrust in hands so young and inexperienced, the free command of heavy funds: yet as there is no branch of the whole range of education more important than the use of money—the root of all evil and most good-I wish thee to begin by times to gain the experience fitting to thy high responsibilities as the future holder of a large estate. Thy childish income for unquestioned purpose, though small to my affordings, has been large compared to that which many of the worthiest and best are able to entrust in childish hands,—still larger than is safe with most young females, who, governed by emotion or by selfishness, too seldom think. Thou hast used this income wisely. Let it be quadrupled; and when a higher object demands more liberal means, consult with me! I will guide thee, Mary; but I find I need not check thee. Go! and be charitable; -but never let thy heart assume the duties of thy head. Go! and remember that a kind or winning word—aided by a dollar well bestowed—is more available in charity, than thousands carelessly flung out to purchase ease or a great name on earth, or absolution for our crimes in heaven. Go! daughter; be what the world calls fool or lunatic, and prove thyself thy father's, as thou art thy mother's, child !"

It was now poor Mary's turn to weep; and as she hung about her father's neck she sobbingly exclaimed,

"Dear, kind papa! charge me not so young! I fear I shall do wrong with so much trust, and then—adieu to quiet sleep!"

"I rejoice to find thee trembling;" replied the good old man. "The maddest folly of a crazy world is that which men call courage. It may prove useful to the state while crime engenders war, but 'tis a brutal virtue: the dog, in this respect, exceeds the general. Yet thy duty must be done: when thou art fearful in its exercise because some dimly threatening evil seems to bar the way, tremble, but march directly up to it; for even the tiger flies the eye of man, and worse than tigers dread the glance of innocence when heaven approves its course. But, Mary, there is yet another, more important purpose, for which I asked this interview. Seat thyself, and—if thou canst—endeavour to be serious."

"I serious!" said the mercurial girl, rebounding from her father's arms, to the old worn-out sofa; "who ever taxed the madcap Mary Johnson with a single serious thought?"

- "No one but thy sire: I grant it, Mary!"
- "Well, then, whither tends this ominous commencement?"
 - " Mary! thou art a woman."
 - "So my cousin tells me."
 - "Poh! poh! child, let thy cousin rest a single mo-

ment—my business is with thee. Be still, my little madcap, if thou wilt, but listen to my words and think—I said that I was rich—riches are dangerous! The means of such accumulation rarely mend the heart of him by whom it is acquired; and when hereditary, the danger is still greater."

- "That is: the flies will gather round the lamp."
- "I see thou understandest me!"
- "And can be as sententious as thyself—thou best of fathers!"
- "Well! well! I will tutoi thee no longer. The unquestioned mistress of so large an income should be in the control of an establishment. Let us converse as equals!"
 - "Well, papa!"
 - "You are now a woman, Mary, and will marry."
 - "That too is an agreeable failing, father."
- "Tush! hold thy tongue! Of all the evils that I've shunned through life, one of the greatest trials would be to find myself the father of a gay coquette." Mary held her head. "I have perceived that younger persons than myself have noticed what I saw not—your rapid growth in figure and in mind. This is but natural."
 - " Very natural, father."
 - "Hush, saucy one! For six months past, four youth-

ful persons have been hovering round thee, and two have spoken."

"Ha! who has dared-"

"No one has dared beyond propriety, my daughter: hinc illæ lachrymæ. They have sounded me—both honourable men—and I replied that 'marriages,' unchecked by the world's madness, 'are made in heaven'—that my dear child's affections were her own—that I felt no desire to thwart the ways of Providence, and, being wealthy, need not guard against that deadly curse of the soul's energy, the curse of poverty. I told them nothing more." Mary breathed more freely.

"And yet, my child, to be permitted to remain in ignorance of the world, its vices and its crimes—the highest privilege of woman—produces certain evils. Woman wants advice, when called upon to judge of men, and it is thy good fortune to have in me a kind and anxious guardian. Will you be candid with me?"

"Tutoi and vous alternately! Old habits are not easily broken, father: I will be candid with thee as I am truthful in my prayers, if thou wilt consent to yield me one poor favour. Let me be thy little madcap yet a little longer, and talk of serious things in a wild manner still—it's natural—I cannot help it."

"Just as thou pleasest. I have not to learn, at my

age, that they are novices in human nature who mistake a lightness and wild buoyancy of manner, for valid proofs of the absence of deep thought. Had I been so deceived you would have set me right this very day, by your remarks on charity: many a traveller drinks at the bubbling surface of a spring, not dreaming of the stream that feeds it. Be candid then. What think you of young William?"

"That he is a vessel slightly ballasted, with all sail set, and guided by a pilot who mistakes the nearest fogbank for the promised land. A balloon that rises headlong toward the stars—carrying a splendid car though—till he finds the atmosphere unequal to his weight: he is perpetually in danger of exploding too, from his expansive freight of gas. When he is dashed to earth, he'll never rise again. I look upon him as on a silly gudgeon that would play the trout; ready for any prey that glistens—worm or fly—regardless of the hook. William speculates—he deals in stocks."

"You speak like a philosopher who knows the world! Well! what of Henry?"

"Henry would be a noble prize for one who wished to spend a life in seeking *means*, and perish before using them. He is a drone bee, busy all the summer in building garners and securing honied treasures, to die in autumn without tasting them. Henry is a miser."

"Thou art wise beyond thy years! What say you then to young Augustus?"

"Augustus is like a humming bird—gorgeous in plumage, fluttering round every flower, sipping on the wing his dainty beverage from each nectared lip, but lighting nowhere. He is like a fisher with a simple straw, tickling his finny prey by flattery, till the poor fool is tempted to his grasp. He has two virtues and he seeks a third. His dog and horse are his by purchase, and he would win a wife by equipage. His dog and horse are reasonable brutes, but he is but a fop."

"Sharp—almost too sharp, Mary! Now for Charles!"
Mary rose, and walking to the window, said, "Charles! oh he's unbearable. I do not believe he ever said a civil thing to mortal woman. Nothing but censure and fault-finding! He is far more lynx-eyed than my own dear father, with little of his kindness or forbearance. I'm out of patience with him!" And, returning to the sofa, the singular girl sat with a brow of deeper irritation than it had ever worn before. The father smiled as he proceeded with his questions.

"So then I am to understand that you are heart-whole yet, and I at liberty to act accordingly?"

"No! no! I said not that!" And half-frightened at the implied confession, she hid her face in her hands.

"Then I may infer that one of these four worthies has

succeeded in impressing upon my daughter's mind some stronger feeling than mere friendship. It cannot be the fop, or miser: is it the gorgeous speculator? Such qualities as thou hast given him must commend him highly as a husband!" A gesture of impatience shook poor Mary's shoulders, and the old man continued: "So then, at last it is the scold that pleases! I thought as much. But where then lies the difficulty? Charles is poor, that's true; but thou hast more than quite enough for both. Poverty shall never stand between my daughter and her choice. You are both too young to marry yet, but Charles will surely wait. Why hast thou not accepted him?"

One large blue eye peeped out above the screen of her fair hands, sparkling with wit through tears as she replied in a drawled, pouting, and half-smothered murmur, "He never asked me, father!"

"And is that all! 'Tis plain thou art no diplomatist. Most men are fools in love, and had thy noble mother waited until I 'popped the question,' this trouble never could have reached thee. Three times had I, according to the most approved models, knelt down before her, but the words came not! I never could have urged it farther, but at the last bold effort, a smart box on the ear came like the thunderbolt of Jove upon the head of Phaeton. 'Rise! rise at once, sir knight! I

must look *up*, not down upon my *husband!* And rise I did—which Phaeton did not—to be thy Mentor, after many happy, many miserable years. Charles will not *kneel*, nor need he *ask*—my child; and yet he loves thee deeply. I hate all artfulness but that which is pure and *natural*, but there is quite enough of this in all thy sex, for reasonable purposes. Thou must *manage* Charles."

"How can I manage him? He is perpetually trying to manage me, and says I am incorrigible."

"Were I to lay thy plans they would inevitably be unnatural, and must therefore fail; but I may give thee hints. The groves and streams, luxuriant May, silence and loneliness, and soft, sweet moonlight—these are love's weapons; use them!"

"Oh dear papa! The groves and streams and May—for it is May now—and soft, sweet moonlight too, are easily obtained; but loneliness,—how can I find loneliness with four perpetual teasers, three of whom follow me, while I follow the fourth? And as for silence—I should laugh in spite of myself." And loud and merrily she did laugh at the ridiculous idea.

"It is not so difficult as it appears," said Mr. Johnson.
"Can we not go next week down to our country-seat and ask the indomitable shy one to join us for some days?
Then these three pertinacious gentlemen who form thy body-guard, and keep poor Charles aloof, will be away

on duty. The only reason why he speaks not plainly, is that he thinks that you prefer the fop!"

"How know you that papa?" exclaimed the wondering girl.

"Because he told me so!"

Pale as death was Mary's countenance, as in a slow and hollow tone she asked, "Has Charles declared to you?" "Yes! long ago," replied her sire. Neck, face, brow, forehead, up to the very hair glowed for a moment red with the young blood—the next, it disappeared in ashy whiteness.

The fair creature buried her head in the cushions and sobbed aloud. But hers was not the temperament long to yield full sway to one emotion, and she arose radiant with smiles;—calm, happy smiles. "Yes," she said, "we will go down to Longwood: we will go next week. Father, invite them all—fop, miser, speculator, Charles and all,—and my two cousins with them—Jane and Sally!"

"Is this thy way of seeking silence, child?"

"Leave that to me, I have no idea of taking all this trouble to circumvent for but a single week, three silly suitors, who will not risk a no or quit the chase. I'll chase them, father, that I will! And as for Charles—

Tree caught him and I'll keep him!" With this and one embrace, she bounded off like a young steed let loose into a meadow.

* * * * * * * *

About a week after this interview in the library, Mr. Johnson and his daughter, her lovers and her cousins, were all dining together at his beautiful country retreat, called Longwood. The windows of the room in which they sat looked out upon a splendid lawn, which terminated in a meadow, with a winding brook, gracefully skirting some thirty acres of natural woodland. The taste that had converted this lovely grove into a secluded promenade had never been permitted to destroy the solemn loneliness of the forest, and seldom, very seldom had the sleepy dryad been startled by the sound, or made to groan beneath the blows of the woodman's axe. In order to prevent intrusion on this sacred space, where Mary and her cousins had passed their happiest-summer hours, it was entirely surrounded, on three sides by a thick-set thorn-hedge, and on the fourth, by the scarcely fordable brook. A single gravel walk entered the enclosure, at the extremity next the dwelling, meandering gracefully, but simply, to the opposite edge of the grove; and a labyrinth of narrow footpaths, kept open through the underwood, converging continually in all directions towards this principal passage, approached it so nearly as to be easy of access, though concealed, in every instance, by the shrubbery. Thus art was buried beneath the mantle of nature, and solitude was every where accessible without exertion or fatigue, nor was it

possible for a stranger to be embarrassed by the windings of so many paths. But, let us return to the company at table.

The principal courses had been dismissed, and the first glass of wine had circulated, when Mr. Johnson rose, as was his custom, and remarked: "Gentlemen, when dining at Longwood, the restraints and forms of city life are dismissed and the ladies remain to cheer you with their smiles to the conclusion of the feast. It is here the *master*, not the *mistress* of courtesies who rises and retires. Make yourselves happy then, for I regret that some affairs demand attention in the study, and I must leave my daughter to supply my place. I hope you will excuse me for my unwilling absence." And with a bow, the old gentleman retired. The conversation immediately became animated and general.

"What a lovely spot is Longwood!" said the speculator. "I matured more schemes in one short hour yesterday, down in that shady grove, than would have occupied three days in the city with its bells and carts and cries and twenty thousand discords. It is almost equal to a Quaker meeting for digesting plans."

"A worthy purpose truly, for attending worship," remarked Sarah, the elder cousin.

"None better!" he replied,—"to long for the blessings of Providence and endeavour to get hold of them—

not by degrees, but suddenly—to use every talent in obtaining that with which 'to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,' and fill your own purse at the same time—what nobler mode could we devise for giving practical thanks for the powers intrusted to us?"

"Very noble indeed," observed the young miser, "if it were but practicable; but I do not see the advantage of scattering such blessings. It is wiser to keep them to yourself, and then give thanks for them. I never knew a man to be thankful for what he had spent. What think you of this, Miss Johnson?"

"I was busily thinking of smiling faces; little, sportive, barefooted children; neat, humble cottages overgrown with ivy and creepers and redolent of the odours of nice, sweet bread-and-butter; and village school-houses, and tall church spires, just high enough to peep out, white and slender, through the high, thick, venerable old forest trees—I was thinking how little it cost to create and to enjoy all these—I was thinking—I don't know what I was thinking of," she replied with a blush and a laugh, as she encountered the full, calm, thoughtful eye of "Cousin Charles" bending approvingly upon her.

"I agree with you perfectly," said the fop. "There is no charm in life like poetry—a certain je ne sais quoi in these day-dreams that enchants one. The most delightful business in life is castle building."

"I wonder," interrupted the miser, "that Mr. Johnson suffers so much land to lie idle and unemployed in that rich meadow and the useless grove, down by the brook there. Why, the very timber would pay half the first cost of the land, and there is water power enough at the little falls to drive a grist mill."

"Oh, sacrilege against the muses!" laughingly exclaimed the playful Jane; "I suppose you would raise potatoes on Parnassus and water the horses with the streams of Helicon! And pray how would the romantic Mary pass her long, long summer here without a shady place to shelter her, and no music but the clatter of the mill-wheels?"

"Very true," rejoined the fop, "I do not see exactly how she contrives to kill time, through the whole season, without a hop or a ball or a play. You must be very lonely sometimes, Miss Johnson, without a friend or a stranger near you, and even your father absent all day in the city. It is delightful when one has been fatigued with routs and assemblies through the whole winter, and disgusted with flirtation and match-making mothers at the springs, to fly down to such a place as Longwood, to rusticate a while, and enjoy a little nature, just for variety. It is like a dish of delicate salad after a full dinner; but how do you contrive to get through the season? I should die of ennui; in the attempt."

"It might prove fatal to my hopes in the fashionable world, sir," said the gay mistress of the mansion, "were I to be too candid in replying to your question. You sir," addressing the speculator, "would tax me with wasting my energies on trifles: you, sir," turning to the miser, "would charge me with extravagance; and you, sir," bowing to the fop, "would soon enjoy the luxury of repose which must necessarily follow such a long dull narrative. As for my silent cousin Charles there," continued she with a smile, "he paid me a most admirable compliment, no longer ago than last week: he will tell you that I pass one half my time in seriously doing nothing—the other half in frivolously performing the same task."

"I have been much enlightened on that subject, since that time," said Charles. "I have been among the cottagers, and heard——"

"Hush! hush! tell no tales out of school, good cousin!" replied the blushing girl.

"Since we have been at Longwood on this visit," remarked Jane, "our chief amusement has been archery. I find that Mary is an admirable shot. She plays Diana and we are her nymphs I carry the horn and Sarah cheers on the dogs, and away we go to the grove, three madcaps together, not to kill—for that would be cruel—but to frighten the poor little rabbits. She can

strike within half an inch of a squirrel's nose without hitting him, and I have laughed till I cried, many a time, to see the poor little startled wretch start up upon his hind legs on a lofty limb, chattering and gnashing his teeth, and fighting the air with his fore-paws,—not knowing what to make of the disturbance."

"Admirable!" exclaimed the speculator, "nothing could be more appropriate. She is indeed the Diana of these woods and lawns;—as cold, and chaste, and passionless. Oh that she would but make me her Endymion! I would risk all the miasms, consumption, and the rheumatism, and lie three live-long nights in the woods, on the cold, wet, dead leaves, for but one full-orbed smile, one single dream such as that which blessed the Grecian boy!"

"And I!" said the fop, "I would risk the stiffening of the collar of a new cut from Watson, for half the blessing—the smile without the kiss!"

"Make your minds easy, gentlemen," muttered the miser; "Diana has made her calculations, and looks upon us all as so many Acteons. We know too well the sharpness of her arrows. There is nothing to be gained by concealing the fact that we are moon-struck, severally and collectively, but it is plain that her crescent never can shine steadily. It does not appear that even Endymion gained any thing by his adventure, but a smile,

a kiss, and a bad cold! I want a wife,—a companion,—fit to be all—all that—all that the—head of a family should be. Miss Mary will never marry!"

A general and hearty laugh followed this frank, and half unconscious exposure of his thoughts, and Maryher eyes sparkling with merriment-instantly declared, "You are wrong, egregiously wrong, my dear sir! My father is a strenuous advocate for matrimony, and would never forgive me for remaining single. I shall certainly marry on the first suitable occasion: but, strange as you may think it, I have never yet received a direct offer. I—who have accomplished eighteen years!—It is actually one whole year since I came out, and yet, nothing but hints and inuendoes. Now as I am growing old, and reaping censure too, (for even my father cautioned me last week against coquetry!) I am determined to shoot for an engagement this very afternoon, if you agree to it. What say you? Will you dare the dangers of Diana's grove for two short hours? I pledge myself to send an arrow to the heart of every one of you, or if I miss the mark with either, I'll answer yes to the first question that he asks me, even if it be to marry himare you agreed?"

"A bargain! a bargain!" cried three of the young men; but Charles remained silent, though no one except the initiated nymphs supposed that there was any deeper intention in the scheme than the mere pastime of the moment.

- "There is yet one condition in this contract. Propriety requires it"—continued the girl. "He that is struck, must hold himself engaged upon his honour, never again to offer me attentions beyond the general courtesies due an engagée, and to keep secret, for two entire years, all things pertaining to the mimic chase; nor must he feel offended at the manner of his fate. Gentlemen! hold up your hands and answer!"
 - "How, if we all are hit?" said the speculator.
 - "Then all are dismissed."
 - "How if more than one escape?" inquired the fop.
- "Then will I take the first that asks, and use my best endeavours on behalf of the others with my nymphs."
- "But there are four of us! should no one be struck?" demanded the miser.
- "Then he who is unprovided shall be invested with a full reversion—principal and interest. He shall be my second husband. Swear on your faith and honour."
- "Suppose the happy one declines the question?" asked Charles.
- "Let him, if he dare! Gentlemen, will you swear?"
 Heartily laughing, the gentlemen all held up their hands and did as she desired.
 - "And now, away to the grove! Conceal yourselves

as you can. You are not to leave it for two hours by the watch, unless wounded. Each arrow bears its message—read it and you are free! Come girls! we must to our task; for Diana hunts to day with nymph and hound. Fair fate to each and all!—Gentlemen, good bye."

The girls left the room together, and the remaining guests rising, looked each other in the face with a most ludicrous expression of astonishment. "What a flirt!" cried one. "What a coquette!" said another. "Oh it is nothing but an extended game of blind-man's buff," remarked cousin Charles; "and we are to be partakers the game. A dignified occupation for men of our age, truly! I did not think she was still so childish."

"Well! well! we are all fairly sworn, so we must see the end of it," observed the miser. "A man's word is his law."

"I've a notion," replied the speculator, "that there is more in this than meets the ear. Mary is no silly girl, and has made her calculations. Indeed, I suspect that she is much more likely to make Acteons than Endymions of us all! No matter! It is a fair speculation, and the contract is signed and sealed. If she miss me, she shall pay the penalty."

Charles remarked that he was astonished at his uncle for permitting such entire liberty of action in so young a child. "She is sadly in want of a more considerate guide," said he, "but as my presence will be some protection to her, I must yield to her whim. So, gentlemen, let us away to the grove!" And to the grove they hastened accordingly.

"Now hurry! hurry girls! There is not a moment to be lost; and every thing must go like clockwork, or your cousin will be in an awkward position." So said Mary when the girls had reached the dressing-room.

"Had you not better pause, my dear madcap cousin?" said the elder attendant; "things are growing serious, and I fear that the gentlemen may tax you with indelicacy!"

"Things have been serious this long time, and it is now too late to temporize. You know your appointments girls; but let me repeat—for there must be no errors now. Before he leaves the grove, he shall declare himself! You, Sarah! take the basket of provisions, and those grapes which father has preserved so scientifically through the winter. Leave them with the poor sick stranger girl at Mrs. Jones's cottage. You, Jane, go with her. Leave me at the entrance of the wood, and when your message is done, borrow the two old terriers—Harry and Ponto. They will follow you, and as they hate all strangers, they will rouse all the game

but Charles-for they know Charles. Set them on boldly: they have no teeth! Enter with horn and hound -(don't forget the horn, Jane)-through the hole in the hedge at the farther end of the grove: then make directly for the middle path. There you will find the miser; for these cautious men, can never venture, except where they can see all around them. He will be the first victim of Diana's wrath. Pursue him half the length of the gravel walk, and then call off the dogs by sound of horn. They are trained to obey, and he will not stop, except to gather breath; such is the nature of this animal-it is hard to set in motion, but once under way, it follows the beaten track. The miser driven in, go scurry the woods for the fop. If you should meet the speculator, call off the dogs, and take another path; leaving him to the last, or he will confuse the poor beasts by doubling, and give unnecessary trouble. You will tree the fop; for the moment he hears the hounds, he will take to a tree as naturally as the wild turkey, hiding his head among the branches. When you find him, stand aloof a little: call out for me, crying, ' Mary! here's a first rate shot!' then chirrup back the dogs a moment, to allow him to descend and win fair distance. Descend he will ;-for his unpaid tailor's bills are too heavy a bet to allow him to risk a shot; nor will he stop until he has coursed the whole length of the main path, unless struck by the way. Next, you will essay the hardest task-to catch the speculator. Heaven only knows where he will hide himself. So form a tinchel with the dogs in the centre, and sweep the woods from right to left and from left to right, advancing slowly towards the bower. He will soon be brought up in the middle of either the brook or the thorn-hedge, for he is not a man to die without a struggle. When you have trapped him, give him a chance of escape towards the house, but keep him in sight till the catastrophe. Then fly instantly, dismissing the dogs-wait till the end of the two hours, and go seek for Charles. You will find him still musing on his cousin's folly, by the side of the waterfall. Charles will not stir for nymph, or hound, or horn. So, now girls, away! Be as merry as crickets till we reach the entrance of the grove-then, as silent as death, till ready to raise the cry."

"But should we not know where your ambush is placed?" inquired Sarah, "we might drive in the deer too fast and too close for your aim."

"I shall lie under the secret grape-vine bower, where the three hidden paths meet. There I can command the main path for a hundred feet each way, and no stranger can leave the grove without passing through it or before it. But come: time presses! are the arrows all rightly fixed?"

"Yes;" replied Jane. "The blue for the speculator,

the burnt-umber for the miser, the green for the fop, and the white for Charles. There are three of each,—one pointed and two blunt. I tied on all the billets myself."

Jane seized the horn; Mary flung on the quiver and took the bow; Sarah placed the basket on her head, and away they went, singing and gambolling, to the entrance of the grove. Scarcely had they separated when Mary, entering the gate, suddenly reflected that if either of the gentlemen should have concealed himself between that place and her intended retreat, there might be a chance of his escape. Resolving to make strict search, she flung back the gate and turned. To her great surprise and amusement she saw, immediately behind it, the speculator—half buried in the thorns of the hedge. Instantly she drew an arrow, and discharged it full at his—hat!—then bounded away to the bower.

"A bad speculation, at last!" said the discomfited hero. "But every arrow was to strike to the heart! This is not a fair hit. I demur! But stop! each arrow was to bear its message. Ah! there it is, sure enough;" and carefully unwinding a little slip of blue paper from beneath the head of the arrow—which had actually penetrated the cavity of a first-rate beaver—he read as follows:

To thy heart this shaft shall pass,

Though it meet with nought but gas;—

Heart that scorns its bony bars,
And would mount among the stars!
Though it rise above thy crown,
Still the head will keep it down.
If aloft it chance to sail,
When the swelling gas shall fail,
Down the burden surely goes
To the dust from whence it rose.
Like the stick that guides a rocket,
Or gold in an adventurer's pocket.
Such a stick I would not be!
Gentle lover—this to thee.

"Done! Fairly done, by Jupiter Ammon!" said the disconsolate aspirant; "well! nothing is left but to order the phaeton and seek for some other investment! Heigho! who would have thought that a mere child could have seen so far through a—blockhead!"

Mary had hardly finished searching the immediate neighbourhood of the bower, when hound and horn broke in at the farther end of the grove. Hastily concealing herself with a green and a brown arrow both ready in her hand, she awaited the result. "At him, Harry!—Seek him, Ponto!" and the sound of girlish laughter came rapidly up the wide gravel walk. She returned the green arrow to the quiver, and adjusted the brown one to the bow. It was not long before the sound of rapid and heavy footsteps broke upon her ear; but immediately afterwards the horn sounded again, and the

noise of the chase took a different direction. The approaching footsteps became gradually slower, and presently the miser made his appearance, leisurely wiping his brow and strolling quietly onward—in soliloquy.

"Curse the little imps! how they bit at my heels! But no matter! The danger is over for the present. I thought that comical hussy would have had good sense enough to lay quiet somewhere, so as to effect her incomprehensible whims by leading me into an ambush -so I kept the open path, where I could see all around me-I like to see all around me!-But stop!" and suiting the action to the word, he did stop, directly in front of the bower and within twenty feet of it. "What on earth," he continued, "should I do with such a madcap little devil of a wife? I see the advantages plain enough,—the broad acres, et cetera. I wonder whether the little fool would really consent if she misses me in this crazy frolic-quite likely! She is wild enough for any thing! But I don't see who would look after the servants in town, or the poultry and the dairy in the country-smoking the hams-salting down the pork, and all that! They say he has a cool fifty thousand in the coal-mines though.—It's very expensive, keeping a country house without strict economy-every thing must be turned to the best advantage. They say Longwood is to be hers on her wedding-day! Let us see!"

But in the midst of these unguarded speculations, twang went something in the bushes, and at the same instant, the unfortunate lover received a stinging blow, directly on his—side pocket. Starting and looking round, he saw an arrow at his feet. "Ha! I had quite forgot the chase! What makes the branches crackle so? By heavens! it is Mary running away! And she has heard all. I had better go hang myself: but stop! what's this on the arrow?" He unrolled the billet and read as follows:

This, to where thy heart doth lie,
Cometh from unerring eye,
Yet 'tis known we seldom see
Hand laid thereupon by thee.
Rich the hoard that heart contains,
Gathered slow with many pains.
Then my hand shall ne'er dive there
To alarm thy secret care!
Though I strike not what for heart
Usually is set apart,
Thou art hit! The riddle tell!
Gentle lover—fare thee well!

"John! put my horse in the sulky immediately," cried the stricken deer, with a venemence almost sufficient to reach the house; and he bounded away amidst peals of laughter from the bower, to which Mary had already returned by passing from one hidden path to another.

Meanwhile the chase went on merrily in the distance, and at length came the welcome cry peculiar to small dogs when they have treed a squirrel, and a shrill hallo proclaimed that the huntress nymphs had found the game. Some time had elapsed, when, bursting from the under-brush, quite near the bower, the forlorn dandy made his appearance in the path.

"Oh my!" said the panting beau, "I am not fit to be seen! What would Julia say to me in this condition, or Amanda, or the proud Mrs. T-, who leads us all? My span new pants;—fresh from L—— & Co.! The dogs have torn the calf out of one leg, and that confounded broken limb away up in the tree there, where the wind made me dizzy,-it has gone clean through! And my coat too-R- and W-'s best cut. Alas! alas! I'm not presentable! And none of them paid for either. I wonder whether Miss Johnson ever intends to give me any thing more solid than a kiss, if I win in this mad game of hers. I never could summon courage to pop the question to her, and there's no getting her to take a hint. How I shall ever get up to the house in this condition I don't know. The very servant girls would laugh at me. Let's see-yes-I'll pull some branches off of that grape-vine and make a wreath round my shoulders, pin up the calf, and hold my handkerchief over the torn pocket. That'll do!" But just as he was about to seize a branch from the very bower in which Mary was endeavouring to suppress her almost indomitable risibility, a severe shock upon the ankle not only arrested his further progress, but actually sent him revolving about his axis upon a single foot, the other being carefully carried in his hand, nor was this erratic star of the beau-monde effectually arrested until he reached the centre of the broad path, close beside the cause of his uneasiness, which had fortunately glanced in that direction. Another burst through the branches convinced him that the archer had flown beyond the reach of any pursuit except at further expense to his disordered wardrobe. In this, however, he was mistaken; for Mary had quietly retaken her former position in time to hear the following indignant remarks:

"I think I am very badly used—I wont put up with it—I'll never wear pumps in the country again, and I'll cut Mary dead the next time I meet her—I will—positively! I'll use my influence with Mrs. T——, and I'll put her out of fashion. Never mind! she has not hit me yet,—oh! how my ankle aches! she was to hit all of us on the heart, and she has hit me on the heel. I will not be killed off like Achilles. Let me see! Was there not a message to come with the arrow? What does that mean?" Then picking up the missile he perceived the billet, unrolled it, and read as follows:

So oft I've seen thy graceful heels
Bound heartily in jigs and reels,
That there I deem the heart must lie
Which whirls thy head so giddily.
I've never witnessed an emotion
Elsewhere in thee to change the notion;
So thitherward I bend the dart
Charged with a message to thy heart!
Till heads and heels change their relation,
And fops' hearts find their proper station,
With heels in air my love implore,
And I'll accept thee—not before.
If, of my meaning, doubt remains,
Unpump thy feet and pump thy brains!

"Why, then she does not admire me after all! But I'll punish her! I'll drive right to the city, and never call on her again." And the beau limped away after his predecessors.

"But the noblest deer of the flock is not yet disposed of," said Mary, when, at length, the prearranged tinchel brought her cousins to the bower, and becoming at once grave and serious, she added, "now that these silly people, who have teased me so long, are fairly driven off, their mouths eternally sealed by their own folly,—you have a more delicate task to perform. You know that Charles has declared to father, but not to me. If he leaves the grove without being trapped into a confession, he will never summon courage to make one until I

become surrounded by another set of sordid and silly admirers, as they are called, because I am an heiress. This must not be; for I have loved him from childhood; he never flatters, like fops, fools and fortune-hunters."

"But is this delicate and feminine?" said Sarah.

"My father trusts me—you must trust me too! Go down to the waterfall. Tell Charles that the suitors are all dismissed by Penelope without the assistance of any Ulysses, and that you are about returning to the house. As he considers the whole game a girlish frolic without any meaning, he will join you at once. Keep him engaged in conversation till you reach the bower, and take care in passing it to keep a little in the rear as you lean upon his arms. The moment you see my arrow, leave him, and plunge into the woods, calling on me to follow. You, Sarah, must dart directly through the bower, and both of you will meet at the hole in the hedge, so as to return to the house by the way you came. I shall not stir from my position till I am happy or miserable! There, go! Go quickly!"

The two cousins departed on their mission, leaving our fair heroine in tears.

"Ah!" said the weeping girl, "I know too well the real reason which prevents Charles from speaking, and unless compelled to a confession by means that all the world declare indelicate in females, he will never speak, because the obstacle can never be removed. Why should we both be rendered miserable because he is poor? Have I not more than I want? Have I not more than both want? Oh that I could make over to him all I possess or shall possess, and being penniless, master his false pride! Were he rich and I poor, I should not hesitate to receive every thing from him—then why should he from me? It is not natural—he shall be rich in spite of himself; for he loves me and I love him, and what is wealth to love?"

"I tell you it is madness! It must be checked!" said Charles to the two girls as they drew near the bower; "a child may play these antics, when she pleases, but a woman cannot. She is crazy. What!—Stake—even in jest—her fate in life upon the chances of an arrow! It is not only folly—it is worse than folly! It is—"

"Hold, cousin," rejoined Sarah. "There is little chance in Mary's arrows, and little folly in her messages."

At that instant, Charles started suddenly back and clapped his hand over his eyes. A large white bird seemed to shoot past his face, almost brushing him with its wing. The girls immediately dashed into the woods on either hand, and crashing the shrubbery exclaimed, "This way, Mary! quick! Here's the path." The

sound of their laughter, receded farther and farther, till it was lost in the distance. Charles stood transfixed to the spot with bewilderment, for many moments.

"Which way did she go?" he said at length, casting a glance to right and left,-" but it matters not, even if I knew; for they are now beyond pursuit. Oh! Mary, Mary! how I have watched the opening of thy brilliant Thought, wit, and principle; charity too-the purest charity, as the whole neighbourhood attests; but all obscured beneath this madcap levity! I have loved you as seldom man can love, with a love that dare not speak, because it dare not dim the lustre of so bright a destiny. Had you been poor! But it is vain to wish. I strive in torture to annihilate the words that rise to my lips, warm from the heart, and in the struggle I became harsh where I would persuade, and morose when I would Thank heaven, I suffer alone! censure mildly. wealth! wealth! But is this not pride in me, instead of principle? No! I would not hesitate a moment to become dependent—Ay, dependent upon her, were that all; but to ask her to descend to my level-I cannot do it. Even when I told her father all my feelings, that I might induce him to increase his guard over her, I told him this also-that the secret should die with me-that I never would endeavour to engender feelings in her mind that would demand a sacrifice from the
> He that sees is often blind, He that speaks shows not his mind! Canst thou sound the ocean deep By the waves that o'er it sweep? Canst thou lightning's force explore By the sullen thunder's roar? How shalt thou true feeling trace By the smile on woman's face? Tell me how man's heart to know By the words that from him flow! But by souls the thought is read, In a kindred bosom bred: Like two mirrors rightly ranged By such souls are thoughts exchanged. Falsehood nestles in the eye, And the lip is taught to lie-While one heart in truth returns. All that in another burns. Why dissemble lip and eye? Gentle cousin, tell me why!

Strange was the play of feature while Charles perused these lines. Joy and fear,—the rushing in of the future—the crowding memory of the past—shook his manly

bosom almost to convulsion, as the conviction forced itself upon his mind, that Mary returned his affection; but chief of all these emotions was that deep, that terrible feeling of responsibility which oppresses the mind of every genuine lover, when he feels that the die is cast, and that the fate of another,-a lovely, almost worshipped woman—has become inseparably connected with his own. Yet still he strove to doubt. "It cannot be! It ought not to be! Have I not always struggled to prevent it? By what right do I endeavour thus to translate a few loose metrical lines from a giddy young girl-ignorant perhaps of her own feelings-a mere child who, almost within the minute, was flying through the woods, all lightness and jollity, at the very moment when the fate of both our lives hung by a single thread! Oh, Mary! were I but assured that real, genuine, serious, lasting love had entered that gentle bosom,though I should do it with fear and trembling-I would take the reins of that wild temper, and, by the blessing of God, would guide thee in safety and happiness through the dangers and changes of this treacherous world! I would---"

"Take them cousin!" said Mary, who with stealthy pace now suddenly confronted him,—her face as pale as alabaster, but firm as adamant. Charles gazed wildly on the altered countenance and high bearing of this sin-

gular girl, and reeling with emotion, seated himself upon the root of the tree. For one moment she stood regarding him with look and attitude of fearful calmness: then, relaxing into a smile, half tranquil, half tearful, and full of love,—though in all, over all, her native humour reappeared—she threw her calash lightly behind her neck, and extending the ribands towards him, slowly repeated, "Take them, cousin!"

"It is a strange story, this mimic chase," said old Mr. Johnson to his blushing daughter, as he entered the breakfast-room next morning. "In one afternoon, my little madcap has driven one phaeton, one stanhope, and one sulky post-haste to town, made three enemies and a husband for herself, a son-in-law for me, and raised a terrible excitement in the most orderly of households—though it is not yet ten days since I first suspected that she had become a woman. Well! I have but one comment to make on it. It is all natural—very natural!"



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